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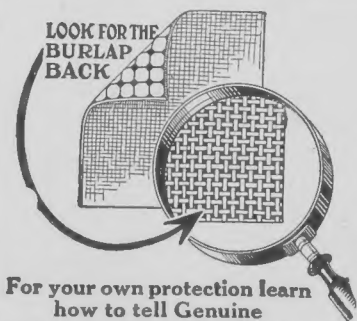
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The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY table of CONTENTS

PROVINCIAL
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Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor	3
THE PHILOSOPHER	46
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING	72

Fiction and Reality

THE SMOULDERING FIRE—Marion K. Kent	4
THE LAST SIEUR D'ETCHEGOYEN—J. H. Andrews	5
TRIPLE INTRIGUE—Edith G. Bayne	8
A SUBURBAN FRAUD—Georgina H. Thomson	11
HOLIDAY TRIP TO NOVA SCOTIA—Alberta P. Craig (Continued from October Issue)	15
ANN, THE GIRL—Lereine Ballantyne	17
INTERVIEW WITH ELSIE FERGUSON AND DAVID POWELL—Edith G. Bayne	20

Regular Departments

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell	22
DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. Parker, C.A.	24
COME, LET US READ AWHILE—W. H. M. Librarian	26
MUSIC AND THE HOME	28
POULTRY PROFITS—Mrs. H. E. Vialoux	48
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM Pearl Richmond Hamilton	50
ABOUT THE FARM—Allan Campbell	68
COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke	69
CORRESPONDENCE	71

Women and the Home

BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton	52
MOTHER'S SECTION	58
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore	62
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS—W.H.M. Service	64

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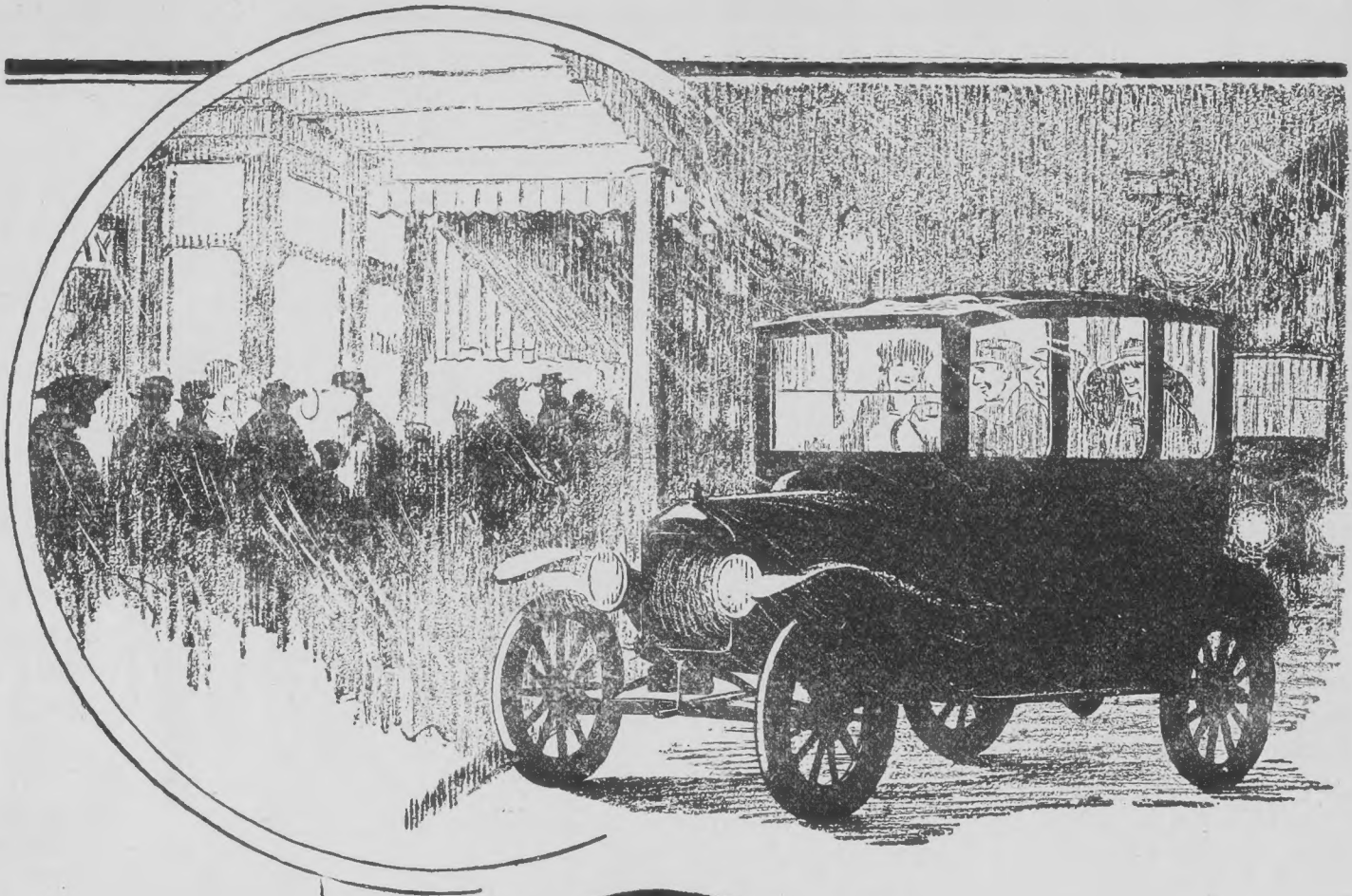
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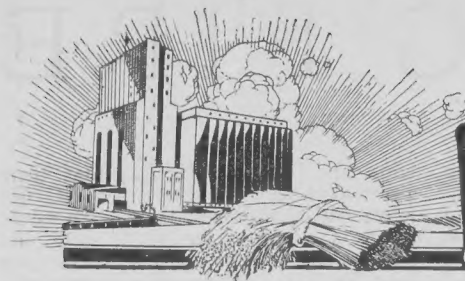
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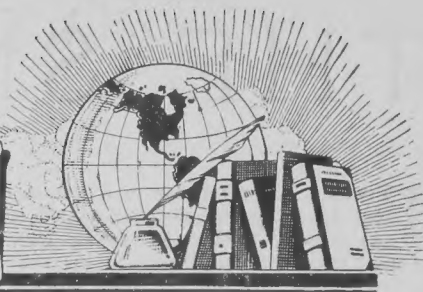
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EDITORIAL



WOMAN'S PLACE

TO stay at home, organize the affairs of the household, look after the children, minister to the comforts and needs of her husband—these were the duties of the wife of the mid-nineteenth century. A fine blessed life it was too, but narrow in its range, and limited in its sympathies. So says the aggressive woman of today. She wishes the liberty, the adventure of a man. She wishes to extend her horizon until it includes all industry, all professions, all public effort. Can a woman be a model wife and mother and at the same time an active factor in the great buzzing moving world? In his book "This Freedom," A. S. M. Hutchinson deals with this problem, and his answer is of such a nature that one-half the world will applaud, and the other half condemn. Neither half will find fault with the pictures Mr. Hutchinson presents, for he is truthful to detail, but when the ending of it all is tragedy rather than peaceful reconciliation, some get up from their reading in vexation and sorrow.

The book centres in Rosalie Aubyn, a finished type of the modern woman, and evidently a favorite child of Mr. Hutchinson's brain. He takes pride in her performances and he suffers with her in the disaster that overtakes her in her home life. She is born in a big rectory in a remote district in Suffolk. Her father is disappointed and embittered because the dreams of youth have not been fulfilled.

Rosalie's father was a tragic figure dwelling in a house of bondage; but he was at least a tragic king, ruling his house and venting his griefs upon his house. But the life of Rosalie's mother was an infinitely deeper tragedy because she never knew or suspected that it was a tragedy. Still, that is so often the difference between the tragedy of a woman and the tragedy of a man.

Through the eyes of the small Rosalie we see her mother, sisters and servants "and the entire female establishment of the universe" singly and collectively waiting upon father or Brother Robert or Brother Harold. Small wonder that Rosalie's earliest apprehension of the world was of a "mysterious and extraordinary world," in which "all males had proprietary rights, while no female owned any part of the world or could do anything with it. All the males did mysterious and ordinary things; and all the females did ordinary and generally rather tiresome things. All the males were like story books to Rosalie: you never knew what they were going to do next; and all the females were like lesson books: they just went on and on and on.

And so it comes that there is tragedy in the Aubyn home. Anna, the eldest sister, unable to bear the monotony, and sick because of deferred hope, ends her life in a nearby pond, and all through life Rosalie can hear her last words, "It is hard for women, O God, Thou knowest how hard it is for women."

Then comes the boarding school, and the growing girl begins to frame her philosophy of life. She believed that while men were not the worshipful giants and geni of her childish fancy, they nevertheless "had a better time" than women, by virtue of their independence.

"I've always had the same attitude towards men, as contrasted with women, I mean. First awe, then envy, then, since I've been growing up, just as having a desirable position in life, independence, a career, work, freedom, a goal—yes, and a goal that's always and always a little bit in front, always something better. That's the thing. I want a goal I can't win. One that's always just in front."

From boarding school to Lombard Street. She enters into business as secretary for Mrs. Simcox, a wealthy, eccentric, and altogether absurd individual. She seizes the practical side of her hobby and converts all the miscellaneous information gathered from day to day, into usable form. The office becomes known as an information bureau. It prospers beyond her wildest dreams. Then she is offered a position in a large banking house. Eventually she accepts, and again success crowns her work. Her attitude to men at this time is pronounced indeed.

"Marriage, for me! Why, if a million men came to me on their bended knees, each with a million pounds on their backs, you know perfectly well that I'd just feel sick. Tame cats, tabby cats, tomcats, Cheshire cats, wildcats, stray cats—I'm not going to set up a cats' home. No, thanks."

Then she meets Harry Ocleve, and suddenly she forgets her resolves. She has found a new world.

Rosalie, that had abhorred the very name of love, now finding love, was quite consumed by love. She loved him so! She looked at him with eyes, not of an inexperienced girl blinded by love, but of one cynically familiar with the traits of common man, intolerantly prejudiced, sharply susceptible to every note or motion of displeasing quality; and her eyes told her heart, and what is more, told her mind, that nothing but sheer perfection was here. When they were married what she continued to find was simply that he was perfect.

Things go unexpectedly well. They have agreed on a fifty-fifty arrangement. No dependence on either side. "Equality in work and responsibility, and equality in place, privilege and freedom."

MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS

This is a cheap and second rate virtue, much extolled in certain circles, over estimated by the world at large; in constant use as an excuse for laziness; an alibi for indifference, coldness and neglect; the slacker's refuge; the sluggard's sure defence.

Looking at it more closely you will see it is not a virtue at all: it is an economic necessity. We have to mind our own business to live. But to do that and nothing more is to live on the level of the ox who contentedly goes on eating grass, though the companion of his many days has fallen into the mire and is fighting a losing fight with nature's relentless forces. The ox can claim all the virtue of minding his own business. He can reason that it was the other one's fault that he fell in, and it will no doubt teach him a lesson if he ever gets out. Anyway the safe thing to do is to stay away!

This reasoning may do very well for an ox, but it cannot be considered heroic for human beings!

If Abraham Lincoln and William Lloyd Garrison and Harriet Beecher Stowe had minded only their own business there might still be slavery in America. If Florence Nightingale had settled down in a life of luxury as her friends wanted her to do, and minded her own business instead of pushing her way into places where she was not wanted, wounded soldiers might have long continued to suffer the horrible torture of unsanitary and bungling treatment in the rude hospitals of war. If George T. Angell had been content to go on with his law practice, minding his own business instead of fighting the battles of the dumb brutes, cruel, thoughtless man might still be driving horses with galled backs and lame feet. If Lady Constance Lytton had been content to live in her beautiful home at Knebworth and do the conventional things that belonged to her station, instead of disguising herself as plain "Jane Wharton—the Sewing Girl" and going to prison so that she could see how the poor women were treated in English prisons, the same horrible conditions might prevail today.

But all of these and thousands more, saw that life was infinitely more than a place where they might pursue their own affairs and seek their own pleasure, and so the world has gone on: the weak have been protected; the sorrowing comforted; the selfish and cruel have been restrained; light has been let into the dark places.

And it has not been brought about by the people who merely minded their own business.

—Nellie L. McClung.

So Rosalie prospers at Fields, and Harry carries out his accustomed programme. There are three children and they are committed to a nurse and then to a governess.

"Everything troublesome in regard to the children was left to Miss Prescott. Their mother only enjoyed her children, presented to her fresh, clean and happy for the purpose of her enjoyment; and the children only enjoyed their mother, visiting them smiling, devoted, unworried, for the purpose of their happiness. It was a perfect and a mutually beneficial arrangement. Children, she held, ought not to see their parents bad tempered or distressed or in any way out of control. It is

harmful for children to come in contact with the unpleasant things of life. She looked back upon her own childhood and reflected how very different it was. Why, she could remember time and again when her dear mother, haunted by her cares, was broken down and crying. She would go to her and cry to see her crying, and her mother would hug her to her breast and declare she was her 'little comfort.' Was it good for a child to suffer scenes like these? Her Huggo, her Doda and her Benji never saw her anything but radiant; and because that was so she never saw them cry, either on her account or on their own."

But one day the father is talking with the eldest boy about his school and the following incident occurred:

"Come, they give you plenty of Scripture?"

"Oh, don't they just! Tons and tons! But don't ask Scripture, father. What's the use of learning all that stuff about the Flood, about the Ark, about the Israelites, about Daniel, about all that stuff? What's the use? It's all rot. You know it isn't true."

Time flashed his blade and struck her terribly. She called out dreadfully, "Huggo!"

"Mother, you know it's all made up!"

She cried out in a girl's voice and with a girl's impulsive gesture of her arm across the table: "It isn't! It isn't!"

Her voice, her gesture, the look upon her face could not but startle him. He was red, rather frightened. He said mumbly: "Well, mother, you never taught me any different."

Of course Nurse Prescott is dismissed and Rosalie returns home. But alas! it is too late. The children fail to respond. So in despair she returns to her banking house and under another governess the work of education of the children goes on.

How does it end? Towards the close, in a conversation between mother and son, we have this:

"It's not I that's ruined my life. It's you. What sort of a chance have I ever had? What sort of a home have I ever had? Have I ever had a mother? I can't ever remember a time when I wasn't in charge of some servant or governess or other. You said this afternoon before father that I didn't love you. Did you ever teach me to love you? By God, I can't remember it. By God, I can't."

So we leave it. Was the mother of fifty years ago right in her attitude? Should a woman have all the rights and ambitions of her husband? Is he as responsible for the education of his children as his wife? Is there any way of influencing children, but by living with them? What is success for father or mother, if it ends in estrangement from their own children? The voices of the commercial and industrial world may invite their tributes of praise, but they will be drowned by one little accusation from a child that has been neglected. One may gain the whole world and lose his own child.

THE EUROPEAN TANGLE

IT is difficult to understand the European tangle. Turkey lost the war. Why should she regain her territory and prestige simply because she has defeated an insignificant nation? France was saved by Britain, why should she now deny to Britain the only thing she asked in return for her sacrifice—the freedom of the Dardanelles? If Britain wanted this for herself there might be some ground for France's attitude, but the whole world knows that Britain has in mind not her own aggrandizement, but the peace of Europe. As to Greece, no one can sympathize with her in her misfortunes. She sowed the wind and is reaping the whirlwind. It now looks as if the difficulty might be settled amicably, or at least without bloodshed, but that is not the end. The Great War should have cured Europe of her nationalism and self-seeking, but it has not. If the leagued nations are not agreed to work together for the promotion of world peace, as something greater than national glory and national safety, then, of course, the League might as well cease to exist. To quote the old saying "If they will not hang together, they must hang separately." Some of them are not far from strangulation just now. Nothing was more suggestive of Britain's way of meeting an emergency than Bonar Law's letter. The Britons way be obtuse at times, they may fight on a thousand issues, but when a danger threatens humanity you know just where to find them.

THE SMOULDERING FIRE

By Marion K. Kent

It was a late afternoon of a wonderful day of golden October sunshine, as Edwin Tollings, a young New York banker was returning to his suburban home. As his car sped quickly along the smooth country road, he breathed deeply of the balmy air, enjoying the faint odor of the ripened fruits, the lazy buzz of the insects and the chirping of the crickets. The world seemed so serene and peaceful after leaving a city of toil and turmoil. He thought of Amy, his wife, and Ralph, their son of eleven—how they would enjoy long auto trips in the new car on days of fine, glorious autumnal weather. The hour's ride to his home greatly refreshed him, and he was in fine spirits later, when he entered the spacious veranda of his home and said:

"We will have our new car tomorrow!" "That will please Ralph," rejoined his wife, rather indifferently.

"How about yourself?" questioned her husband.

"Really, Edwin, I do not care whether we have a new car or not. It does not make much difference to me," she rejoined.

"Why, Amy!" he exclaimed, "you were very much interested when I contemplated buying the car in August. I selected—"

"Yes, I know you selected the model to please me. I appreciate that, nevertheless, I have lost interest in nearly everything since then."

Edwin looked at his wife, who was sitting in a luxurious leather chair, idly turning the pages of the latest fashion journal. She was the picture of health, her slender, graceful figure in a pale green embroidered chiffon dinner gown. He wondered what could have changed her. She had always been so active and interested in the affairs of her family and home. Why this indifference? It was just about six weeks ago that he noticed that she was beginning to refuse more and more social engagements than usual, while now she was not accepting any, on the plea that she was tired. Amy did not look tired and worn. Perhaps some insidious disease was beginning to work on her.

"Amy," he began, "you need the attention of some good medical man. You are quite unlike yourself. It is not natural for you to be indifferent."

"I am well," she rejoined. "I eat and sleep fairly well. I would not know what to say to a doctor if he asked me what was the matter."

"Tell him what you have just told me—that will be a clue."

"Please, Edwin, do not urge me." "I will do more. I will insist that you go," said Edwin with firmness.

"Come, look at the dahlias," she said, as she walked to the end of the veranda which overlooked the southern portion of a large, green lawn, with a border of gorgeous dahlias.

"They are beautiful. The best we have ever had," said Edwin, as he joined her. "I leave for Chicago tomorrow evening."

"How long do you expect to be gone?" she asked.

"Not over three or four days; but don't worry if I should stay longer. Before I go, however, I will make an appointment with Dr. Andrew Binnan for you, and I shall ask Aunt Sarah to see that you make an effort to keep the appointment."

Amy knew when he decided definitely, he could not be easily influenced, and as she hated arguments, she said, simply: "If you insist, of course I will go, but I know it will be futile, he can do nothing."

"That is nonsense, Amy. You need a change of scene—a rest—or a tonic. Whatever it is, you shall have it. I would not have you lose your keen interest and the glad joy of living for anything in the world. There is a reason for your apathy, and I mean to get at the cause; then we can find a cure."

The next afternoon at five, Amy watched the new car coming down the road with her tall, fine-looking husband at the wheel. He was always so kind and considerate of her comfort. He had bought the car of her choice. She knew that he had been disappointed last evening when she had refused to take Ralph to New York to the dentist, but had let Aunt Sarah take him

instead. He had counted on having her accompany him on his trip home.

"The car is great, mother!" said Ralph, as he bounded into her arms.

"I am glad you are pleased, dear," she said, as she embraced and kissed him.

"When are you going to try it?" he asked.

"Mother will try it Thursday, when she goes to New York with Aunt Sarah and the chauffeur to see the doctor," declared Edwin.

The next morning, while Edwin Tollings was en route to Chicago, a woman of rare beauty and much wealth was in a state of eager expectation on his arrival. She was reclining in a luxurious chair in her boudoir, as she looked anxiously at the doctor and said:

"Tell me the truth—the absolute truth."

The doctor, a tall, kindly man of fifty, looked intently at the pale face and dark luminous eyes and said:

"Sometimes, Mrs. Lenier, with our best diagnosis, we fail in our estimate of time."

"Yes, but you can give me some idea of how long you think I may live," she insisted.

"You may live two, possibly four weeks," he rejoined.

"That is extremely short notice," she said, trying hard to be heroic. "But I will not die in bed if I can help it. No deathbed scene for me. I intend to die as I have lived."

Later, as Lois Lenier was lying on her day-bed, she thought of the years of her girlhood, which had been spent in a convent, because her father had been unable to subdue her wilful spirit. At eighteen, her father had taken her for a trip to Europe. Then, when they had returned, he gave his consent to her marriage with the son of his best friend. She smiled as she thought of her first husband—a good, serious boy who had loved her. How she had learned to dislike him. In less than a year she left him and six months later, her father died leaving her alone in charge of a guardian. Six months with her second husband, a Frenchman, had decided her never to marry again, but to live with the man of her choice as long as they were happy. She tried three in this way. She was like the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well—she remembered the story, as it had been taught to her in the convent, never dreaming that it was the picture of her own future.

If she had her life of forty years to live over again, she would do the same. She had no regrets, she had tasted all the pleasures of life and had refused to accept any of its burdens. Death was the necessary end for all—good, bad and indifferent. She certainly could not be called good or bad; she had been indifferent to every one's happiness but her own, except Edwin, the only person in the world that she had ever really loved or cared to sacrifice for. She did not want to ruin his happiness. His wife must never know of her existence. That had been her one care in the world, to save Edwin from any smirch or blemish.

He was loyal to her—he understood and loved her. Edwin belonged to her; she would never give him up while there was life.

Ten days later, Amy Tollings was having a very late breakfast in her boudoir. She was very pretty in a rose-colored robe de chambre, with her dark gray eyes and soft dark hair. A crisp cool air came in from the open window. A fire burned in the grate, a jar of pink roses filled the room with a delicate fragrance. Aunt Sarah was knitting in a low chair by one of the windows.

"I am forming rather a bad habit, having breakfast at eleven," said Amy, as she glanced at the French clock on the mahogany desk.

"Don't form the habit, Amy, you will get fat and lose your pretty girlish figure," warned her aunt playfully.

"Yes, that is quite true," said Amy, as she buttered a bit of toast. "I have always been very regular about having breakfast at eight o'clock with Edwin and Ralph, until quite recently. I do not sleep until three or four in the morning. Naturally, I am very sleepy when it is time to get up."

"You did not get much sleep then, as you rarely retired before midnight."

"I always managed to work in a nap right after lunch, so I got the usual eight hours. Edwin insisted on that. He is great for observing the laws of health."

"I know he insists if you live right you will be well," asserted her aunt.

In answer to a rap at the door, Amy said "Come in."

Ellen, the maid, entered with a telegram which she gave to Amy.

Amy hastily tore open the envelope and read the message. She was silent.

Aunt Sarah noticed that Amy was slightly disturbed. She asked no questions, however, but continued to knit busily.

After a few minutes, Amy said, "Edwin expects to be detained for another week."

"You are not worried about that."

"No, but he has been gone ten days. That will make over two weeks. He has never stayed longer than six days at most."

"Yes, but with a husband like Edwin you need never worry—a man of sterling character. You have had most remarkable good fortune. How many girls among your friends have the beautiful home and fine family you have?"

"Yes, I know, there are not many girls from my class—the bourgeois, as the French say—who are as fortunate as I have been."

"I often think of that. Think of the couples who have been divorced."

"Yes, that is terrible. When I stop to think, I am ashamed to admit that, in spite of everything, sometimes I am strangely indifferent to many of my blessings."

"That is owing to your physical condition. You need a tonic of some sort."

"I don't think so, Aunt Sarah, I am sick of the endless round of social engagements. I don't believe that I can ever enjoy them again."

"You are young, you will get over that feeling. A change will do you good. Spend your vacation on the farm with your Uncle and I."

"I believe I would like that. Live just as I did when I was a girl and spent my vacation with you—help with the dishes and dust."

"Then, when you returned, you would have a new interest in everything."

"I wish I had your philosophy of life," said Amy, as she walked to where her aunt was sitting, and kissed her fondly.

"Add sixteen years to your thirty-four, and you will have more wisdom. Our experiences teach us philosophy."

"Is it possible that you are fifty?" questioned Amy.

"Yes, I was fifty last February. I am beginning to have the sapience of age," laughed Aunt Sarah.

That evening, Amy was alone in her living room. She had been trying to read, but as the book failed to hold her interest, she turned off all the lights except a reading lamp in the farther end of the room. She liked a subdued light when she was alone and in a reflective mood. She thought of the frequent trips Edwin had made to Chicago within the last two months. This would be the fourth, and the telegram today stated he would be detained another week. Previous to this, he had never made more than two trips a year. What could possibly take him there so often? She knew he had lived there until he was sixteen, when his father died and left him alone in the great city. Then his only relatives—Aunt Mary and Uncle John—who lived in New York had urged him to come and live with them.

Why had Edwin never sold the family home there? It seemed strange that he retained it. Just once had he taken her there, the first year they were married.

A pretty, almost palatial home, she remembered that it was beautifully furnished throughout and in care of a caretaker.

Of the trips involved anything concerning Robert or Arthur—the two staunch friends of his boyhood there—he would surely have told her, as they had been frequent guests at her home. There must be something hidden in Edwin's life. And, yet, that did not seem consistent. He had always been so straight-forward and honest about everything except these

trips; she felt sure, though, that there was something obscure or concealed. He never said much about them. He would merely announce when he was going, and perhaps say that he expected to be gone for a few days. Then, when he returned, he would mention something about the club where he had lived, or about the friends he had met, but really never gave a definite reason for going. She had noticed especially this spring, when he had returned from the trips, he had immediately become interested in the affairs of his home and seemed to want to quickly forget whatever had called him to Chicago.

As Amy sat by the window, she watched the soft, even rain. It had been raining for about an hour, gently at first, now it rained with a steady, even force. How mysterious the great lawn with the beds of drooping flowers and tall trees looked.

How she had loved it all when Edwin brought her here as a bride. How ideally happy they had been—how they had lived for each other. For two years, life had been like a golden dream. Then that awful day—the first of June—she would never forget the day, when the first doubt had come to her heart, or the weeks of anguish that followed. She had not dared to breathe a word to anyone of her discovery. Edwin must never know that she had the slightest inkling of the affair. She loved him; she could not and would not give him up. This she decided during the weeks that followed her discovery.

How could a woman divorce her husband if she really loved him? It was terrible. Edwin belonged to her. No matter what happened, he was her husband until death. Where there is love there should be no lack of faith. Love understands, trusts and forgives. Yes, she trusted, she felt sure—yet—that hidden something in his life—what could it be? Some boyish escapade, perhaps.

Four days later, as Amy sat in the waiting room of Dr. Binnan's office, she noticed the other waiting patients. In nearly every case, it was plainly to be seen that they were in need of medical attention. It seemed so futile for her to be there. She was the picture of health. Surely the doctor could not possibly have found any trouble in her case. Well, it would satisfy Edwin. He would be relieved. Today the doctor had promised to give her the report of his examinations.

The door of the inner office opened and her name was called. Amy rose quickly and entered the consulting room. The doctor was tall, red-headed and virile looking. He looked sharply at Amy as she took a seat opposite his desk.

"After careful and exhaustive examinations, Mrs. Tollings," he began, "I find that you are remarkably well. There is positively no organic trouble of any sort. There must be a mental disturbance, however, due to some worry or fear that you have. This condition cannot be relieved by drugs or medication. The mental condition must be relieved, or, in time, it will develop some serious nervous difficulty which involves a whole train of evils. For that reason, it is necessary to get at the bottom of the trouble."

"I don't quite understand you," said Amy, somewhat alarmed.

"I mean that whatever it may be that you fear, or worry over, it must be cleared up, or you must adjust yourself to it, if it is the inevitable. We are all obliged to face the inevitable sometime in our lives, and the more quickly we can adjust ourselves, the better for everyone, for our outlook on life affects all those with whom we come in contact. Therefore, for the sake of those we love, as well as ourselves, it is necessary to face facts squarely, and, remember, no matter what our problem may be, there are thousands of others who have similar ones, many times under less favorable conditions than ours. A harbored fear or worry is like a smouldering fire—in time it consumes life, perhaps slowly at first, but fatal if it is not put out. It is the secret fear, the one that is not revealed to anyone, that works the greatest havoc. Confession relieves the mind. And then there is the advantage of advice, which sometimes helps to clear the trouble. My advice

Continued on page 66

THE LAST SIEUR D'ETCHEGOYEN.

By J. H. Andrews

IN the valley of the Richelieu, not so many miles from the border of the United States, and situated about halfway between the unimportant little town of Tessouat and the yet smaller and less important hamlet of Dolbeau, you may, even today, see the ruined walls of the old Chateau d'Etchegoyen. These ruins are not very imposing, very suggestive or even picturesque, and I much doubt whether the ordinary traveler, passing through that corner of the Province of Quebec, with so much of the beauty and romance of old French-Canada on every side to grip his imagination and intoxicate his senses, would care to stop even long enough to jot down the name of that old, moss-covered pile of rocks in his note-book. But I, with the egotism of my profession—for I am an artist, and for some mysterious reason ruins of any quality appeal to the artist's imagination—thought I saw in that old pile a picture which, reproduced upon canvas, would be worthy to hang in some hall of fame. And so I paused in my travels, and considered the ruins of the old Chateau from every angle; finally wending my way down the valley, where I sought and obtained accommodation at a quaint old riverside inn, within sight of the old pile on the hillside which for some weeks was to be the object of my professional solicitude.

The innkeeper—a garrulous old fellow—who by his mode of dress and custom of living belonged to a past generation—hastily invoked the protection of his saints as I, in my execrable French, made known to him my reason for wishing to impose myself upon the hospitality of his house. At first I thought it was my presence that called forth his repeated and fervent invocations to his saints, but it suddenly dawned upon me that it was my frequent gesticulations in the direction of the old Chateau that caused him such perturbation of spirit. I wondered why the mere mention of my desire to sketch the old ruins should so disturb the old man's peace of mind, and I mentally resolved at the first opportunity to draw from him whatever details he knew of their history. And so, as the days passed, and I became more and more closely accepted into the family circle of mine host, and during the long, beautiful evenings, as we sat together on the rude benches under the great trees in front of the inn, drinking deeply of the fine old native wine, which my well-filled pocket-book invariably provided, I drew from this weather-beaten and kindly old French-Canadian the story of a tragedy which, almost a century ago, wiped out the last scion of the seigniorial house of d'Etchegoyen, and left the old Chateau with such a supernatural reputation that the superstitious dwellers of the valley had given it wide berth, the ban of the church had been placed upon it, and the authorities during the years had allowed it to fall into the state of ruin it presents today.

Oliver, Count d'Etchegoyen, was the descendant of an ancient French family of the "lesser" nobility, and a son of one of the few seigniors of New France who chose to remain in Canada and submit to the new order of things on the passing of that country from French to British hands. His father's seignior had comprised some two thousand acres situated in the beautiful valley of the Richelieu river, title to which had been obtained by an impoverished ancestor from the great French statesman of that name, under his Charter of the Hundred Associates, and had been confirmed one hundred and thirty-six years later by proclamation of the British King, George the Third.

The seignior had not been a very fortunate one, the poverty of the d'Etchegoyen's being extreme. Its isolated position on the outskirts of the earlier settlements had subjected it to repeated attacks by the bloodthirsty Iroquois during the continual border warfare between the French and New

England settlers, and their respective Indian allies. The Counts d'Etchegoyen, prevented by their rank from cultivating the soil or engaging in trade, quickly fell into debt, and despite the aid which they had from time to time received from the various Governors and Intendants, their position grew from bad to worse until, during the first years following the British occupation, no financial aid being forthcoming from their new rulers, the seignior had perforce to sell his lands slice by slice to his *Conseillers*, or *Fief-holders*; so that at his death, some thirty years later, all he could leave to his son and heir was the Chateau and a few surrounding acres.

Oliver, on succeeding to the title and estate, being of a more forceful and aggressive nature than his father, and anxious to rehabilitate the fallen fortunes of the House of Etchegoyen, had heeded the hint extended to him by a distant relative in France, that a member of the old French nobility would find ready favor from the hands of the General Napoleon Bonaparte, who, as a stepping-stone to his marvelous career, had a short time previously, overturned the French government and installed himself as Emperor. Accordingly, he appointed an acting administrator to look after the affairs of the Chateau, and wisely keeping the knowledge of his intended action from the British authorities, he journeyed to France, and there, with little difficulty, succeeded in obtaining from Bonaparte a commission as an officer, and was attached to a regiment of cuirassiers. In due time he rose to the command of his regiment, married, and finally met a soldier's death on the bloody field of Leipsk, gallantly leading his regiment in the van of the hosts of Napoleon. A courtly gentleman and a gallant soldier, his death did honor to himself and the country from which his line had sprung. His only fault, that, like a true French nobleman, he had regarded the privilege of incurring debts as a birthright, and divided them into two classes: debts of honor, that unfortunately required to be paid at once; and other debts, that fortunately did not require to be paid at all, at least during his lifetime. So when the news of the battle and the Count's death reached Paris, and the Countess, where she had gone with her infant son and only child, who thus on the death of his father succeeded to the title and estate, that lady lost no time in penning a letter to Maitre Taillon, a notary at Montreal, informing him of the sudden death of the Count. In this letter she requested Maitre Taillon, in not over polite but unmistakably precise language to dismiss the acting administrator, sell the common furniture then in the Chateau, and forward to Paris such pictures, etc., as might be worth keeping. He was, moreover, to appoint some keeper at a low salary to look after the place and live in the servants' quarters; and, as soon as was convenient—the sooner the better—to send in the accounts to a certain business agent in Paris, whom the Countess had intrusted with the management of her affairs. For the Countess, herself the daughter of a poverty-stricken family of French nobility, had fallen a victim to the gay life of the Parisian salons, and intended to make her future residence in the capital.

A month later the Chateau was stripped, and Raphael Barre, a young seaman of Montreal, was duly installed as keeper. Barre had led a highly adventurous life at sea, and rumor had repeatedly connected his name with a certain smuggling confraternity who had for some years operated from the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. He had married the daughter of a Spanish sailor whom he had met in one of the coast towns, and with this newly-married wife he settled down to his duties at the Chateau, where a few months after their arrival she bore him a daughter, to whom they gave the Spanish name Teresa. The child's early education—if

such a term can be applied to the teaching which nature gave to the children of the poor at that period of the history of Canada—was that which children of her class in life received, or failed to receive, according to your idea of what education means. In one of the two loose little shirts which comprised her entire wardrobe the child learned to crawl, walk, and finally run about in the silent, deserted courtyard where the grass had begun to grow between the square paving blocks. She frightened the restless, cackling hens, and put to rout the bold, gaily colored rooster when he sought to protect the ladies of his harem, and was in turn frightened by the lower but equally noisy geese. Through the bars of the paddock gate she gazed in profound wonderment at the silent gazing cow, and with instinctive fellow sympathy for dirt she wallowed in the mud among the perpetually rejuvenated litters of young pigs. Like most other children she received her allotted share of caprices and her allotted share of reproofs; laughed, cried, and, with a comically solemn expression of face pondered the mysteries of life while squeezing one or more fat little fingers between her hardening gums. In due time she learned to stammer, and then to talk her pretty patois, and eventually mastered a little French, a little Spanish and some worse English.

As she grew older she gave unmistakable signs of possessing a haughty disposition and a quick temper which might be accounted for partly by the mixture of French and Spanish blood that flowed through her veins, or by the solitary life she led, with no one to restrain her but her overfond, indulgent, careless parents; and partly by the seeming tyranny which such a small thing was obliged to affect in order to secure obedience from the animals entrusted to her care. Still, in spite of her pride and independence, she was a kind, affectionate, good-natured child; wild, yet reasonably obedient to kind words.

She delighted in nature and loved her dumb companions better perhaps than she could have loved other children. Her love for animals, domestic or wild, a love which they seemed to understand and as far as lay within their possibilities, to return, was proof positive of the real goodness of her heart. She roamed the valley and the hills with her dogs and her acorn-hunting, squealing, mischievous pigs as mischievous as they; and climbed the trees after the gamboling, bushy-tailed squirrels, who cocked their intelligent little heads on one side, apparently as desirous to play with her as she to play with them. The bats and owls that had moved with their families into the deserted rooms of the Chateau confided to her the secrets of their silent moralizing; and even the wild rabbits of the valley lost their perpetually-frightened expression when she came near.

When Teresa was ten years old the Countess died in Paris. Her life in the French capital since her husband's death, and more especially since the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, had been anything but a happy one. Persecuted and snubbed in turn by the members of the old nobility returning from exile, and the fawning creatures whom King Louis had seen fit to surround his person and his throne, she reaped in bitter remorse, the reward for her husband's unforgivable sin in having espoused the cause of the deposed Emperor Napoleon. During those hectic "hundred days" which followed Napoleon's return from Elba she had thought that at last the glory was about to return to the name and house of d'Etchegoyen, for the "Little Emperor" never forgot the wives of his fallen officers if it were possible to remember them, but her hopes were dashed and shattered along with the hopes of France, on the rocks of Wellington's genius at Waterloo. During the years that followed she endeavored to educate her son

to the position in life that his name entitled him, but what little wealth she had ever possessed had dwindled to almost nought, and the title of nobility, an empty mockery at best, could not be mortgaged for a single sou. The Chateau on the banks of the Richelieu she could not sell, and would not if she could, for was it not the only material link that bound her little son to the glories of his forefathers. So when she realized that her end was near, she penned another letter to the Maitre Taillon, in which she informed him of the sorry plight of the House of d'Etchegoyen, and requested him, after her death, to see that a single room was fitted up in the Chateau in a manner worthy to receive her son, and that arrangements should be made with the keeper's family to look after his wants until he attained to years of maturity. And so, in due course, Raoul, eighth Count d'Etchegoyen, a winsome boy of twelve years, arrived at the home of his ancestors.

For a long time Teresa could look upon him merely as one more in the circle of her playmates. It is true that the power of expression by articulate speech had not been denied him as, for some wise reason, no doubt, nature had denied it to her other children, but to the girl he did not seem to be able to say more than could these others, and it was only by insensible degrees that she came to recognize him as superior to them, and indeed to herself. They led together the same life that hitherto she had led alone, yet little by little she unconsciously acknowledged his leadership and allowed, nay even expected him to propose and direct the day's work or the day's play. She sang to the tune he whistled, talked with him when he talked, and was content to remain silent if that pleased him better than talking. Together they rambled over the countryside, clambering over the rocky hills or, lying on their backs among the tall, fragrant grass of the valley, gazed up at the passing clouds, the while he imparted to her his scanty store of knowledge of the science of astronomy that his mother had taught him. And so for many years nature pursued her silent work of equally developing these two children physically and mentally. Their physical progress was evident, undeniable, and its results beautiful; but the more complex process of mental development was less easy to follow or describe. Whatever the steps might be, the results must be healthy, pure, and good, and there was no one to question them or interfere with their achievement by asking perplexing and unanswerable hows and whys.

During these years of adolescence Barre unwittingly did much to influence the naturally adventurous inclinations of the boy's heart and mind. In the long winter evenings, when the little family gathered together in the large dark kitchen of the Chateau, and Madame Barre sang them the folk songs of her people across the sea, while Barre, standing erect in the bright twilight would accompany her on his guitar and as she finished would himself break into one of the beautiful *Chansons* of New France, or perhaps into some spirited smuggler's song, his voice vibrating with passion and his eyes flashing with enthusiasm, as the song recalled some stirring incident of his own life at sea. At such times Raoul, from his seat beside the glowing embers on the hearth, would become intensely agitated, his eyes flashing in unison with the singer's while the hot blood of his race coursed through his veins like molten metal, as in imagination he personified himself with the heroes of Barre's songs. And then, the guitar put away, Barre, at Raoul's eager request, would relate to them stories of many a reckless, dare devil episode, culled from his own experiences as a member of the outlaw confraternity,

until the impressionable boy imagined that all that was manly, romantic, and splendid in life, was to be found in a smuggler's career.

So things went on happily until Teresa was eighteen and Raoul nineteen, children still if you will, but ready at any moment to develop into man and woman should the proper agency be brought to bear upon them. About this time Barre contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia, and, in the natural order of things, he died. To the great world outside, his death, like the death of any man of his class, was an accident of no greater moment than the fall of a tree or the drying up of a well; but to the little world at Etchegoyen it was a great event. A gentle, affectionate husband, and a doting, indulgent father, his wife and daughter mourned him with an anguish of soul that even the consolation of their mother church failed to ease; while Raoul, whose liking for the merry, easy going Barre had developed almost into reverence, pondered the mysteries of Providence in cutting down such a creature in the full flower of his manhood. The Keeper's death affected him in another manner. He was no longer willing to accept from a woman the simple, kind hospitality which the man had offered him. The Chateau was his heritage, but it brought him no revenue, and he felt that it was time for him to work and help the two lonely women instead of receiving help from them. So, less than a month after Barre's recall from this world, he came in with the news that the good offices of a Jesuit priest, combined with the magic of his family name, had enabled him to enter the service of the Governor of Rupert's Land, and would be employed as a travelling secretary attached to the council of chief Factors and Traders; a position which would entail much journeying between Montreal and the various posts on the Fur Traders route to the West, so that henceforward he would spend but little of his time at home. Madame Barre, who had a great respect for the boy's judgment, received the news calmly and bowed her head, as broken-spirited people meekly do before the decrees of Fate. For her the period of possibilities were past, and that of the inevitable had begun. Teresa was left to her, and she felt that what Providence gave was no doubt all that she had any right to expect.

The girl, however, took the departure of her playmate more to heart. I should not, perhaps, say that she herself was fully conscious of the depth of her feelings in this matter; for whatever influence this separation might be upon her life, it took time to manifest itself. Nevertheless, it was not long before she realized that her world was no longer the same. She grew restless and at the same time silent and moody. Sometimes, while playing with a pet rabbit or squirrel, she would, without apparent reason, burst into tears and, lying in the grass, sob as if her heart would break. These cries always had a soothing effect upon her and for some days following she was more like her former self. But this happy state would not last. She would soon again grow restless and passionately long for something—she knew not what. Her natural activity and exuberant gladness in all that lived about her, her sympathies with her dumb playmates of but a few months before, had undergone a great change. She lived a very real, healthy life, and yet she lived it mechanically, as if her body had grown accustomed to its routine of daily duty, and performed it without the concurrence of her inner self, which was absorbed in dreams. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that she lived in a state of constant dreaminess; for her dreams never took any distant form, never came to any definite conclusion, and, in a word, never shaped themselves so distinctly that her mind could grasp them. She was constantly expectant of something that did not come, and vague longings began to fill her heart.

Meanwhile Raoul was succeeding well in the hazardous life he had undertaken. His good-natured, sunny tempera-

ment, his physical grace and manly bearing, and his reckless, devil-may-care outlook on life in general, quickly made him a prime favorite among his equally reckless devil-may-care comrades of the forest and stream. His travels with the voyageurs and traders never took him further west than Fort William, which post was still used as a sort of clearing-house between the traders of the far west and the officials of the company at Montreal, even as the Nor'-Westers had used it; so that at intervals he came to the Chateau to pass a day and a night, and while he was there it seemed as though the old state of things had come back and he had never been away. He rarely came without some present from "down the river" for Teresa, and a substantial present of money for her mother, who received it with a simple word of thanks, and smiled to herself as she put it away in an old stocking under her mattress. He was dressed in the rough, picturesque costume affected by the voyageurs of that period, and Teresa, gazing at him as he told them of the wonders of the towns and villages he had visited, thought him the handsomest boy in the world. And, indeed, it would have been difficult not to acknowledge his manly beauty or to find fault with the symmetrical grace of his figure.

On the other hand, it had gradually occurred to him to observe that among the women whom he saw in the course of his travels not one could compare with his little Teresa at home. At first he had laughed this observation away, and naively said to himself that he was accustomed to her features and liked them; but as time went on he recognized that his preference was justified. He had occasionally seen some of the great beauties of both the Canadas publicly, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly or the arrival of some emissary from across the sea; and in the fashionable quarters of Quebec and Montreal he had seen many beautiful women, French, and English, and American; yet of all Teresa was undoubtedly the fairest, and one evening he told her so, bluntly and simply. Mother Barre smiled contentedly to herself as she bent her eyes more attentively upon her knitting, and Teresa blushed so deeply that she rose from her chair and turned away. Her pleasure was so intense that it gave her positive physical pain; her heart throbbed madly, and her eyes filled with tears as she turned and ran out of the room and up to the loft where she threw herself down on her bed and cried herself to sleep. He had not said that he loved her, but she had suddenly understood that she loved him, and for the present that was sufficient.

EARLY the next morning as she was loitering in the old courtyard, Raoul came out of the house and, in a careless way, threw his arm around her as he had often done before. But many things had changed since yesterday's sunset, and this simple action now had the power to awaken emotions of which Teresa had hitherto been ignorant; so she quietly took his hand and removed it from its position on her waist so naturally that he scarcely noticed it, or that she at the same time moved a step away from him. When the time came for him to say goodbye she was not to be found but even this unusual event did not awaken any suspicion in Raoul's honestly simple mind. He kissed the mother, shouldered his bundle, and crying out his customary, cheerful adieu, strode away down the hill without seeing Teresa, who stood watching him from one of the upper windows of the Chateau. When he had disappeared she ran quickly down the wide staircase and into the kitchen, where she gazed long and earnestly into the little mirror that hung upon the wall by the great fireplace, but what advice the mirror gave, I suppose only a woman could tell. Whatever it was, this advice was often repeated, and when Raoul returned a month later he could not but notice that the girl's appearance was greatly improved.

The exciting novelty of his new life, which at first had caused Raoul to almost forget his home and to think but little of the two women composing it, had worn off, and of late his erstwhile

playmate, the pretty Teresa had been much in his thoughts. The greater part of the weighing and considering, which is after all but a simple addition or subtraction, had been concluded long ago; and when at last his feelings asserted themselves, the question of marriage was, as far as he was concerned, practically settled: it remained for Teresa to say whether it was so for both of them.

He was not long in doubt as to what Teresa's answer would be. The scene in the homely kitchen was a simple one, and its action rapid and decisive. He asked her bluntly, "Will you marry me?" and she, after one wild glance at her mother, whose knitting had suddenly become very troublesome, answered him with a shower of passionate kisses; an answer which produced a great deal of joy in which Mother Barre heartily shared.

NOT many weeks after this memorable evening, Raoul came to spend the night, as of late he had more frequently found excuse for doing. He was flushed with excitement, and dramatically told the two fond women that the whole population along the river was in a ferment; they were holding mass meetings, and declaring for armed rebellion against their Government. He had come direct from St. Charles, where he with others had organized themselves into a society called the "Sons of Liberty." Their leader, Papineau, had spoken, and had appointed him an officer in the rebel army that was being formed; and further promised him high office under the new government which would be formed as soon as their oppressors were driven into the sea. He would be a great man, and wealthy; would marry Teresa and never have to leave her again. Dr. Nelson had told them that thousands of American sympathizers were gathered at the border, ready to cross over and help them reconquer their country. He was in high spirits, and declared that the rebellion would prove successful. His service with the Fur Traders had been more than usually fortunate, and, of course, his luck would not forsake him now. So they sat together in the kitchen, as was their habit, and made happy plans until late in the night; for Raoul was to leave at sunrise, and they had much to arrange for the great day.

The meeting of the rebel officers to arrange the details attendant upon the formation of the new army was to take place early the following morning in the little village of St. Dennis, a rebel stronghold where Dr. Nelson, a man of great eloquence and commanding influence among the people, was in command. Sunrise found Raoul on his way to the rendezvous. With the exception of a small sum of money that he had given to Teresa, he had placed his whole fortune unreservedly into the hands of the rebel leaders, to be used in the venture. If, as he confidently expected it would, the movement succeeded, and he escaped the dangers of battle, his money would be returned to him, together with a high rate of interest; and the position under the new government which Louis Papineau had promised him, would enable him to buy back the lands which had originally belonged to the seignior of d' Etchegoyen, and revive with added lustre the old glories of his house. Thus Raoul dreamed as he walked swiftly along the valley road, and mingling with his dreams, the face of his little Teresa was always before him.

Arriving at St. Dennis, Raoul found the one street of the village crowded with excited farmers, rivermen, and woodsmen, who had come in during the night to rally around the standard of revolt. Papineau had just arrived, and was being greeted with cries of "Long live Papineau, our Deliverer," while Dr. Nelson, with the aid of an American soldier of fortune named Brown, was busy attempting to organize some semblance of military formation from among the mob of men and boys who were excitedly demanding muskets, ammunition, and a leader to lead them on to Montreal. Pushing through the crowd, he made his way to where Papineau stood surrounded by a little group of men who, like Raoul, had been selected as officers of the rebel

forces. After the usual greetings, their leader invited them to join him in conference in a nearby distillery, which the rebels had seized and made their headquarters. Word was passed to Dr. Nelson to attend, and on his arrival it was decided to send Brown, the American, to whom the title "General" had been given—with a portion of the force collected at St. Dennis, to reinforce and take command of the considerable body of men already gathered at St. Charles. The work of arming and organizing the rebels into manageable units being completed, Raoul found himself at the head of a motley "regiment" of fifty men, which, with a similar force under Brown, were ordered to march immediately to St. Charles, and hold that place for the "Provisional Government."

Their arrival was the occasion of great rejoicing by the rebels collected there. Brown immediately took command of the situation, and ordered the erection of a "Liberty Column," about which the rebels mustered, and where Brown and his officers formed them into units and posted them in position to defend the village. Raoul was instructed to take his men and occupy a neighboring farmhouse and its outbuildings, a post which protected the right flank of the rebel position. This he did, to the entire satisfaction of his men, who made themselves quite comfortable in the house, and settled down to await whatever Fate decreed—the attack of the Crown forces, or the arrival of the mythical "thousands of American sympathizers" from across the border, which was to make the march of the rebel army on to Montreal and Quebec a veritable juggernaut of victory.

They had not long to wait. The night proved stormy, with heavy rains and blustering winds. The patrol which Brown had thrown out some two miles from the village in the direction of Montreal, came in about midnight, seeking shelter from the weather. Everyone appeared confident that no danger from attack was to be looked for that night, and all sought the shelter of the village buildings and settled themselves to rest. On to this scene, during the early hours of morning, came the expedition which had been sent against them by the commander of the Crown forces at Montreal. The rebels were completely surprised. There was no time to take up the defensive position decided upon, for at the first crash of musketry of the soldiers Brown fled and his ill-advised followers were quickly routed. Raoul was awakened from sleep by the general hubbalooboo. He quickly ascertained the cause, and learning of their leader's desertion, he and his men quickly scattered in the darkness, firing their muskets in the general direction of the soldiery as they ran. At the news of the disaster at St. Charles, Nelson's force at St. Dennis also scattered. The rebellion, save for a hopeless stand in the village of St. Eustache and St. Benoit, north of Montreal, was at an end. The rebel leaders sought safety in the United States, and there Raoul, with the majority of his comrades followed them.

SOME days passed before the two women at the Chateau heard of the events that had occurred in connection with the rebellion, and even then their information was lacking in authenticity. Bodies of soldiers scoured the valley, visiting and searching every house and hovel; questioning the inmates, and arresting those of the menfolk whom their information connected in any way with the activity of the rebels. Teresa, for the first time, felt very anxious about Raoul. Heretofore she had listened to his stories as one listens to stories of adventure and danger, which do not concern either ourselves or any one we know; she had not been convinced of the reality of Raoul's life as a rebel, and being frightened now for the first time, her anxiety was the deeper for its suddenness. She shuddered at the thought of what might have happened to him, and shook her head as if she could thus throw off the doubts which beset her. But in spite of her efforts she could only think of the danger to which

Continued on page 60



People everywhere are giving more thought to the relation of *really* clean clothes to health.

As knowledge of this important subject spreads, the use of Fels-Naptha, the Sanitary Soap, increases.

Making it unattractive to germs by taking their "food" away!

Fels-Naptha Soap discourages germs by washing clothes so clean and sanitary that germs have no place to feed and breed. For the real naptha in Fels-Naptha weaves through and through the threads like some invisible shuttle, loosening the dirt and body-oils for the snowy suds to flush away.

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

TRIPLE INTRIGUE

By Edith G. Bayne

BUT I tell you it was I who secured the lease!"

"Pardon me, madam, it was I."

"Absurd! Why I can show you the paper—"

"But listen to me, madam—"

"I'll do nothing of the kind! Rosemary, open that largest cane suitcase and get out the letter Mr. Perkins wrote us. The agent and I arranged it all several weeks ago, sir. I am not in the habit of leaving anything to chance."

"It's very singular, I must say."

"Singular? It's positively ridiculous!"

"I don't understand you, you see this cottage was advertised as a desirable summer home for a bachelor or a man of studious habits, who wishes to spend the summer in a secluded spot. Now as you, my dear madam, scarcely fit either role—"

"Pray don't jest."

"I was only going to say that you and your charming young daughter would find it very quiet—much too dull here away from the hotel. Even if you actually have obtained a duplicate lease (the agent's error of course) might I not prevail upon you to hire another cottage? I'll do all in my power to assist."

"No other cottage could possibly suit. Rosemary, haven't you found that letter yet?"

"It isn't here, mother."

"What! Then look in the club-bag."

"I've just looked. It's not there either."

"Could it be possible that I've left it at home? How annoying! It isn't in my handbag. But here's the key Mr. Perkins mailed us."

"Ah! I was going to ask if you had a key."

"Certainly, my dear sir. I didn't leave that behind."

Mrs. Hildreth fitted the article in question into the lock of the disputed cottage's door. It turned and she opened the door part way and sent a triumphant glance at the handsome but pig-headed gentleman, who at once looked considerably crestfallen.

"There! You see I was right after all. This cottage is number 32 Poplar View—the very one I rented."

"But my key fits too."

"You'll have to show me." Mrs. Hildreth said, coldly.

"With pleasure," and he fully demonstrated the truth of his assertion.

Mrs. Hildreth shrugged her plump shoulders. Her fair and comely face didn't soften in the least.

"How do I know you aren't a forger—one of those clever men who make wax moulds of locks and have keys to fit everything?"

"Mother, for goodness' sake drop it."

"Be still, child. Have you ever known me back down?"

"It does look awfully lonely up here on these bluffs. We'll be bored stiff, mother."

"I've set my heart on this place."

"Er—so have I!" the gentleman said gently but firmly.

"And I insist upon remaining."

"So do I."

"If you were a gentleman—"

"If you could see reason—"

"It is you who are unreasonable! Why does a man need to be so particular? You yourself would be too far from the hotel, where you would have to go for meals—"

"I cook my own meals. Bert and I are both good cooks."

"Bert?"

"My nephew."

"Oh! you have a nephew coming then?"

"By the morning boat."

"How jolly!" Rosemary's silvery voice broke in. "Young men are awfully scarce this summer. Let's all camp together!"

"Never!" declared Mrs. Hildreth, stiffly.

"Impossible," said the gentleman, "I came here to do some studying."

There was a pause. The fair widow broke it.

"Oh well, take your old cottage, then," she said with a resigned air, stooping to pick up a grip. "But whenever I hear a man boast about being a cook, I want to laugh! Both my daughter and I are graduates of a cooking school. We planned to do a lot of practising up here because we board when we are in town. Come on Rosemary. We'll send the same boy up for those suitcases who brought them here, and we'll leave the gentleman in full possession."

BUT the gentleman was undergoing a complete change of front. It must have been the information about the cooking that worked the transformation. He stood pinching his chin and gazing from mother to daughter.

"Madam, you must remain," he said, hurriedly. "I couldn't think of allowing you to go. I'm sorry to have been so selfish. I—er—I'll go to the hotel."

"Thank you, but—"

"Please favor me by remaining. I abdicate fully."

"But if the lease is really yours—" began the widow, hesitatingly, setting the grips down again.

"Say no more, please," and the gentleman bowed and smiled and was about to withdraw, though a trifle reluctantly.

"Oh wait!" Mrs. Hildreth said, smiling in turn, for her annoyance was rapidly dissipating. "Could you care to do as my daughter suggested? The house seems large enough and we needn't meet except at meals."

"Why—er—"

"We'd see that you were not disturbed at your books."

"Thank you, I—er—well, I don't mind at all."

"Oh goody goody!" cried Rosemary, dancing up and down.

And so it was arranged.

"The man is evidently a decent sort," admitted the widow a little later to her daughter.

"He's a perfect dear," said Rosemary. "And so distinguished-looking with his white hair and moustache, and proud air! If the nephew turns out half as nice—"

"Absurd child! I shall forbid flirting, remember. As for this Captain something-or-other being handsome, your poor dear father was twice as fine-looking!"

"Captain Hardy, mother. And how nicely he introduced himself! I wonder what the nephew looks like!"

Meanwhile Captain Peter Hardy was making a change from his travelling clothes to a free-and-easy outfit designed for fishing and loafing generally. At the end of ten minutes he was out on the water paddling briskly upstream to a good trawling place he had been told about.

"I'm all kinds of a fool," he mut-

tered. "Don't know what possessed me—when I came up here for the express purpose of dodging womenkind."

Presently he gave a start and slowly a grin spread across his face.

"Now I wonder!" he exclaimed aloud.

Only a few days ago his married sister had dragged him to a bazaar and at the bazaar he had been inveigled into a fortune-teller's booth. The gipsy—a real one too!—had issued this warning to him:

"Beware of two women who will cross your path soon. The elder will try to capture your heart but shun her for she is a crook, a confidence-woman. She travels with another posing as her daughter but in reality they are a pair of she-sharks, fascinating and merciless."

"Phsaw!" he now exclaimed, as he recalled this warning at which he had laughed. He still wanted to laugh, but the grin presently faded. At heart the Captain was just a trifle superstitious.

"It's that moon coming up that's making me feel romantic and credulous," he said to himself as he put the looped trawl-line between his teeth and began to cast out. "What harm could a female crook do me? I'm not rich enough to bother with. She'd be on the trail of bigger game. Of course those gipsies—sometimes they hit it right, I'll admit.... Still, it does seem queer. What have I got to tempt—oh by jove! I never thought of that!" he suddenly exclaimed half-aloud.

There was something after all! It was something that a number of people would be very glad to possess too. But these women—ridiculous! They were eminently respectable, a fact that was to be gathered at a glance. As for the coincidence of the keys being similar, Perkins no doubt owned a good many of the cottages up here and it was very possible that two or more had locks that were identical.

SUDDENLY Captain Hardy heard a scream. He was just bending over to untangle the trawl-line from an out-jutting twig of a floating heap of brush, and he sat up with a start that almost capsized his frail craft. He looked all around him. At first in the dusk of gathering twilight he could see nothing. But in a moment he made out a dim boat with a solitary figure in it some fifty feet off shore, and behind him a voice now called to him—a woman's voice.

"Help! Oh, please come and help me!" it cried.

The Captain didn't pause for words but put about and in no time at all had reached the side of a red skiff containing a frightened but pretty young woman.

"I dropped an oar!" she said with a shaky little laugh. "It's floated away and I'm drifting back in the direction of the falls."

"I see the oar. I'll paddle and get it for you."

"Oh thank you!"

"Don't mention it. Just a moment and I'll be back."

When he returned she told him, as she received the dripping oar and fastened it in the lock, that she was a guest at the hotel and had only arrived a few hours ago. Her name, she said, was Smith—Mrs. Vernon Smith.

"Let me take you back to the hotel," offered the Captain, and she accepted gratefully.

"I might have been over the falls now but for you," she murmured. "How can I ever—"

"Tut tut!" the Captain said, gruffly.

When they landed he gave her his arm. She was still trembling with fright, and seemed to require the support. The Captain was always gallant.

It was several mornings later. The Captain, Mrs. Hildreth and Rosemary were at breakfast on the broad shaded verandah.

"Some more omelet, Captain?" suggested the widow, looking very fair and sweet in a blue gingham dress.

"Thanks, no more."

"Just a little more of the fried perch, then?"

"No thanks. Hadn't you better give that young rascal the last call?"

"Oh the poor dear is tired. Let him sleep." Rosemary put in. "He paddled me all over the lake last night, you know."

"The Captain doesn't know," smiled her mother. "For he was away all evening. That's three evenings now in succession, Captain!"

"Don't be so inquisitive, mother! Perhaps he doesn't want to tell."

"No objection," said Captain Hardy putting down his coffee-cup. "I was down at the hotel."

FOOTSTEPS in the hallway diverted the conversation at this point. Bert Hardy, a tall slim youth with a mop of dark hair and mischievous brown eyes entered the outdoor breakfast-room and gave a military salute.

"Good-afternoon!" said his uncle with delicate irony.

"Sit in," invited Rosemary, rising to wait on him. "And don't pay any attention to the Captain. It isn't more than ten. He's in a bad humor or something. Anyway he hasn't eaten hardly anything."

As the Captain had succeeded in "putting away" a very fair breakfast for him, he only grinned.

"I say Uncle Peter," Bert began as he started on his grapefruit, "You do look queer, somehow. Not ill eh?"

"Certainly not."

"I was wondering where you were last night. After I put the canoe in I sat up and smoked till I nearly dropped off, waiting for you. I had something to tell you. Might as well tell you all, I guess, but don't let it go any further. I was so excited I nearly woke you up Mrs. Hildreth, and you Rosemary, to tell you."

"Oh what is it?" demanded the women together, while the Captain sent the young man a swift, guarded look.

"The hotel has the secret service in. They're hunting for a criminal of some sort."

"A criminal! A murderer?" cried the widow, paling, while her daughter dropped a cup which shattered to fragments.

"Don't know what breed he is. He may be only a thief. The fellow that told me didn't know. It was one of the boys from the hotel and he hailed me and put in to tell me. They're trying to keep it quiet, for fear it may scare away tourists I suppose. Why, where are you going, uncle?"—as the Captain got up abruptly.

"Going for the mail," mumbled the Captain, departing.



Upper Kananaskis Lake, Alberta

Continued on page 10



One week will tell

Send the coupon for the 10-Day test.

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

That test will be a revelation. The results have won millions to this new way of teeth cleaning. Nearly all the world over careful people now use this way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

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The two chief beauty items

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Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between them and stays.

Food stains discolor it, making the teeth look cloudy. Then, too, it forms the basis of tartar. That's why teeth lose their lustre.

Modern research proves that film is the cause of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germes breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles, local and internal.

Few people escape

Under old methods, few escaped the troubles caused by film. The tooth brush left much film intact. Then night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, it threatened serious dam-

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Triple Intrigue

Continued from page 8

"It's my opinion your uncle is in love." Rosemary confided to Bert as she placed the toast by his elbow.

"He acts awfully like it. And—don't tell him this!—I saw him twice on the hotel piazza with a lady!"

"A lady!" exclaimed Mrs. Hildreth. "I thought he shunned women."

"He wasn't shunning this one so's you'd notice it! She was an awfully pretty little woman too, dainty and frail-looking—just the kind that would appeal to the brusque Captain."

Mrs. Hildreth still looked her surprise. She who was fair, forty-five and fat (but not too fat) seemed somehow to resent that "dainty and frail" person. She even went so far as to sniff. Then she too rose abruptly.

"Mother, you take a book and hit the hammock." Rosemary said. "Bert and I will do the dishes."

But Mrs. Hildreth was too restless apparently, to swing idly in a hammock. She put on a sun-hat and went away down the woodland path in the same direction the Captain had taken.

"Is that right—about uncle?" demanded Bert of Rosemary. "Are you sure it was he on the piazza of the hotel?"

"Sure as shooting! Let's hurry so we can go and pick thimble-berries."

"I only asked because uncle's a fierce woman-hater, or was," Bert explained. "He seems to like your mother a whole lot, but I never knew him to look twice at a woman before."

Two hours later the Captain strolled back to the cottage on the bluffs to find it deserted. He took a camp-chair, lit his pipe and leaned back against the railing, his feet on the window-sill. But scarcely had he taken this comfortable position than from the other end of the cottage verandah came a soft muffled sound. It was a sound like a sob. Captain Hardy brought his feet down, got up and walked around the angle of the verandah. Yes, there in the hammock was somebody after all. (He had thought it odd that everybody should be away.) A second glance told him it was Mrs. Hildreth. She had covered her face with a newspaper, on account of the mosquitoes, no doubt.

"Ah! Didn't know anyone was about," he said.

She threw off the paper and looked up in well-simulated surprise. But she was quite dry-eyed.

"I thought we wouldn't lunch till two," she said, sitting up.

"Don't disturb yourself, I shan't be here for lunch."

"Not here for lunch? Oh, very well."

"I expect to take the one-thirty express and I'll lunch on board. I'm off to the city on business. Don't know how long I'll be gone, Mrs. Hildreth."

"Well, I may as well tell you, Captain Hardy, that I, myself, am going away. Rosemary and I shall go to the hotel for a few days and then—"

"Going away you say!"—and he stared in amazement. "I understood you were to be here till September!"

"I took the cottage for six weeks, it is true, but I've changed my mind."

There was a new note—a note he didn't like—in her voice. Her manner seemed almost stiff. As she spoke she dropped her handkerchief and the Captain, stooping, recovered it for her. Their hands met briefly.

"I'm sorry," he said simply. "May I take this chair? There's something I want to tell you."

"Don't bother. I think I—I can guess," said Mrs. Hildreth, distantly. "Impossible!"

"My daughter has already given us an inkling. You are to be married?" Captain Hardy's mouth fell open.

"Good heavens! Where did you get that idea?" he almost shouted, and then he laughed with a great deal of enjoyment. But she didn't join in. "We know about—the lady at the hotel."

"You do? I'll wager you don't know as much as I do, then."

"Naturally."—and Mrs. Hildreth feigned a yawn.

"Do you know that Mrs. Vernon Smith's the cleverest female crook on the continent? That her real cognomen is Dora Doroisky—Daredevil Dora they call her in the States—that she incites mobs to fury, instigates strikes, edits a 'red' paper, plans bomb-throwing and bridge explosions, factory 'disasters'—all large-scale calamities like that—and that she is up here hiding in this secluded spot, till they get off her track and the wind dies down, on the other side?"

Mrs. Hildreth's eyes bulged. All restraint was now gone from her manner. Excitedly she begged the Captain to tell her more.

"There isn't much to tell," he said, quietly. "I happen to be a detective, though even Bert doesn't know it. Among my things are many pictures of criminals. I recognized Dora one night on the water and after that I stuck to her like a leech and she thought I was enthralled with her charms! She was off guard and let out a few little things, so that I was able to telegraph the authorities yesterday when I was very sure of my lady. I have to take her to the city to-day."

"Oh! And—and so she couldn't have harmed you, personally?"

"No, but had she known of my identity—that I was a plainclothesman—I mean—and counted on my being foolish enough to be loose-mouthed (which I am very far from being!) she might have wormed a lot of information from me. Information is the only thing of value that I possess. I do know many secrets. I hurried away this morning because of what Bert said. I feared my bird might have flown. But she's under guard now thank goodness!"

"Oh!" was all Mrs. Hildreth could say, but she put out a plump hand in mute congratulation, and the Captain took it and squeezed it.

She sighed and he sighed—and retained the hand.

"I—I've enjoyed my holiday here very much," he said, presently.

"My cooking," she murmured faintly.

"Your society," he corrected. "I—I'm fearfully sorry you aren't going to stay. May I ask what's your hurry?"

"I believe," said the widow, blushing, "that my hurry is gone."

Up the woodland path came Bert and Rosemary. They were laughing and talking, carrying between them a pail of berries, not overful.

"I hope—" began the widow and stopped.

"So do I," said Captain Hardy, significantly. "They'll make a fine pair. Our little camping-together idea has been ideal."

"You'd better let go my hand. I think they see us."

"What if they do? I hope—and believe—they're going to see a lot more of the same! Don't you think double weddings are very interesting?"

"Are—are you asking me to marry you?"

"I'm hinting at it."

"I've a confession to make. Just an hour after we came to our agreement about this cottage," she rushed on hurriedly, "I found Mr. Perkins' letter. It was in the smaller cane suitcase. The cottage I leased was number 23—not 32. And I was too proud to tell!"

"We'll not quarrel over our next lease. Is it yes?"

"I suppose so," answered the widow demurely.

"Then let us tell the children—and have them give us their blessing!"

Song of the Sea

Marion Belden Cook

The flash of sun on a gull's wings,
The blue haze of the sky,
The hissing foam that the wind flings
Spindrift flying high;

Banked-up clouds with crimson tips,
Streaked with saffron-gray,
Drift above the sailing ships
Drenched in silver spray.

A SUBURBAN FRAUD

By
Georgina
H.
Thomson

THERE was nothing about this particular Monday to presage a remarkable happening, or to set it off in any way whatsoever from the previous Mondays that had stretched in bleak procession through the life of Mary Rushworth. There had been the usual ride to Eighth and Centre on the white line car. Mary did not mind that part of it, for she always hoped that amid the crowd of business men and women her identity as school teacher might be overlooked. Once she boarded the North Hill car all such pleasant fictions had to be abandoned, for the 8:30 car to North Hill was primarily a school ma'am car.

You could tell them at a glance. Not that all school teachers looked alike—far from it. Mary had long ago recognized that there were three distinct types. There was the "Lady Principal" type, impressive and prosperous looking, wearing furs and an air of dignity. Authority sits heavily on feminine shoulders. Mary could scarcely find it in her heart to envy these women even for the sake of the substantial difference in the size of the figures adorning the orange-colored slips which rewarded their respective labors at the end of each month.

No, if Mary had been given to breaking the ninth commandment it would have been for the sake of quite a different type—the young, giddy things about whom the shades of the prison house had not yet closed, girls who took no thought for the morrow but adorned themselves like the lilies of the field. Occasionally one of these girls would appear with a diamond ring, and there would follow a flutter of excited interest and a series of "showers." Mary always contributed to these, but with a certain wistfulness, for Mary never doubted what class she herself belonged to. Wistfulness was the badge of all the women of her class. You could see it in their faces,—not a discontented look, nor even a sad look, but what one might describe as a negative look, as though life had cheated them of something.

Mary was almost thirty; most of the others had already passed the "shadow line." At one time they, too, had been frivolous and gay, like the little novices around them. Then, after a time, the future began to loom up like a great, gaunt spectre, and they stopped spending their monthly cheque on clothes and began to consider safe investments, endowment policies, etc. It was then that the negative look came to dwell on their faces, and the city superintendent docketed them in his official memorandum as "permanent."

The conductor on the 8:30 car to the North Hill was a dark, handsome fellow who turned off the signal lights with a Byronic air of settled melancholy. Mary liked to detect unexpected resemblances to famous characters among the conductors. It pleased her fancy and relieved the tedium of long, monotonous rides through streets grown drab through over familiarity. Besides Byron, there was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Harold Lloyd, Old Bill and My Uncle Toby, who swung his legs from the stool and whistled continuously a strange air which Mary imagined must resemble "Lillibulero."

Byron returned her morning greeting without enthusiasm. People rarely got enthusiastic over Mary. She was pretty enough, but with a pale and faded prettiness. Once in her childhood a romantic uncle had given her the pet name of Mayblossom. Later, in true romantic style, he had disappeared from her life without waiting to see whether the soil of the parental garden agreed with Mayblossoms.

A widowed mother had struggled on to give Mary an education, and departed this life with a virtuous sense of duty accomplished, shortly after Mary had obtained her teacher's certificate. Since then the little Mayblossom had been pretty much exposed to the winds of a cold world and had lost some of her bloom after repeated encounters with school-boards, inspectors, city superintendents, fond parents, and children of course—thousands of them. Every fall a new batch came to her and every fall she hardened her heart and said, "I won't love them! Just when I get to care for them they are all promoted, and I can't bear it. I shall work just as hard as ever, but I am not going to love them."

Mary had charge of the primary department, and fond mothers brought her their Billys and their Bettys, and with tears in their eyes intrusted their darlings to her care. And Mary, though she still tried to harden her heart, began to relent a little when Bills smiled shyly up at her and when Betty's fingers were twined in hers. Before the year was over, Mary considered them all as her very own and shed bitter tears when they were promoted away from her, and vowed that she would never love any children again. Ah, this loving other women's children! Nobody has any right to love other women's children as Mary did.

On this particular Monday, Mary finally reached school and faced her little flock with their proverbial shining morning faces. It would only bore you to hear an account of Mary's day—how enthusiastic she waxed over the phonics lesson, what ingenious sugar coatings she invented for little sums, how thrillingly she told the story of "The Three Bears" for the forty-eleventh time, and how she stayed till five o'clock getting everything shipshape for the next day's work.

Anyway, when Mary boarded the five o'clock car for the city she was tired. Her muscles sagged and her nerves tingled and her face had downward lines about the mouth. The car was full of women in furs and silks returning from receptions and bridge parties; women laden with parcels and an air of domesticity, their thoughts evidently on their husbands' dinners; women with little chubby urchins clad in scarlet coats and toques; women with babies in prams, requiring the respectful assistance of the conductor. Children en masse were fatiguing, as Mary could well vouch, but a baby in soft, white woolly things with ridiculous little touches of pink or blue—that was different. Mary looked at these women and wondered if they knew they were blessed among women.

It was almost six when Mary entered her boarding house. She turned over the mail on the hall table in an idle sort of way. It was part of her harmless little fabrication of dreams to imagine that some day there would be a letter for her, a real letter from someone who was not a school teacher nor an insurance agent nor head of a firm for primary supplies.

There was a letter tonight but not of such appearance as might arouse vain expectations. It was typed and had a thin, business-like air about it. Nevertheless, she carried it up to her room and opened it.

A first reading was sufficient to turn her apathy into gaping wonder and astonishment. The letter was from a law firm in a distant city and begged to inform her that William J. Rushworth (the romantic uncle of whom she had had no tidings since her childhood) had died, leaving her sole heiress to his fortune.

I am not going to state the amount. Your idea of a fortune and my idea may differ. If I make it too small you will think it wasn't worth writing about. If I make it too large you will say, "This is a fairy tale. Such things don't happen nowadays." Anyway, it was sufficient to make Mary Rushworth comfortably rich for the rest of her days.

The knowledge of this slowly dawned on Mary, and when she finally realized the fact, she sat down on her bed and sobbed in a quite wild and abandoned way. She sobbed because her uncle's love and companionship would have meant more to her through these lonely years than all his fortune now, and because in all the world there was no one to share her new-found wealth nor to be the happier for it.

When she finally bathed her swollen eyes and went down to break the news to her landlady, that awe-struck woman insisted on serving her dinner in her room in quite regal fashion. Later the news spread through the house and the other boarders tip-toed past her door with the feeling that someone has when lightning has struck very near—it might strike the same place twice.

A few friendly souls wandered in to congratulate her. She was dimly aware that their chatter concerned her own

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Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness can never be overcome unless the body is kept free of the poisons which cause them.

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When the food waste is not regularly and thoroughly eliminated, poisons are formed in the intestines and absorbed into the blood by which they are carried to every body cell—the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair, and the eyes. No wonder that through constipation the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes, the eyes become dull and the hair lacks luster. Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way. Laxatives and cathartics have failed to overcome the condition because, as a prominent

specialist states, they provide temporary relief only, at the expense of permanent injury, and tend to aggravate the constipation which they are given to relieve.

Results of Research

The result of medical experience in treating thousands of cases has been the discovery that Nujol not only overcomes constipation by its gentle lubricating action (which closely resembles Nature's own lubricant) but has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons; these it carries out of the body along with the food residue, and thus prevents their reaching the skin cells.

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future, but she was in a strangely lethargic state of mind and could not quite grasp the situation. She seemed to regard herself in a detached, impersonal way, as though it were the fortune of some third person they were considering.

She went to bed, but not to sleep. It was almost midnight when the Great Idea came to her with a sudden thrill that sent all the blood pounding through her body. She lay awake the rest of the night planning out the details with a sort of half-fearful ecstasy.

Whatever her plan was, she made a confidant of no one. In the morning she wrote her resignation and mailed it. The stout, complacent superintendent frowned when he read it. Mary was really a very good primary teacher. Besides, he had docketed her as one of the permanents and he resented having his judgment refuted in this high-handed fashion. He phoned her that very day, adopting a slightly hurt tone, but expressing his willingness to overlook her ingratitude and even to raise her salary by the princely amount of a hundred dollars per annum. Mary remained firm even in the face of such munificence. If anything would have shaken her in her decision, it was her love for some forty atoms of human dependence; but there was something about her wonderful plan that dimmed even her well-trained teacher love and bore her triumphantly on.

A month after her resignation, Mary disappeared from the little world that had known her, and left only a transitory ripple on the surface. Had it not been for the interest aroused by her fortune, there would not have been even a ripple. Her life had been one of true service but it was a service to a big machine. When a cog is missing from a machine it is replaced and the work goes on as before. Thus the cog known as Mary Rushworth was soon replaced and the little atoms that had smiled their cherubic smiles up into her face, smiled into the face of another.

What she would do with her fortune was the theme in the boarding house and among the teachers of Mary's set for the allotted nine days, and then the little ripple merged into other topics and was lost to sight forever.

Mary, however, was much too busy to sentimentalize over the facts. If she had any feeling in regard to the matter, it was one of relief that there were no prying eyes to follow her into an orphanage in the coast city whither she had turned her steps. Had there been, they might have noticed that the cessation of the treadmill had already wrought changes in Mary, had rounded her cheeks and added to them a touch of pink, while her eyes shone with suppressed excitement. There had also been a subtle change in the matter of clothes, hard to analyze except as the result of good taste reinforced by adequate means.

Mary was received with great respect, which increased when she stated her intention of adopting two children, a boy and a girl. The boy must be a little older than the girl, but she would like them both to be under school age.

She was taken to the nursery, and then for a few minutes a haze came over her eyes which prevented her seeing plainly. When the mist cleared, she found herself looking straight into the frank, blue eyes of a little, freckle-faced boy. He was not a handsome boy. His hair was of a nondescript, sandy shade with a tendency to stand up in the wrong places. His nose was far from Grecian. But when his eyes looked up to hers, all the pent-up mother love in the starved heart of Mary Rushworth leaped out to him. She opened her arms and he nestled in them with a shy trustfulness, while a strange new feeling tugged at Mary's heart, a feeling that had lain dormant through the years of her loving ministrations to children en masse, to be awakened in a moment by the clinging arms of a tiny freckle-faced boy.

The choice of the little girl was somewhat more difficult, but finally rested on a pretty creature with dark, silky curls and dark eyes fringed with long lashes. In making this choice Mary was indulging in a secret admiration she had always felt for brunettes. It was only later that she stopped to consider that the family trio were a trifle ill-assorted in the matter of family resemblance. However, with a newly acquired optimism she dismissed this difficulty with a shrug.

In the next few weeks Mary lived more than she had done in the past ten years. The most efficient training for the primary

department of a city school leaves out many essentials that mothers seem to know by instinct. There is a world of science of buttons, not to mention the fundamentals of bread and milk and a knowledge of panaceas for bumps and bruises.

Mary had taken an apartment in a quiet part of the city, and now set about in a somewhat shy but wholly earnest fashion to get acquainted with her little family. Buying their clothes was the most fun. Even in the old, unhappy far-off days, Mary had often lingered over the display of children's clothes in the big stores—not the ready-to-wear garments, but the little hand made things in the fancy work department, dainty dresses with smocking and embroidery and little boy suits aggressively masculine. Thither she turned and tried to appear profoundly wise before the superiority of the saleslady. She would buy the things this first time, but as soon as she was really settled she would begin making them herself. The very thought of it gave her a warm glow of expectation. She would watch for new ideas and tax her ingenuity in making pretty things for Rita. Little Don wouldn't want to be bothered with any such feminine notions. Even the clothes she had already bought him seemed to embarrass him with their newness. Rita, on the other hand, conducted herself like a little princess and showed a natural aptitude for keeping herself immaculate. It was the joy of Mary's heart to brush the long curls and fasten the little frocks.

SHE taught the children to call her "mother." They did it shyly at first, but before long it came as natural as their own names. At night when she had tucked them in and heard their prayers, it was the culmination of her happiness to feel the little arms around her neck, their good-night kisses, and to hear the sleepy "Good-night, mother." Then Mary would sit a long time alone in the twilight, her heart full, and ask herself if she were really the Mary Rushworth who had boarded the 8:30 car and had been listed among the permanents by the city superintendent.

By the time spring came, Mary felt that she and the children had become a composite family, and now she was ready for the final stage of her plan. The apartment was only a temporary affair, a makeshift till she had gained confidence to venture further. Now she felt that the time had come. She began to read real estate advertisements with great avidity. All her life she had longed for a little bungalow in the suburbs—not a pretentious place, for that would mean maids and a gardener, but room to breathe and a garden, however small, where she could plant sweet peas and get the feel of the warm moist soil in spring.

When Mary communicated with the real estate agents, she had no idea what she was starting. Never in her life had she been treated with such obsequiousness. She was carried hither and thither in sumptuous cars and bemadamed in a quite bewildering fashion. After all, their trouble went for nought, for Mary discovered the house herself, and once she had discovered it, the most glibly persuasive of all the agents could not shake her in her choice. The moment she saw it her mind harked back to a picture book she had owned as a child, and she remembered the cottage of Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother. This one was more modern and more spacious, but it had the white stucco walls, the casement windows with diamond panes, and hollyhocks along the walk to the front door.

Luckily it was for sale. If it hadn't been Mary wasn't quite sure what she would have done, but she never really doubted that the outcome would have been assured. There was something indomitable about this new Mary that refused to be balked by mere man-made obstacles. However, the house was for sale and Mary lost no time in becoming the possessor.

Those who had known her in the past as a truth-loving girl would have been horrified to see her put her signature to the deed as Mrs. Mary Rushworth Williams. Mary never did things by halves. When she adopted a family and bought a house, she intended to enter upon the rights that pertained to such a condition. No one in that neighborhood was to know the drab history of her past. She was a spinster no longer, but the widow of John Williams, killed in the

Great War. Williams was a non-committal sort of name and not likely to give rise to any complications.

A house presupposed furnishings, and the house of Red Riding Hood's grandmother meant furnishings of a particular sort. Mary revelled to her heart's content in the buying of rugs and draperies, chintzes and easy chairs, and the more substantial pieces of furniture. She was appalled by the thought that the neighbors might wonder why all her things were new. Even the linen must all be bought, and widows with two children might reasonably be expected to have a comfortable supply of all such essentials. Mary prepared her second fabrication. She had sold her household goods during the war and had since been living with relatives. She had decided, however, that children ought to be brought up in a home of their own and so she was starting housekeeping again.

She retained the apartment until everything in the house was in readiness. Then at last one warm spring evening they moved in, and Mary experienced for the first time the sensation of sleeping under her own roof—a sensation in which joy was somewhat tempered by anxiety. She seemed strangely isolated after a life spent for the most part in boarding houses and apartments, and the sense of responsibility weighed upon her mind and kept her from sleeping. Twice she

They exchanged greetings and names and felt themselves quite properly introduced. Mary did not realize how far the acquaintance had gone till that evening when, as they strolled across the lawn, she was startled to hear Don call out in his friendliest tone, "Hello, Uncle Jack."

She raised startled eyes to behold a tall man regarding her with a quizzical smile from the other side of the hedge. "Hush dear," she whispered, "You mustn't call him that."

"That's what Alec calls him," asserted Don. The complications of human relationship had never entered into the lives of these orphanage children. "Uncle Jack" was simply a name to be taken for granted, like any other name.

The people of the little suburb proved very friendly and Mary soon began to receive neighborly calls. The mother of the children next door came first. She was a plump, talkative little woman and rattled on at a great rate concerning the affairs of her little world. Mary learned the ages of the children, their names, their little ailments. She learned that "Uncle Jack", her brother, was a returned man who had been badly wounded and was just beginning to get back his strength after weary months of hospital life. It was only when she got home that she began to realize that "Mrs. Williams" had not reciprocated in this imparting of information. As a matter of fact, she was

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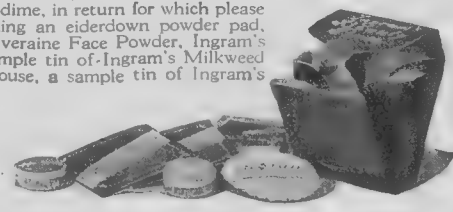
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Rare White (Albino) deer, one of the very few shot on North American Continent. This one was killed in British Columbia.

rose and entered the children's room to reassure herself by their regular breathing that all was well. The sudden acquisition of a house and a full fledged family without any previous experience nor masculine support, might have daunted a braver spirit than Mary's.

She finally did sleep, but was awakened at an early hour by cries of delight from the children, who had just discovered the illustrated nursery rhymes on the wall of their room and shouted at the recognition of each old friend.

The whole place was a fairyland for them. They were institutional children, and the freedom and individuality of a real home was as new to them as it was to Mary. They would soon begin to take it all for granted, but Mary never could. She went about her household tasks with a feeling of unreality, as though the cottage were an enchanted cottage likely at any time to disappear and leave her on the 8:30 car for the North Hill. Mundane affairs such as interviews with baker and milkman, the washing of dishes and the cooking of their simple meals, helped to convince her of the reality of things.

The children played in the fenced garden at the back of the house on a square of green grass bigger than they had seen in one place before, except in parks. Every few minutes they would run in to show Mary some new treasure or to drag her out to view some wondrous discovery.

They soon made the acquaintance of the children next door, through a hole in the hedge dividing the gardens. They were used to other children and conducted themselves with a natural assurance

obliged to confess to her brother that evening that she had learned nothing at all.

She resolved to remedy this state of affairs at the first opportunity, and when Mrs. Williams returned her call the latter found herself beset by polite questions that did not infringe on the good breeding and yet probed to the very heart of her secret.

Yes, her husband had been in the army. She stated the number of his battalion quite glibly, but she was not prepared for her hostess's surprised exclamation, "Why, that was Jack's battalion. I wonder if he knew your husband?" Mary resolved feverishly to get the record of this particular battalion from the library and be thoroughly primed for any future interview with Uncle Jack.

Nor were these all the perplexities of her new position. Young mothers who called on her would humbly ask her advice on all sorts of questions concerning baby welfare. Had she not raised two sturdy children? Mary read books on "Teething," "The Care of Infants", etc. but grew panic stricken after a few frantic attempts to appear intelligent on the subject, and confessed that during the infancy of her children she had been occupied by war work and had left most of their care to an aunt.

Mary began to be horrified by the cumulative power of a fib, but it was too late to retreat and she hoped that soon the curiosity of the little suburban community would become seated and begin to take her for granted.

Uncle Jack was most accommodating; after a question or two about her husband



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and his battalion he dropped the subject entirely.

Her life was becoming much too happy to allow her to waste any of the new-found joy on trivial anxieties. The ordinary things that other women take for granted were a source of excited interest to her. The cleaning and rougher work of the house she left to a charwoman who came once or twice a week, and this gave Mary time and energy to revel in dainty cookery, sewing for the children and games on the back lawn.

Her fame for inventing games was soon noised abroad, and the little back lawn became a veritable mecca for all the children in the neighborhood. The new zest for life kept a soft bloom on Mary's cheek—not a rose bloom, but rather a delicate pink of the Mayblossoms for which her Uncle had named her. As she romped with the children on the lawn in carefree abandon, or on warmer days gathered them about her under the trees while she told them some glowing fairy tale, she was unaware of the appraising scrutiny

scarcely a leaf stirred. After a while—"It has been a wonderful summer," said Mary dreamily. "Wonderful," echoed the man. He was looking down at her and thinking how like one of her purple asters she looked in her mauve sweater, with her slender erect form.

"It has been the most wonderful summer I have ever known," Mary went on and a little half sigh of regret escaped her.

When he did not speak she raised her eyes to his, faltered before what she saw there, and then boldly looked again. In a moment his arms were about her and their lips had met in a long, hungry kiss. Then with a violent effort Mary wrenched herself free.

"Don't touch me," she said in a voice that was perfectly distinct but strangely lifeless and weary. "You don't know who I am. I am a wretched impostor, a fraud. I am not a widow—I was never married."

"No, and your name is not Williams," he broke in. "It is Rushworth—Miss Mary Rushworth. You were a primary teacher till your uncle left you a fortune. Then you adopted Don and Rita and taught them to call you 'mother.'"

Mary's throat felt dry and constricted, but she managed to whisper, "How did you know?"

The man laughed. "Know? Why I have known all along. You were such a transparent little fraud. It was unfortunate to begin with that you chose my battalion for your dear departed. As a matter of fact, we were never at the engagement in which he lost his life. As for the rest, my sister Kate began to suspect the very first day, and you know Kate. She is the kindest woman in the world but a true daughter of Eve when it comes to a mystery. She simply had to ravel it out. Perhaps you didn't know you left an old envelope in a book you loaned us. It was addressed to Miss Mary Rushworth and had an official stamp of the school board in the corner. Then



Johnston Canyon, Banff

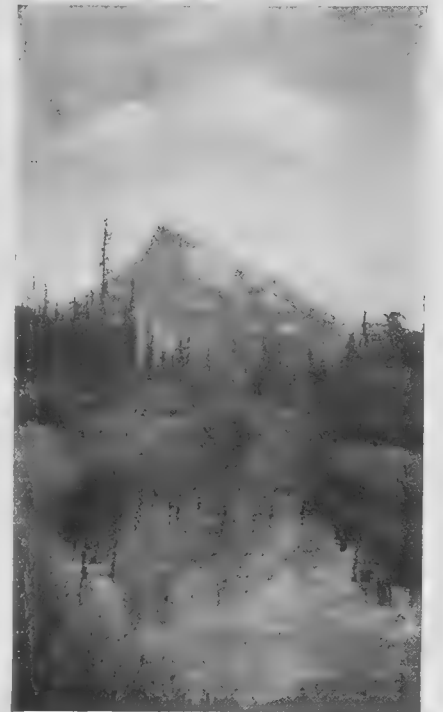
of a pair of gray eyes through the vines of the summer house next door. Uncle Jack and she had become the best of friends, but he rarely appeared among the little group, for he noticed that his coming always brought a touch of restraint to the performance. He preferred to watch and listen from his vantage point among the vines.

HE was rapidly recovering his strength and was able, even now, to spend part of the day at the office. Often in the evening he would take the two families in his car to some beauty spot in the neighborhood to enjoy a jolly little picnic. The children would then scatter in the woods in search of flowers while sister Kate busied herself ostentatiously with the refreshments, leaving Mary and "Uncle Jack" to follow some intriguing little path that led them cared not whither. Mary had learned to silence any accusations of her conscience and to give herself up to these stolen sweets with almost pagan joy. Life had tried to cheat her, but she was coming into her own. She did not look into the future, but was content to enjoy to the full each day as it came.

The hollyhocks bloomed and faded and now stately purple asters bordered the path to Mary's cottage. On one of the still nights before the frost comes, when the harvest moon hangs almost red in the sky, Mary had put the children to bed and now stood on her little front porch. There was a vague restlessness in her heart. The moonlit beauty of the garden seemed almost poignant to her and she caught herself repeating aloud:

"The moon shines bright: in such a night as this
When the sweet winds did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise—"

A deep-voiced, unpoetical "Hello" interrupted her and in a moment "Uncle Jack" had vaulted the low hedge beside her. They stood together in silence, looking over the moonlit garden where



Mt. Rundle, Banff

Kate remembered reading in the paper an account of your Uncle's bequest to you. The rest was easy."

"And the children—how did you learn about them?"

"Why children will be children. I overheard Don in an attempt to describe to Alec the sort of house he had had before he came to live with 'mother'. I didn't mean to spy on you, sweetheart. It just all happened to come out, and of course I was interested in everything that concerned you."

"And in spite of it all you can still—like me?"

"No, not in spite of it, but partly because of it. It seemed to me such a wonderful thing to do. Almost any girl who had been left a fortune would have done something quite different. She would probably have bought a great many pretty clothes, gone off to some fashionable resort and lived a life of gaiety. Instead of that, you prefer to take two little orphan kiddies and make a heaven for them."

Continued on page 71

A HOLIDAY TRIP TO NOVA SCOTIA

By Alberta P. Craig

Continued from October Issue

"PLEASANT VIEW" was the tiny cabin reserved for our use. Near the doorway we swung our hammocks and there we idled away the long hours of the glorious summer days. We slept on the pebbled beach or floated at night along the shore, watching the stars throng out in their glory. There were two grand trips; one far up the West River and the other across Kedge through the Eclweir to Rosignol, the largest of Nova Scotia's lakes.

Tragic indeed is the history of the little town of Shelburne. Here in the days of the American Revolution came 12,000 Loyalists, bringing with them their portable houses and stately equipages. Very gay was life in the infant city which in a short time had become the leading naval and military station in the province. In the days of its greatest prosperity Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, was an honored guest at a banquet in the old Coffee House. But the settlement was isolated, the people

France and England for the possession of the North American continent. Even after 1710, when the country was ceded to Great Britain and the town received its present name in honor of Queen Anne, troubles did not cease. For many years it was harassed by Indians and pirates, and it was not until the coming of the Loyalists that peace finally reigned in the town. Within the precincts of the old fort we saw the officers' quarters, with the many interesting relics and the magazine bearing on the hinges of the door the fleur-de-lys of France. But all our visit was not filled with visions of the past, for we spent the second day on the Basin. We had dinner at Digby, thronged with gay crowds of American tourists. As the day was fine and the water unusually calm, we made a trip to the Gap, the titanic cleft in the range of the North Mountain. On the west side is Point Prim lighthouse, and on the east a tiny fishing hamlet, with houses and wharves so dwarfed beside the



West River, Kedgemakooge

were patricians who could not or would not work, and after four years only a few scattered houses were left along the wide, well-planned streets. A town as prosperous as the shipbuilding Shelburne of to-day is a fitting monument to the indomitable courage of the few who remained to battle with all the hardships of pioneer life in those early days. We drank at the old town pump, saw the antique fire engine presented by George III, and stood on the steps of the old house where Governor Parr formally named the city in honor of Lord Shelburne, at that time Secretary of the British Board of Trade. Of course we had tea at the Clubhouse, boating on the harbor, which ranks third among the harbors of the world, and we followed the Roseway far up into the beautiful Ohio country.

TWO days we had in Annapolis Royal, the most historic spot in Canada. Hither, in 1604, came the crude fleets of DeMonts and Champlain, and the next year Poutincourt established here the little colony of Port Royal, the first home of the white man in America, north of Florida. This was for long years the centre of civilization in the new world, and here was formed the first of Canada's Social Clubs. Night after night the members of the "Ordre de Bon Temps" — Poutincourt, Biencourt, Champlain, Louis Hebert, Claude de la Tour and his son Charles and many another Frenchman, of royal birth—gathered to listen to the first Canadian songs written by Marc Lescarbot, poet and musician. This was the scene for 150 years of the gigantic struggle between

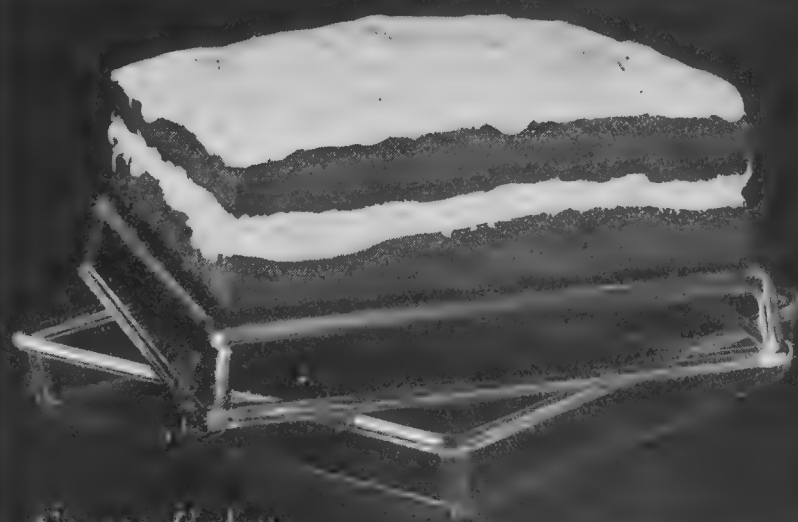
towering hills that it seemed like a toy village from fable land.

"A rare enchantment rests upon the place
Where Gabriel wooed and won Evangeline.
O'er all the Minas marshland emerald-green,
Rest the soft spell of a romantic race."

Beautiful at any season is the Minas country, but it had an added charm as we saw it in those September days when every vale and hill seemed to call and call with huring voice. Life at Canard was idyllic. There was a peace and quiet beyond all telling about those Autumn days

"All sounds were in harmony blended,
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree, the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels."

AT eleven o'clock each morning we eagerly scanned the dyke road, and precisely at the moment the dim speck in the distance resolved itself into the bright red of the "Royal Mail," we sauntered toward the Post Office. Under the spreading willow tree the village smithy



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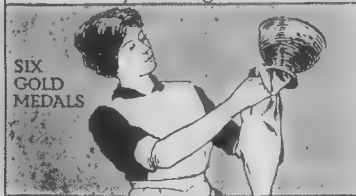
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stands, and in the corner of the old blacksmith shop His Majesty's mail is received and sorted. Our letters were well stamped, for in addition to the regulation post mark they bore the black imprint of the smith's huge thumb. But letters were a secondary matter for the old forge and the work of the smith never lost its fascination for us. Long we would linger in the doorway "with wondering eyes to behold him

'Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.'

In the College town of Wolfville there are many lovely homes, and in the quaintest and most charming of these we found ourselves welcome guests. We were convinced that Charles G. D. Roberts must have occupied our very room at some time, for like him we looked out on a superb view, "marshes of pale green, reclaimed from the sea by the spades of old time Acadian farmers; sharp strips of red or orange-tawny flats, where the retreating tide has left the beach uncovered; to the left front a well-grouped cluster of white cottages,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pre
Lay in its fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant
Shut out the turbulent tides;
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose."

Little now remains of the ancient Acadian village except the willows and the old well, but with its meadows and wide spreading orchards the modern Grand Pre is fair and altogether lovely.

ONE glorious afternoon in late September we climbed to the very summit of Cape Blomidon. Below us on the left stretched for many miles the great Cornwallis Valley with its five silvery streams, all bathed in the dreamy and mystical light of the early Autumn. On the right lay the Bay of Fundy, where even the "restless heart of the ocean was for a moment consoled," and away out over the water we could see the blue outline of the New Brunswick



White Point, near Liverpool, N.S.

spires and masts about a bridge—the shipping village of Port Williams; the long, low lines of green upland outstretching from either side to almost the center of the picture—the delicious summer resorts of Starr's Point and Long Island; between them and beyond away to the far blue barrier of the Parrsboro shore, the restless waters of Minas Basin, yellow on the foreground, but in the distance purple, sapphire, green or silver, as the changing hour and changing sky may decree; and in the middle distance, dominating all the scene with its mass of sombre indigo, the majestic bastion of Blomidon out-thrust against the tides. These are the effects of full daylight, but by the aerial magic of sunrise and the voluptuous sorcery of sunset such transformations are wrought as make the scene an ever-changing realm of faery." There is a wonderful drive along the hill behind the town. On the left we looked beyond Starr's Point to the placid vales of Perea, Canard and the Habitant, illustrious streams, to leafy Canning in her fields and breezy Kingsport on her red-walled cape, to the long ramparts of the great North Mountain. Below, on the right, the Gaspereau hurried along between flower-grown banks, past grey old willows, under red and white bridges to join the water of Minas. Here at the mouth of the river

"The freighted vessels departed
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story."

Past the old church we descended the hill and came to the Mecca of our dreams, the real home of Evangeline.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,

coast. Blomidon was sacred in the eyes of the Red Man. Here in the ancient days Glooscap, god of the Micmacs, had his throne. Spencer's Island is his overturned tea-pot, and Five Islands are the missiles he threw at his enemy the beaver, who tried to build a dam and shut out the life-giving waves from the marshes of Minas. Here, too, when he realized that with the advent of the white man his reign on earth was over, Glooscap made a feast to which he summoned all the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air. They lingered long over the festive board, and after Glooscap had given them his farewell message he took his great stone canoe and sailed away along the golden path of the sunset. As they turned from watching the disappearance of their great ruler the beasts and birds found that they no longer understood each others language, and they returned to their homes quarrelling and fighting, as they do to this day. From the Isle of the Blessed Glooscap in sorrow watches his children, and when the white man's rule is over he will return once more to the Minas region, and once again the beasts and birds will dwell together in peace and contentment. Reluctantly we started on our homeward drive, and in the mellow light of the Autumn night the region's native witchery cast its spell over our minds, and we shall "keep forever in memory the lovely lights, always changing, on the Basin of Minas, the soft white mists that encircle stern Blomidon, and the exquisite play of sunshine and shadow on the wide expanse of verdant Grand Pre." Such was the very fitting ending for a holiday of rare enjoyment. We understand now why Nova Scotians have such an undying love for their native land, and their little province has given us memories that we shall forever prize and hold of dearest worth.

ANN, THE GIRL

By Lereine Ballantyne

ANN Gorman walked to the gate with Lottie Ferguson, and watched her go down the lane to the road. Lottie was so young and fresh and—she was in love. Billy Spence, folk said, almost lived at her place. Ann turned, sighed and started back to the house. It was a wonderful old home, and the Gormans had occupied it in an unbroken line since it was built nearly a century ago. They had lived and died there, and she would no doubt do the same; she and Stephen her brother. Stephen would, of course, never marry. The Gormans were not a marrying family, and besides, there was his deformity, caused by hip troubles in his youth. He limped badly when he walked and touches of rheumatism did not help any toward giving him a more gainly carriage. She stayed with him because he needed her, and it never occurred to her to do anything else. Today she sighed, and felt a bit lonely. It was her own fault, she told herself, she should go out more. As she went back to the spacious kitchen to prepare the tea, she promised herself she would; it was foolish to stick in the house too much.

"Lottie Ferguson was over to-day," she announced to Stephen, as he walked slowly over to take his place at the head of the table.

"Yes, what did she want?"

"They are giving a big party next week. She invited us both to go. I feel as though I would like to go."

"By all means go, Ann. You stay in too much. I may and I may not," he answered.

"Oh come now. Of course you'll go. I don't want to go alone."

"We'll see. I'll drive you over anyhow. Don't know as I'll stay. I have kind of got out of the way of parties," he said quietly.

Ann busied herself serving the simple but inviting repast. She realized that he had gotten away from such things. It was two years since their mother died. For them it had been two years of seclusion, for in Cedar Valley folk do not bury their dead to-day and look around for some diversion to wipe out their memory tomorrow. And in any case Stephen would hardly enjoy going to dances, for though he was comely of feature, and well to do financially, still he could not dance, and what man wants to be a wall-flower, conscious of his own misfortune.

Their mother's death had been a terrible loss to both of them, for she was a kindly soul, always trying to do the very best by her two children. In fact, her last breath had been spent in telling Ann to look after Stephen. To her he was still the baby of the family—for what mother ever allows her youngest son to grow up? Ann vigorous and a veritable flower of the fields, had stepped into her mother's shoes and looked after Stephen, seen that his clothes were always warm and dry, and that he wore rubbers when the weather was damp.

Ann was nearing thirty; quite an age in Cedar Valley to be sure, for unless a girl had a good reason to stay at home (such as Ann had) she was expected to be on her "own floor" at least by twenty-five. Beyond that single bliss was taken as a reflection on her personal charms. Ann had never had a lover for the simple reason she had no time for one. What inducement was there for a young man in a home where the daughter was constantly tending a mother, ill with the wasting weight of many years upon her. Truly, amid the rare beauty of the fine old place in which she had grown up, Ann was cheated of romance.

The next morning Ann was up early, and when her work was finished betook herself to the berry patch. Rover, the big collie, went with her. The bushes were just drying from the heavy dew of the night before, and big red luscious berries were hanging plentifully all over the long patch that

skirted the bush at the back of the farm.

"I'll get more than enough for pies. I should fill the pail and have enough to put down a few jars," Ann told herself.

She picked industriously, while Rover chased squirrels and ground-hogs. Half an hour later she heard him barking at someone coming through the bush. Then Frank Harper appeared, pail in hand.

"Any danger of being arrested for trespassing?" he asked.

"No," she laughed. "I think part of this patch is on your side anyway."

"Well we won't quarrel about it. I was kind of slack in the fields to-day, and thought I would come out here and see if I could find my dinner."

She found herself wondering how Frank managed, and if he knew how to do some of them down for the winter. He was a young fellow who had bought the farm back of their place the year before. He was well thought of in the neighborhood, and the farm he purchased was a splendid piece of land. He kept bachelor's hall alone there, except when he had a man helping him during the summer months.

HE PICKED in her vicinity, following her about to do so, and kept up a running conversation regarding crops, weather and finally the neighborhood. She had met him different times before, but had paid no attention to him, now she was surprised to find him so interesting. She found herself studying him, and decided he was good-looking. She decided that it was his eyes that attracted one. They were brown and had a very fetching twinkle in them. No, perhaps it was his splendid teeth she told herself later; or was it his laugh? He had a tremendously loud ringing laugh, big and boyish like himself. She was finding his personality a pleasant surprise. The berries they picked were getting to be few and far between, for with each new topic it seemed natural to just chat, as if there wasn't a berry in the world, until becoming conscious of his eyes upon her searchingly, she would turn gladly to the berries again.

"Are you going to the party next week?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, I told Lottie yesterday that I thought I would go."

Then they picked in silence for a while.

"You will be going with your brother, I suppose," he added.

"Yes, of course. At least I think so," she answered, confused with a strange joy conveyed by his eager tone.

Ann's confusion was disturbing her, so she decided she would go, for it was getting late in the day anyway.

"Good-bye Ann. I'd like to see you again. I don't know a great many here, you know. Won't you promise to take me under your wing at the party?"

"Why, sure I will," she answered, for her motherly instinct had responded to his appeal, and yet she knew in her heart of hearts it was not so much a desire to be neighborly, as to again experience the strange wild rapture those laughing brown eyes awoke within her.

When she got home she told herself she was a silly goose, and rushed about getting dinner as if it was the most important thing she had ever done. When Stephen came laboriously in from the fields she again chided herself, and even called herself a little traitor.

After the dishes were washed up she went upstairs to examine her wardrobe. Black, black, black; every stitch she owned was black, or had been dyed black. There was nothing to it but to get a new dress. She suddenly made up her mind to have a nicer one than she had ever had before—but, of course, she wouldn't encourage Frank. They never did have



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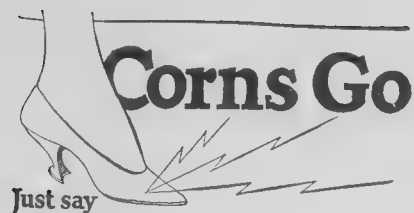
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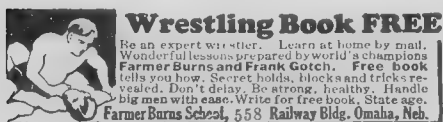
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anything much at the stores in town, and the city was too far to think of going in, at harvest time.

Then like an inspiration came the thought of the old bureau. In a trice she was climbing the stairs to her mother's room, where stood her grandmother's old bureau replete with treasures. She had been shown them when a girl, but was not allowed to have them then. However, her mother had told her to do as she willed with them when she was gone, so she sank down before the venerable old relic with an excited feeling of anticipation.

Folded away were the silk and satin dresses of her grandmother's gay city home. She had a beautiful home in New York before she had come to their place when her husband died. What a treasure-trove it was for a girl. There was a soft dove-grey evening dress, with its voluminous folds, and an exquisite old-blue duchess satin with real point lace, and sheer gold chiffon overdress. There were dainty

per is going over, and says he will call for you if you like." She wavered. "It'll save me going around that way," he added.

"Oh very well. Tell him to call," she said, and ran up to her room to hide her confusion in the delight of getting dressed. In the country a young man may see a lady home with a view to her convenience, but when he calls for her, the purpose of taking her, it is more or less an avowal of his interest—so the course of romance gathers momentum.

About an hour later she was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, when she heard Frank drive up to the door, and then bits of conversation between him and Stephen concerning the crops floated up to her. Arrayed in all her finery, she took up a fine scented handkerchief and went down stairs. To Ann, who had been fitting and trying on the dress daily, her reflection was gratifying, but no shock. To Frank, and especially to Stephen, accustomed to seeing her day in and day

sensed the contrast he told her he intended buying a car after his new house should be built.

"I did not know you were going to build," she said.

"I saw an architect not long ago, and I'm having a house built that will be fit for—well a princess. Halls, pantries and everything convenient. The placing of the contract depends upon you."

The horse, sensible creature that it was, realized the uselessness of hurrying on such a lovely moonlight night, and Frank, to be sure, did not hurry it, for he was too busy pleading the cause that man has pleaded down through the centuries. And Ann did not regard it in the light of a temptation from her path of duty. She compromised with, "I would like to think of it all. But I can't leave Stephen. I feel it is my duty to stay with him, and look after the old place. Let us just be good friends."

"Stephen can come over to our place and work his farm that way if he



Apple Trees in Blossom, Glenmore Valley near Kelowna, B. C.

befrilled afternoon dresses, and petticoats, and tiny slippers, and many other rare old knick-knacks.

No one saw much of Ann outside the sewing room the following week. As she worked all her months of subdued youth arose and clamored for the joy and freedom of romance, while the sterner voice of reason clamored in the name of duty, and told her her place was with Stephen.

On the day of the party there was no doubt great excitement in many homes along the different concessions of the neighborhood. The Fergusons, like the Gormans, were old families in the district, and boasted a fine spacious colonial house, built in the days when architects did not cut off a few feet here and there in each room to save a few dollars in the initial cost for some land shark. And when the Fergusons gave a party they gave one in keeping with their splendid place.

To her brother, over their evening meal, she said, "I have a new dress. Made it myself for to-night."

"To-night. Oh, yes, Ferguson's party," he said thoughtfully.

"You are going of course."

"Yes, I'll drive you over, but if you don't mind I don't think I'll stay. I really have to go to town to-night. I want to see a party there."

"Oh, all right," she said a trifle piqued.

She was on her way upstairs to dress when the phone rang. Stephen answered it.

"Yes—just a minute—I guess so—hold the line, and I'll ask her," drifted up to her, then, "Oh Ann, Frank Har-

out in black, the vision of Ann that entered the dining-room was indeed startling. Stephen stared open-mouthed and finally said, "I say, Ann, you sure look top-notch. That isn't the dress you spoke of is it?"

"Oh yes it is," she said lightly, and smiled, flattered to hear that from the usually unobservant Stephen.

She looked at Frank, but only found a look of smiling wonder on his face. They got started, and for the first mile of the way he seemed literally tongue-tied. Then suddenly he turned to her.

"That dress, Ann, where did you say you got it?"

"It came out of the ages," she laughed mischievously. "Do you like it?"

"Do I like it? I wish I could tell you what you look like in it. I knew you looked wonderful all along, but in that you're like—something away from these parts—more like a princess."

Ann thrilled with the pride of her own achievement. However groups of neighbors going the same way came up with them, and the conversation was diverted.

The party was a huge success, and without doubt Ann had the gayest time of anyone there. She laughed, joked and talked in a happy manner foreign even to herself, and Frank held his position near her bravely against all comers.

Though some of the young men rolled past them, as they journeyed homeward in the clear silver moonlight, in their big cars, she felt oddly happy in Frank's driving outfit. As though he

don't want to get someone else in. Talk it over, and I won't hurry you, if you'll only give me hope. Or let me talk with Stephen about it."

"Come over Sunday, and I'll speak to Stephen in the meantime. But, really, though I like you Frank, I can't promise anything now."

"Sunday will be fine," he assured her.

Several times before Sunday came Ann tried to bring the matter up, but had heart-failure when she attempted to broach the subject. Dear old Stephen! She told herself repeatedly that she simply could not leave him and the old place, and she knew he would never consent to go to another place to live, even if she were there. Frank had made her very happy and very miserable. If only she had her mother or a sister. It was awful to have such tumult of emotions and not one with whom she could talk it all over.

Sunday afternoon arrived, and Frank would come in the evening, and if she did not speak to Stephen, he would. Over the tea-table she knew she must broach the subject. She helped Stephen to the cold ham and potato salad, and creamed cucumbers. Still she found no words to put the matter before him.

Suddenly Stephen looked up. "Ann, I've been thinking about the promise made to mother," he said.

Ann caught the table, and sat staring at him. It was uncanny. Had he read her mind?

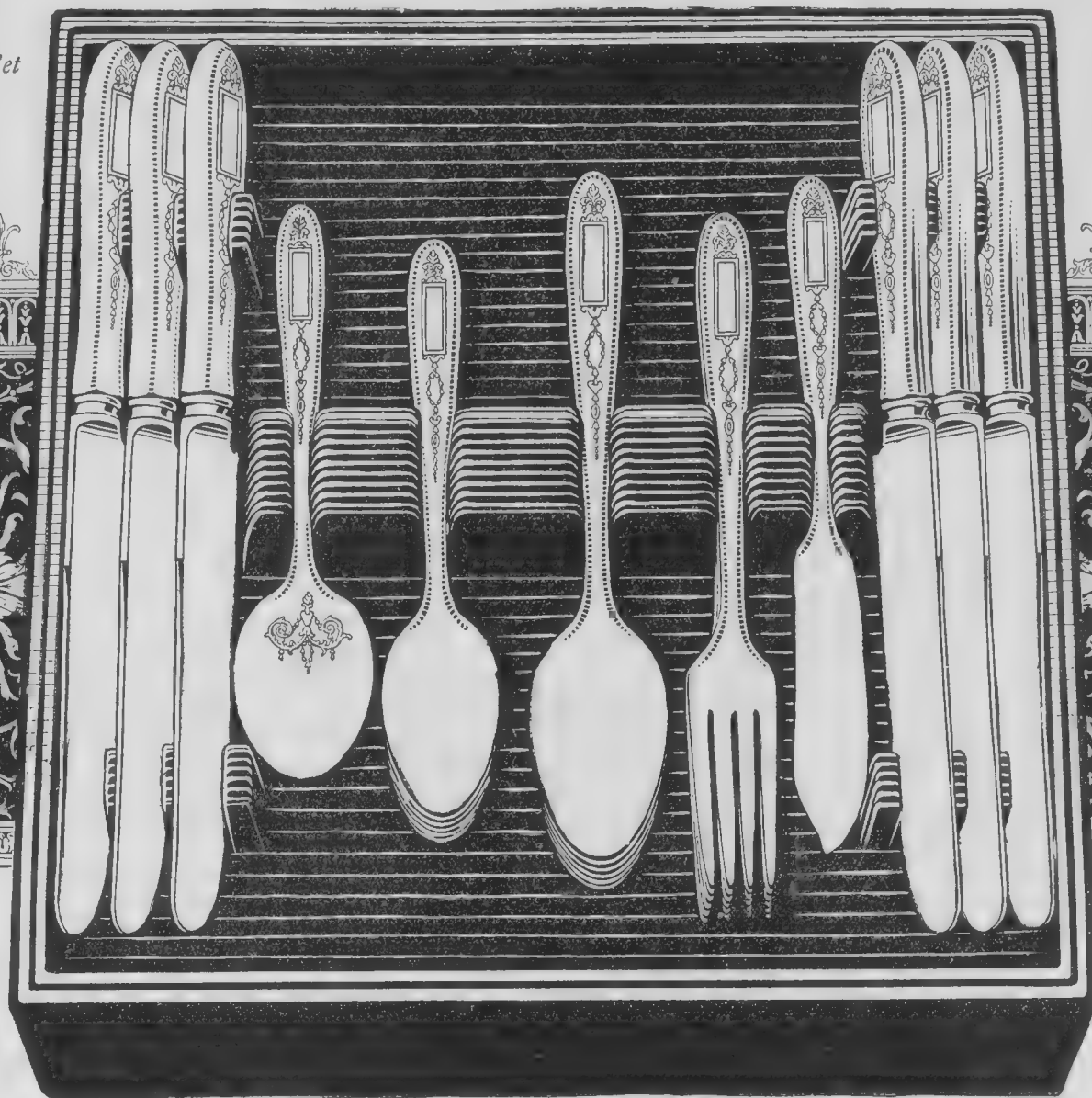
"You looked so smart the other night," he continued, "I reckon you could get your pick around here."

Continued on page 25

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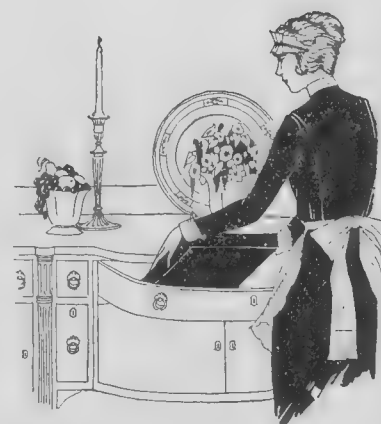
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Interview with David Powell and Elsie Ferguson

By Edith G. Bayne

THROUGH the courtesy of Famous Players-Lasky we were permitted during all of one morning this week to watch some film plays in the making, out at the Long Island studio of this company, and one fact is at last definitely established in our mind—film folks do actually get up at 7.30 in the morning! We had always had our doubts about this, but what we'd supposed to be merely a pleasant fiction is really the truth and only part of it at that. For, long before nine o'clock and our arrival on the scene the wheels were moving and everybody, from the most temperamental star down to the errand boy, was "on the set" and working diligently.

The publicity man steered us through a labyrinth of corridors past cutting-rooms, projection-rooms and offices and we came at length to a huge, barn-like place partitioned off into a variety of scenes and filled with a strange bluish light. Passing down a "street" of tenement houses we stopped at a set arranged as a high-class cafe—part of Alice Brady's next play, "Anna Ascends." Girls in décolleté and men in evening dress sat about at tables covered with mauve-colored cloths and a shirt-sleeved director pranced up and down issuing orders to the "leads."

"The table cloths take white in the picture," the publicity man explained. "White ones would look blurry, for white gives off a cloudy effect. Look at your hands," he added.

We did and saw that they were a hideous, mottled blue color. We glanced at him and saw that his lips were purple. But the face, neck and arms of a girl nearby were beautifully natural. How come?

"Because she has yellow grease-paint on," said the publicity man.

As some of the girls wore nothing in the back at all from neck to belt you can fancy how much work this greasing must entail, in the case of sassiety dramas! We rather pitied those girls sitting around all morning doing nothing in particular—till we learned that they were getting ten dollars a day. It's the man behind the megaphone who deserves the pity—no loafing for him.

"Let's go over and see if Miss Ferguson's down yet," suggested our guide.

The dainty Elsie was indeed down and superintending in person the arrangements for a set in her soon-to-be-released film play "Outcast." She was dressed in a plain little black gown and wore her golden hair low, which gave her the flapper rather than the grand-lady look. She was taking delicate puffs from a cigarette, which she transferred to her left hand as she offered us her right. She made us sit in her own chair while she drew over a camp-stool for herself. She crossed her silken ankles, tapped the ash from her cigarette and watched Teddy Sampson—an ex-bathing beauty who has come up from Sennett comedies to a part in "Outcast"—brewing something in a chafing-dish in a boarding-house bedroom scene. We asked Miss Ferguson how this child—she looked about 17—knew what to do, for she seemed to be going about the business with the ease of long habit.

"Oh, rehearsals—and again rehearsals," answered Miss Ferguson, and she waved her hand in the direction of Mr. J. S. Robertson, the director, who was watching Miss Sampson eagle-eyed, from beneath the peak of his cap.

"Take your time!" Mr. Robertson called.

"We must have steam coming from that dish, you know."

"Put the cover on then, and it'll come much more quickly," suggested Miss Ferguson, and this was done, which suggested that the rare and only Elsie may have made an occasional Irish stew in her day.

She rose and entered a kind of play-house—a cross between a dog-kennel and a summer arbor, with slatted sides—and returned in a moment explaining that she had just gone to her dressing-room for a final look at her make-up. She uses very little, by the way.



Miss Elsie Ferguson

"The one thing I shall always remember about Toronto," she told us, "is the number of banks. You must be very saving up there. On my last visit, when I played 'The Varying Shore,' in April, at the Princess, it seemed to me there was a bank on every corner! Oh yes, and your lovely new road—what's the name of it?"

"The T. and H. Highway?" we queried, chestily.

"That's it. I did enjoy my Sunday drives on it. But frankly, I prefer Montreal to Toronto. I hope you don't mind?" she added, with her aloof little smile.

Then she spoke briefly of her work. She's a true daughter of the stage. We gathered that it's her first and last love. Also she likes the East better than California.

"East is home, you see," she told us, with a little nod which seemed to settle the matter.

The great room echoed and re-echoed to all sorts of conflicting noises, hammering of carpenters, calls of directors issuing instructions to electricians, the hauling about of scenery and props. This studio is the largest in the world under one roof, they told us. As many as ten plays have been in process of manufacture here at one time, but until recently the place has been closed since the majority of the stars were working at the Pacific Coast studios. Everywhere one greeted another with: "Tommy Meighan's coming soon!" And this jubilant announcement was usually followed by "So's Pola Negri."

The man who was sponsoring us next brought David Powell over. Mr. Powell, you'll remember, plays those society gentlemen's roles in which he always looks so handsome and virtuous, and invariably he marries the heroine. But he was doing a villain part now, he told us. He's an Englishman with ever so slight an "accent"—which fell agreeably on the ear after the American "twang" of some of the others. He has a deliberate way of speaking and a habit of stroking his moustache, has played with Forbes-Robertson and Ellen Terry and yet retains no stogy or theatrical atmosphere whatever. He looks merely like a well-groomed gentleman whom you might pass on the streets of Winnipeg any fine afternoon. He knows Winnipeg and the West very well, by the way, and speaks glowingly of the prairie country. He was about to relate an adventure he had in Edmonton once when he was called back on the set.

Next time we hope to tell about our meeting with some of the cast of "Blood and Sand." We have seen two of the principals and interviewed one of them. No, not Mr. Valentino, girls! He's here in New York at present but isn't giving interviews. We saw him, though, and he's all that your imagination paints and then some! He's very dark and about five-foot-eight in height, is well under thirty, apparently, and altogether a lady-killer. We defy anything with a skirt on to resist him! The poor chap came to New York hiding behind a beard to escape his admirers. He remained in his state-room all the way from Los Angeles but near Albany somebody "squealed" and he had to get off the train and sneak away like a criminal. Arriving in New York he set out with a friend for a quiet little dinner, but was recognized, and, in the words of one spectator, "the girls simply draped themselves over him!" They charged madly, some kissing his hands, others flinging their arms about his neck. His clothes were literally torn from his back, his hat was "swiped," his buttons torn off and he himself nearly smothered. He took refuge at last in a taxi-cab. Not in years, not in fact since Charlie Chaplin loomed on our horizon first, has the world gone so utterly mad over a film star!



A Few of The New Paramount Pictures

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

From Denman Thompson's famous Play. With Theodore Roberts and a cast of Stars.

This Picture is easily the outstanding achievement of the year. The destruction of an entire town by a cyclone at an expense of \$100,000 is the most realistic thriller ever screened.

RODOLPH VALENTINO

in

THE YOUNG RAJAH

With

Wanda Hawley.

The hero of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in a perfect story in which he plays the role of the son of an Indian Rajah.

Adapted from the famous Novel "Amos Judd" by John Ames Mitchell.

GLORIA SWANSON in "THE IM- POSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW."

Another famous story adapted from the novel of the same name by David Lisle and produced by Sam Wood with lavish settings and Parisian Costumes that alone mark it as an exceptional picture. Conrad Nagel supports Miss Swanson as the young English Novelist.

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"

By Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

A Russian Prince, ruined by War, renounces his licentious career and with four friends, takes up a semi-monastic life at his villa in Monte Carlo. "Enemies of Women" they are called, but one by one, they succumb.

"CLARENCE" With WALLACE REID, AGNES AYRES and MAY McAVOY.

The cast alone is a sufficient guarantee of high quality of this production. An adaptation of the famous stage play by Booth Tarkington, produced by William de Mille. A great play, a great director, a great author, and a great cast.

How do they get that way?

Happy, fascinated, having a bully time! You bet—and all because they knew a thing or two before they left home that night.

Did they have to guess whether it would be a good show? Not a bit of it, not for many a month past.

They know what sort of a show it will be the minute they look under "Amusements" in the paper,—"A Paramount Picture."

Sometimes they see those words in the lobby on a poster, but however or wherever they get the news they know it is RIGHT!

That's how they get that way—why not you, too?

Paramount Pictures

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Success

CURRENT literature still suggests many ways by which success may be attained, but very seldom are we favored with a satisfactory definition of success. To many, success means the achievement of fame or the accumulation of money.

The definition that follows was written under the heading of What Constitutes Success? and gained first prize in a competition for the best explanation.

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction."—Mrs. A. J. Stanley.

After reading this definition, I turned to a Bible commentary to find what was there listed about success. In the first commentary I could not find a reference, but in a second there was a solitary reference to Joshua, Chapter 1, Verse 8.

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

It may be that some of our readers can refer us to other Bible references which discuss the subject of success.

Does Education Pay?

IN answering the question, Does Education Pay? Orison Swett Marden, well known as a writer of inspirational books, asks a number of questions. Does it pay to learn to make life a glory instead of a grind?

Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrow life?

Does it pay to taste the exhilaration of feeling one's powers unfold?

Does it pay to get a glimpse of joy of living?

Does it pay to acquire power to get out of life high and noble pleasures which wealth cannot purchase?

Does it pay to experience the joy of self-discovery, to open up whole continents of possibility in one's nature which might otherwise remain undiscovered?

Does it pay to have one's own mentality stirred by the passion for expansion, to feel the tonic of growth, the indescribable satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of perpetual enlargement?

I believe it all pays.

Profit by Experience

THERE are many ways, says E. H. Cooper, to build a flying machine, and nearly every novice has his own peculiar way. Most of the flying machines built by novices will not fly. If you would be sure that your machine will fly, follow the design of a tested model that has proved successful. Experimenting is a very costly business.

It took Edison years to produce an electric light globe that would give light, and now, in modernly equipped factories, incandescent globes may be made in a few minutes with small waste of time and energy.

It is as wasteful to be experimenting with success in life as it is for one to try to invent all over again the electric light or airplane.

Profit by experience and follow an outline of achievement that it is known will work.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul.

In the world's broad field of battle,

In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!

Be a hero in the strife.

Leaving Home

YOUR new position, says the author just quoted, is going to take you far away from home, among strangers, but it will offer many advantages. You will have the opportunity to form new friends and acquaintances. You may choose your own friends and if you wish to choose a better class of associates than you have had at home, it will be your opportunity to do so.

This complete change of surroundings will open up a new world to you. You will have an opportunity to develop more than you ever did before. You will learn many things about this great world that you never knew before. It will change your trend of thought. You will learn to think in terms of bigger things. You will get a stock of brand-new ideas.

If you have never travelled much, you have formed the habit of thinking in terms of the limited experiences of the community in which you have lived. You will become broader in your whole trend of thought and you will realize that there are many ways of life that you never knew before.

Many of the things that have been myths to you in the past will become living realities. You will actually see many of the things you have been reading about all your life.

"This above all; to thine own self be true."

Reason Ability

MR. H. W. MERTON, a well known vocational counsellor, is of the opinion that before definitely choosing a vocation, a young man should go through a kind of self analysis in order that he may select work that will tend to counteract any weakness of disposition to which he may be subject.

He asks, for instance:

As a child did I follow the lead of others instead of making decisions for myself and my playmates? Is it my habit of mind to jump at conclusions?

Am I scatter-brained?

Do my thoughts fly off on tangents during discussions?

Is it my habit to make irrelevant remarks?

Am I bored by conversation that does not have a personal bearing?

Do I accept current opinion without troubling to question its basis?

In the consideration of various subjects, am I frequently obliged to confess regarding points suggested, "That's so, but it did not occur to me?"

If one is forced to answer "yes" to the foregoing questions, he should not take up a vocation that requires large Reason Ability.

Sociability

SOCIABILITY is a likeable, heartening characteristic. It makes one genial, kind, considerate, an agreeable companion and a "good mixer." It induces cheerfulness, optimism, good humor, adaptability and love of life.

While it makes one frank and spontaneous in expression, it also gives one ready discernment—tactfulness—regarding what not to say in order to avoid offense or wounded feelings. It gives keen, intuitive perception of what is the fit, right and kind thing to say or do in most phases of social commerce. It makes one a good listener and makes one quickly responsive to wit and humor sallies of others.

It leads to a sympathetic interest in the welfare of others—in their ambitions, desires, difficulties, in their business, family and social affairs—to a ready appreciation of their efforts, and to genuine and unstinted praise of their accomplishments.—Merton.

What is Law?

IT is difficult to define law so that it may be fully understood by the student, write the authors of Rowe's Commercial Law. Backstone, the great English authority, defines law as "a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong."

Among lawyers, in its broad sense, law is defined to be "a rule of action," but it really consists of many rules, all intended to sustain the rights of individuals, and to maintain the peace and order of society.

Another definition is that "law is any rule of civil conduct prescribed by competent political authority commanding certain things as necessary to, and forbidding certain other things as inconsistent with, the peace and order of society."

A simple definition of law is that it is composed of certain rules that have been prescribed to guide man as a member of society in his relations with his fellow-man, directing him in what he shall do to preserve his own rights, without infringing upon the rights of others. Briefly, then, law is a body of rules for the regulation of human conduct.

The underlying principle upon which all law is based in countries such as ours, is that all men are free to do anything except that which is forbidden, while

under older forms of government, the principle is that men are only permitted to do that which is allowed.

A Lesson in Logic

THOSE who are interested in logical argument should study the following with a view to determining the correctness or otherwise of the ideas advanced:

Is an operation successful if the patient dies? When asked this question, a doctor gave the following explanation:

"The man did not die because an operation was performed, but because he had received a gunshot wound on the brain."

He survived the operation; he could not survive the effects of the bullet. The operation was successful because it proved that the bullet could be removed. The shot was the thing that was fatal.

If the patient had been strong enough to recover from the original wound, the fact that the bullet was removed would have saved him."

Are You Diligent?

E. J. KILDUFF, author of a number of books of value to young men, submits questions similar to the following with reference to the quality of diligence:

1. Do you waste time in starting to do your work?

2. Do you practically have to force yourself to begin work?

3. Do you lag over your work and allow yourself to take things easily?

4. Do you try to get your work done as quickly as possible?

5. Do you allow others, for no good reason, to interrupt you in your work?

6. Are you easy on yourself? Do you make excuses to yourself for not working at a high speed?

7. When the chief is away do you take your time in doing your work?

8. Do you work as diligently now as you did during the first week in your present position?

9. Are you always caught up with your work, or are there odds and ends of work lying about now?

10. Do you put off doing work that ought to be done? Do you have to be asked a second time to do a thing?

Ancient Advertising

ALMOST as far back as civilization of any sort goes, goods exposed in shops acquired some distinctive sign to advertise them; as, with the Romans, a bush for wine, and a goat sign for a dairy.

Criers advertised orally at the gates, writes Edwin Balmer, and in the market places of all ancient cities; and indeed in those days when only a few of the priestly or privileged classes could read, a cry or symbol had to be the most effective advertisement. Yet more than three thousand years ago, when slaves ran away in Egypt, papyri handbills and posters were sent around giving descriptions and offering rewards.

The walls of Pompeii in the most frequent places were placarded in black and red paints with such notices as the following:

"The troop of gladiators of the aedil (the commissioner of public works) will fight on the 31st of May. There will be fights with wild animals and an awning to keep off the sun."

"The baths of Marcus Frugi. Warm, sea, and freshwater."

"Baths given after the fashion of Rome."

A little after 1652, the gem of modern advertising began to develop in the Mercurius Politicus, the Kingdom's Intelligencer, and the Publick Advertiser, in an effort to introduce tea, coffee, and chocolate into England.

Tea: "That excellent and by all physicians approved China drink called by the Chineans Teha, by other nations Tay, alias Tee."

Chocolate: "An excellent West India drink called Chocolate."

Does Punctuation Matter?

IT is said that trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. There are those who are very much interested in punctuation, but the following anecdote is not without its point—of punctuation.

A representative telegraphed his firm: "Can secure ten carloads at ten dollars a barrel. Send instructions."

The telegram he received read: "No price too high," so he bought the ten cars. An exciting investigation followed; it seems that the telegram should have said:

"No. Price too high."

Back from America in the Tenth Century

By N. Tournear

VESSELS innumerable have returned to Europe since the intrepid Genoese in his cockleshell of a caravel arrived in American waters. But none has taken so long making to eastward as she which has been from seven to eight centuries at sea. The discovery has been recently reported of a Norsemen's ship on an iceberg in the far North Atlantic. From the flow of the current bearing this hunch of ancient ice onward there is every possibility that this 'kyul' was one that had been voyaging to Markland, or to Leifsbudir in Vinland and other points on the American coast, three or four centuries before 1492—that date which marks most the momentous change in destiny of the globe. Then on her homeward trip to Greenland, most probably to the Norse settlement at Ericsfiord, now but a name, the doom of the sea and the ice overtook the frail craft and fearless crew.

Early Egypt may have known and influenced the lost nations of Central America. China of far off ages may have had a traveller or two who trod American soil. Such views are upheld in some distinguished quarters. But, they lack the documentary evidence and its accuracy of details proving that Vinland, Markland, Kialarnes, and Leifsbudir, were no myths to Norsemen of the tenth and other centuries but were of substantial American soil. Biarne, son of Heriulf Bardson, discovered North America, in the summer of 986. Intercourse between Greenland and America was kept up to so late a date as 1347. Only the doom of the Norse settlements in Greenland through change of climate and the advance of the ice brought it to an end. One hundred and forty-five years later Columbus was in American waters, and five years afterward John Cabot discovered Newfoundland, which with the Norsemen had already been acquainted for three centuries or more.

The voyage of Biarne, and of Leif, son of Eric the Red—of Thorfinn Karlsefn and his comrades, and later Norse men—are the romance epics of the sea. Theirs was no coasting adventure such as the mariners of Europe then undertook in fear and trembling, hugging the shore and putting into shelter before every half-gale. They launched boldly out into the deep, and completed voyages that would now-a-days be considered risky unless made in well-found vessels, in boats at which hardy seamen today look askance. They were large open boats, carrying some sixty men, with high beaked stem and flat stern, driven by a large square sail and oars; had high gunwales, round which the shields of the crew were hung; and afforded no comfort whatever. The sea-going boats of the fisherfolk of Grimsey—that lonely island beyond Iceland with inhabitants all of Norse descent—are identical with the craft of the first discoverers of North America.

Biarne's voyage to Newfoundland was not of his own choosing. Wishing to spend the winter of 986-7 with his father, Heriulf, Bardson, who had settled comfortably at Heriulfsnes in Greenland, where were then few icy mountains, he and his crew sailed from Eyrar in Iceland, although wholly ignorant of the Greenland Sea and depending for navigation upon the stars. Fogs and northerly winds came down, and for many days and nights their unchecked craft was driven they knew not whither.

At length they sighted a land without mountains like Greenland and, unlike it, overgrown with woods, and showing many gentle elevations. Biarne left it to port, or on their left-hand side, and sailed onward with many misgivings, and after two days came to another land, flat, and heavily timbered. He again stood out to sea and after three days' sailing with a south-west wind sighted an island, mountainous, and

covered with glaciers. Here he did not go ashore, but bore away on the same wind, and after some days sailing made Heriulfsnes in Greenland. This was in the mid-summer of A. D. 986.

In Greenland his voyage excited much interest. But not till four years later did Leif, one of the sons of Eric the Red, who had established himself and folk at Brattalid in Ericsfiord, set out for the unknown southward. He had purchased Biarne's good 'kyul'; and with thirty-five men and much provision Leif made sail in quest of strange lands. In Europe, the world of men was then held to be bounded in the west by illimitable sea, and along the coasts shipmen crawled timorously in their galiasses and busses. Already, in the Norse settlers of Greenland, the New World was moulding men

to great enterprise, dash, and endurance.

The first land Leif made was that which Biarne had seen last. He went ashore with certain of his crew. Not a blade of grass was to be seen; everywhere, mountains of ice and snow; and between these and the shore a barren plain of slate ('hella'). The Norsemen called it accordingly Helluland, and put to sea again. Leif had touched at the Barrens of Newfoundland. The next land he came to was found to be level, thickly wooded with cliffs of white sand, and low coast and it the Norsemen called Markland ('Woodland'). It lay southwest of Helluland some three days sail, and today is known as Nova Scotia.

LEIF LEFT this country, and after two days' sailing with a north-east breeze came to an island eastward of the mainland. He held on a westerly course, and fetched up in a bay where a river runs from a lake into the sea; this place they named Hop ('a bay'). Here they raised log-huts, and passed the autumn and winter of A. D. 1000, at Leifsbudir ('Leif's Booths'). Here, too, the Norsemen cut timber for loading the ship, and collected grapes. Leif

named the country Vinland ('Vineland'), and in the spring he and all his men returned with their heavily freighted vessel to Greenland.

Vinland is identical with Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Hop, or the bay, is Mount Hope's Bay, and it was at this Hop that Leifsbudir was situated.

In the year 1002, Leif's brother, Thorwald, in the same 'kyul' sailed from Greenland to Leifsbudir, and wintered there. He and his party passed the following two years in Vinland. In the summer of 1004, Thorwald, leaving a party at Leifsbudir, sailed along the coast to Kialarnes ('Keelcape'). This headland is Cape Cod—the Nauset of the Indians. Some days later, in a fight with the natives, Thorwald was severely wounded, and died, and was buried at the place called Krossanes ('Crossness'), that is identical with Gurnet Point. His men returned to Greenland in the early summer of 1005.

After this date until 1347 the Norse of Greenland undertook many voyages to North America for the purpose of

Continued on page 27

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Overproduction of Wheat a Possibility

IT has been so customary for Canadians to find a ready market for all the wheat they could grow that the possibility of over production has been a very remote question. The crop of 1922 brings us squarely in front of such a possibility. It is not generally known that Canada has an exportable surplus of wheat this year equal to 55% of the total normal import requirements of Europe, and could supply all that the United Kingdom needs and still have almost as much left as Canada's total exports of wheat and flour from the 1914 crop. Canada produces more wheat per head of population than than any other country in the world and is therefore more dependent upon export business than any other country. It is reasonable to suppose that the population of the world will continue to increase and that the consumption of wheat will also increase. But, to quote Sanford Evans, the well known statistician, "Will the United States, Argentine, Uruguay, Australia, India, Manchuria, Algeria, Tunis and Chile be content to leave to Canada 49.2% of the world's markets?" Russia and the Balkans shipped an average of 224,700,000 bushels per year in pre-war days—they will come back into the export trade again some day. Australia and the Argentine will produce more wheat as the years go by unless it becomes unprofitable to do so. This means that if the other countries dispute Canada's position as a wheat exporter, the inevitable result will be that wheat growing will become unprofitable and some or all of the countries will have to reduce production. In other words, although the danger is not immediate, it is plainly before us, and the solution is Mixed Farming.

Canada would be seriously affected by over production of wheat because she devotes more land, capital and labor, proportionally, to the growing of wheat than any other country. The 1922 crop represents a production of 45 bushels per head of population in Canada, whereas the biggest crop ever raised in Australia was 34, in Argentine 24, the United States 10, Russia 8, and India a little over 1 bushel per capita. Canada specializes on wheat as no other country has ever done.

Burn 'em Up

CANADA has many claims to distinction, the most unenviable one being the fact that this country has a heavier per capita fire loss than any other country in the world. Great Britain with a congested industrial population has a per capita loss of about 90 cents per head, whereas Canada hits the record with over \$5 per head. This is not the total cost of fires, it is just the value of the property destroyed. In addition there is the cost of fire brigades, public and private water systems and fire prevention services, etc., the grand total of all these losses and other items being approximately \$100,000,000 in 1921. \$45,000,000 of real property went up in smoke last year and in addition many valuable lives were lost. The lamentable feature of all this loss is the proven fact that 75% of our fires are due to somebody's negligence. Cigarette ends carelessly thrown away, hot ashes carelessly thrown out, tampering with electrical fittings and appliances, and lighted matches thrown away carelessly, all of these little acts and many more are responsible for Canada having and maintaining the reputation of being the most careless country in the world.

Robbing the Farmer

NOW is the time when the farmer needs to take good care of his hard earned money. At this season of the year the professional plunderers of the farming community set forth with their glib-tongues and fancy gilt-edged stock certificates intent upon selling the farmer shares in the "Do 'Em Up Quick Company," or some similar institution. It is therefore well worth while to issue a timely warning regarding these light fingered gentlemen.

The man who offers to sell you shares or bonds of a company is usually doing so primarily for his own benefit and not necessarily for yours. If he commences to abuse the existing financial institutions of the country, you may take that as Danger Signal No. 1. Fake stock sellers usually accuse the banks, insurance companies, etc., of high finance, as an opening argument. If he offers shares to you at bargain prices, or at a price which he says is lower than he has quoted to somebody else, or if he states that he only has a few shares to sell at that price, or suggests that the price will be increased next week—that will be Danger Signal No. 2. In trying to sell shares to you he may tell you about the huge profits some similar company has made. That is Danger Signal No. 3.

In buying shares there is only one safe course of action to follow, unless you are prepared to gamble. Go to an expert—a banker or a reputable financial house—and get expert and reliable advice. Money is hard enough to get and it is almost as hard to keep. Don't let the professional "robber" add you to his list of suckers.

Revising the Bank Act

SOME sections of the press and some politicians are using the Merchants Bank prosecution as an excuse for adversely criticising the Canadian Banking system, but calm consideration of the actual facts proves that such criticisms are not well founded. Our banking system is one thing and the Bank Act is another. Circumstances brought to light in the Merchants Bank prosecution show that it was the human element which was mainly at fault, and there is no legislation existing or likely to exist in the future which will effectively control that element. Banking is essentially a business based on sound judgment. A bank is successful if its officers are capable; it is unsuccessful if they are incapable. No law can make a bank official competent, but a proper law can protect the general public. And the latter is the very thing that the existing law did in the Merchants Bank case. As a result of the requirements of the Bank Act, the general public will not lose one cent as a result of the Bank's troubles, but the shareholders of the Bank have lost. Surely the shareholders will not blame the Canadian Banking system because officers whom they allowed to be appointed to manage their affairs proved to be incompetent.

That there are changes which should be made when the Bank Act is revised next year, most people will agree, and every effort should be made to have suggestive changes presented in the proper quarters when the revision takes place, but in studying the matter we must keep clear of side issues and political propaganda.

Income Assurance

INCOME ASSURANCE is a comparatively new development in Life Assurance. It is being sold today because it has been shown that it is needed. Under the old Lump Sum plan, the widow or beneficiary received the full amount of the life assurance of the

deceased immediately after death took place. The result was, and still is, under this form of insurance, that the widow becomes a prey for swindlers and "good friends." There is always a good friend ready to give good advice to a widow about something that neither he nor she has any knowledge of, and if the good friend fails to help the widow squander her money there is always a swindler of some description ready to take it from her.

Income Assurance does away with all this. It provides for a payment to be made to the widow for funeral and similar expenses, and after that she receives so much per month for a stated period according to the terms and amounts of the policy. This is real insurance because it does exactly what the insurer wants it to do—it gives to his widow a regular monthly income just as he did when he was alive.

Municipalities And The Farmers

IT is strange but true, that in many industries the hardest man for a farmer to deal with is a fellow farmer. At the recent conference held by Premier Dunning at Regina, with representatives of loan companies, banks, implement companies, etc., when an effort was made to get these creditor classes to refrain from pressing the farmer too hard, it was stated that when it came to harsh collection methods some municipalities had the field all to themselves. It is easy to understand that the municipalities want their taxes paid as soon as possible but it is also necessary that they should be just as reasonable in their treatment of the taxpayer, as they expect the other creditor classes to be. Nothing can be gained by harsh methods and it is poor business to use such methods on men who are doing their best.

ANN, THE GIRL

Continued from page 18

You'll not always be wanting to keep yourself tied here—"

"But Stephen," she broke in, "What would you do? Would you come to live with me, if I should—should—ever leave?"

"No, that's what I was going to say," he said bashfully. "There's a girl in town I have sort of set my heart on, and I think she cares for me in spite of—everything. That is what has been taking me to town so much of late. But I didn't want to speak out till I heard what you had to say first."

"Oh Stephen! I'm so glad," she exclaimed. "Frank is coming over to-night, and—I'm—so glad."

Like a load the years had fallen away and her eyes shone with a glad mysterious light. She was no longer Ann, the motherly sister, but Ann, the girl—standing on the threshold of Romance.

He Got Right Up

It is a thankless and sometimes a difficult task to wake a sleeper in the morning so effectively that he will get up at once, yet it may be done, safely and effectually, by any one who will follow a simple plan recently described in the Rochester Herald.

A man put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, and before retiring left instructions to be called in time for an early train. In the morning he was disturbed at an early hour by a thundering tattoo upon the door.

"Well," he demanded, sleepily, and not very pleasantly.

"I've got an important message for you," replied a youthful voice from the corridor.

The man was up in an instant; he opened the door and received from the bell-boy a large envelope. He opened it hastily. Inside, on a small slip of paper, was written in large letters: "This is the time you wanted to get up."

The Proper Place

"Phwat a loively baby yez hov!" said Flaherty. "An' hov yez had his pictur' took yit, Oi dunno?"

"Not yit," said Dugan, the proud father. "We tried ut, but afther an hour's lost wur-rk th' photygrapher referred us to a movin' pictur' studio."



The Reality

He kept their picture always on his desk—
He worked for them—
He lived for them—
He would have died for them.

The Dream

He was called on a sudden mission to the Near East—No time to prepare; in a few short hours he was gone—Then, communication was cut off—
He knew:

That the ready money in the Bank would soon be gone:
That his business, bereft of his guiding hand, might become a liability, instead of an asset:
That hitherto contented creditors might make demands upon his wife for im-

mediate payments: That she might be ill: his little daughter dependent upon the generosity of friends:

That his wife and child might be in want—Because He Had Failed to Provide.

The Awakening

He awoke to the fact:
That he might (in common with all men) be called on a sudden mission to a far country: where communication would be cut off—and from which there would be no return. In which case, these nightmare horrors, of which he dreamed, might indeed come true—

The Result

He took out a Policy with the London Life Insurance Company on the monthly income plan that provided \$100 per month as long as his wife lives.

He entrusted his family's future to that proven friend

The
London Life
Insurance Company

"Policies Good as Gold"

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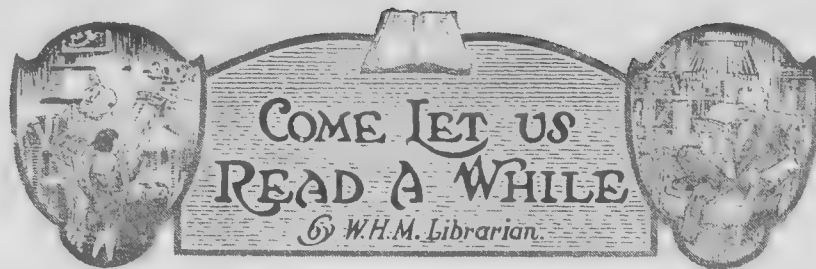
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SINCE the October issue of "The Western Home Monthly" appeared,

I have read a very important publication by one of the most noted of Canadian authors, Judge Emily Murphy of Edmonton, better known as "Janey Canuck." Her new book is not a novel. It is entitled "The Black Candle" (Thomas Allen, Toronto) and deals with the drug menace in Canada. It is not a pleasant book to read. Judge Murphy has had, owing to her position on the bench, much opportunity to study the effects of narcotic drugs upon humanity. I grew cold as I turned from one dreadful chapter to another still more horrifying. This does not mean to say that Judge Murphy has written a book we should avoid to read. She has written a book that every Canadian who loves his country should read with care. Read and suffer. For only by knowing of the dreadful state of affairs now existing in Canada and by realizing the horror of such a condition, shall we make some effort to control and later eradicate the drug problem now menacing our national life.

In "The Black Candle," Judge Murphy not only names each drug with its history and the awful results attendant upon it, but she outlines existing legislation for the control of the import and sale of these poisonous products. She points out the good and weak phases of this legislation and makes some wise suggestions for improving our present laws. Judge Murphy's suggestions should be given earnest attention by the law makers of this Dominion for they arise out of her thorough knowledge of the situation and the difficulty of coping with it.

No one reading "The Black Candle" could fail to feel a tremendous desire to rise up and help Judge Murphy to stamp out this fearful scourge; to save our boys and girls from the down grade from which there is seldom a return.

Another Important Canadian Publication

FROM McClelland and Stewart of Toronto comes "The Story of the Canadian Revision of the Prayer Book" by the noted scholar W. J. Armitage, D.D. In the Preface. His Grace the Archbishop explains the purpose of this book which will appeal not only to clergy, but to that section of the laity keenly interested in the history of any form of Christian worship.

Curwood Again—And Better!

DO you want to have a few hours of sheer enjoyment? Hours in which you forget who you are, where you live, and how dull life is? Then read Curwood's latest "The Country Beyond" (Toronto, The Copp Clark Co.) and when you have finished it, I'm sure you will feel made over. I know I did. It is such a capital romance, so swift, so thrilling, so entirely absorbing. In "The Country Beyond" there is a most fascinating hero fleeing from the pursuing Mountie. There is also a most charming heroine and a delightful doggie. I wouldn't for the world tell you the plot because that would spoil the enjoyment in store for you. All I'll say is that I sat up until three in the morning because I couldn't close "The Country Beyond" until I knew that the hero was safe and re-united to the heroine.

We Hear From Mrs. Rinehart

IT is always an important event when the publishing world announces a new novel by this clever woman writer. As most of you doubtless know, Mrs. Rinehart has a gift for the mystery story. In her latest novel "The Breaking Point" she introduces a mystery into a

love story, and the blend is very pleasing. There is an unusual situation in this novel. The most important character is a young Doctor who calls himself Dick Livingstone and believes himself to be the nephew of old Doc. Livingstone. Only the old Doctor and his middle aged sister, know that they never had a nephew and that Dick Livingstone is somebody else. Why do they not enlighten him? Well, because it is better that he never learns who he is. Why, you ask? That would be giving away the mystery which Mrs. Rinehart has taken so much trouble to weave. "The Breaking Point" is a novel to companion one during the winter evenings when the birch crackles merrily and the snowflakes whirl.

"Certain People Of Importance"

THIS is the fascinating title Kathleen Norris has chosen for her latest novel. It seems only a few months ago that I was telling you about her "Lucretia Lombard." And here she is again with a longer, stronger, more ambitious novel than ever before. In it, she has told the history of a pioneer American family by the name of Crabtree, who began in lowly manner, rose to quite an important position in the country, and finally, like a tree rotten at the roots, died off and fell to the ground. It is a most interesting story, and although it takes some little while to read from cover to cover, it is worth the effort. I could not help thinking of the contrast in the lot of the Modern Girl with that of the young ladies in the time of which Mrs. Norris is writing. Also I thought of that novel "The Freedom" about which I wrote last month. You remember Rosalie and how she carved out for herself a career in the world of Finance. Read "Certain People of Importance" and note the exact reverse of circumstances. Mrs. K. Norris shows us ambitions stifled, talents wasted, endeavors frustrated. You will be sorry, I think, for those Crabtree girls. I was.

Really Rather Ridiculous.

BY a queer fluke I have just read two novels, one following the other, in which the authors give us most lurid accounts of the careers of two young girls who went, of their own accord, into domestic service. Just to bring these novels to mind again makes me smile as I type. Cosmo Hamilton in "The Rustle of Silk" and Elizabeth Holding in "Angelica" have given us some amazing pictures.

Cosmo Hamilton portrays for us a clever young girl who becomes lady's maid to a titled lady in England because she has fallen in love with the lady's husband, a prominent politician. It is quite a harmless infatuation, just hero-worship of a young innocent for a great personage whose photo is in every paper and whose parliamentary speeches are discussed by all. However, most startling things develop. No end of titled gentlemen fall in love with this little Lady's Maid who goes in borrowed plumes to some of London's smartest hotels. A quite impossible story but a pleasant means of whiling away an hour or two.

Even more impossible, quite wild in fact, is "Angelica." She too elects to become a companion to a fairly well-to-do lady, with a melancholy disposition. In a very short while, Angelica has many proposals but in the end devotes her life to millinery.

Who Is "Harold Horn?"

I DON'T know. But bookish folks are calling him "The Canadian Stevenson" because of his novel, "Mortimer's Gold" which is one of the best adventure stories with a Canadian set-

ting that has ever been penned. Anne Maclean, a brilliant Toronto Journalist, and good friend of mine, recently had an interview with "Harold Horn." She sent me the results of this interview without divulging his name. Although an ardent rover, an explorer, and a confessed trailer of romance, "Harold Horn" in his everyday life is a quiet professional man who works hard for his fellow people. But he finds time for himself to write the fiction that is making him famous: time enough to get out into the open to fish, hunt, swim and make discoveries. One of his most recent discoveries was the old monastery which figures so prominently in Mortimer's Gold.

Horn bears the scars of many such adventures. One winter he was seriously hurt when travelling a bush road in Northern Ontario. He crawled one entire night to an outlying house, with a howling wild cat jumping along logs and rocks beside him. He says its eyes were like search lights, and he wished it had been a bear instead. Harold Horn speaks glowingly of the early history of Canada, of the French war and of the daring explorers in the days when Ontario was a vast unconquered forest. It is evident how the past has fascinated this author. "Any true picture of the present" he said to Anne Maclean, owes its genius to its relationship with the past." So Harold Horn works upon the principle that gives an extraordinary air of reality to his stories.

"Babbitt"

THIS is not the name of some patent polish but the title of a new novel by Sinclair Lewis, who wrote that amazingly clever "Main Street." Babbitt is a middle-aged man with a grown-up family and a middle-aged wife. He is a successful real estate agent in a prosperous, fair sized town. Not much of a hero, you may well say. But it's the fashion these days for authors to build a story upon a most uninteresting individual. Which shows how clever authors have become because without a real hero, they still can enthrall us. "Babbitt" is cleverer than Main Street. But don't read it if you like only those stories that have a handsome young bachelor for the hero.



New Mission Ship "Sky Pilot" for Stormy Pacific Waters
By Francis Dickie

NO STRETCH of water on the Pacific offers more dangers than that lying along the coast of British Columbia for a distance of some five hundred miles. Here a thousand islands, from 50 miles in length to mere rocky reefs form a barrier, causing a stretch of waters known as the "Inland Passage," with many narrow channels where the tide rushing in and out causes dangerous rapids. For forty years along this storm-tossed coast, requiring the most careful navigating, the missionaries of the various churches have worked, generally in small-powered boats. For many years the men in charge of the loggers' mission work of the Presbyterian church have had to be content with a small boat which had neither the size nor power to always travel safely those troubled winter waters. But bravely the men in charge have kept on. Among the most active workers for many years has been the Reverend George Pringle. Having braved the hardships of the Yukon in the days of the great gold rush, he found his work on the Pacific coast a kindred task in many hardships and dangers, travelling in all kinds

of weather visiting the lonely logging camps, bringing books and newspapers and good cheer.

Now all is changed, for there has just been placed in service the new launch "Sky Pilot," built especially for the Loggers' Mission of the Presbyterian Church. Toward the fitting out of the boat the ladies of The Presbyterian W. M. S. donated generously. The boat marks an epoch in the history of this mission work. No longer will the seas hold terror for the missionaries. The boat is 40 feet long, 9½ feet beam, and carries a 30 horse-power engine. Rev. Mr. Pringle has 60 points of call on his Mission.

A feature of Mr. Pringle's work, which he has been building up in recent years, is the library service to remote points. Boxes of books are left at the various little settlements. After the sparse population of one district has exhausted the possibilities of the books on hand, this box is passed on to another district, and the box from another replaces it. To further this praiseworthy method of entertaining the wilderness dwellers a great many books are needed. In many a Canadian home are books that have been read and can be spared. Parcel post costs very little, and all packages of books, sent by prepaid post to Reverend George Pringle at Van Anda, British Columbia, will help to entertain many of the people of the outlying islands and forested depths of the mainland.

The photograph shows the "Sky Pilot" starting out on her maiden voyage.

BACK FROM AMERICA

Continued from page 23

bringing home timber, wheat, grapes, and other supplies. On the last trip recorded, the vessel on her homeward voyage was driven out of her course, and arrived at Straumfiord in the west of Iceland.

Thus during the tenth and eleventh centuries the Norse of Greenland discovered a great extent of the east coast of North America, and made frequent visits to Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and during the centuries immediately following the intercourse was not broken off until Greenland was abandoned. Not only is the authenticity of these facts placed beyond doubt in the

"Antiquitates Americanae" published 1838, by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, containing the "Chronicles of Olaus" and other invaluable MSS., putting the matter in details; but, in Massachusetts a few tokens have been retrieved from time to time of the early Scandinavians there.

Now, in 1922, one of their 'kyuls' has been released by the frozen North.

And the Owner Said—

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one day coming back from shooting, with an empty bag. He did not like to go home with only one bird, and seeing a number of ducks on a pond, and a farmer leaning on a rail watching them, Sheridan said: "What will you take for a shot at the ducks?"

"Oh," said the stranger, "about half a sovereign."

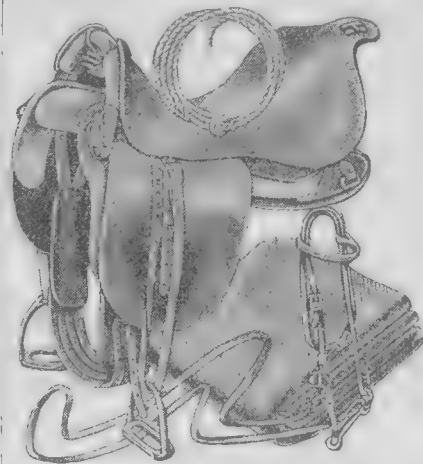
"Done!" said Sheridan, and, paying the fee, he fired into the middle of the flock, killing one dozen ducks.

"I am afraid you made a bad bargain," Sheridan said.

"Well, I don't know," replied the man; "they weren't my ducks."

Wholesalers Dumbfounded

They cannot understand how it is that we can sell these goods at such unheard-of prices. The reason is that the goods are all BRITISH GOVERNMENT ARMY SURPLUS SUPPLIES, purchased by us DIRECT FROM THE OLD COUNTRY in tremendous quantities FOR CASH, and we are therefore able to pass on these almost UNBELIEVABLE BARGAINS to the people of Canada. Don't confuse these genuine British Government goods with inferior goods to be obtained elsewhere.



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This is our great leader, and we have sold thousands of outfits during the past few months. Complete outfit consists of IMPERIAL CAVALRY SADDLE, with CINCH and STIRRUPS; 4½ lb. ALL-WOOL SADDLE BLANKET; RIDING BRIDLE, with lines and bit; and MILITARY TETHERING ROPE—all yours for only \$12.50. Sold on our money-back guarantee. The wholesale price of the leather in the saddle alone would cost far more than we are asking for the whole outfit.

A Real Boot at Last!

South African \$5.50

Field Boots Per Pair

These all-leather boots are causing a tremendous sensation, as there is nothing to equal them on the Canadian market today. Made of the choicest tan calf, with two single solid butt soles, leather-lined throughout, and so strongly made and reinforced that it is almost impossible to wear them out.

SPECIAL FEATURES—(1) Damp-proof filling between upper and first sole; (2) Stout first all-leather sole; (3) Patent waterproof layer between the two soles; (4) Stout solid bend outer sole fully damp and waterproof; (5) Double waterproof tongue.

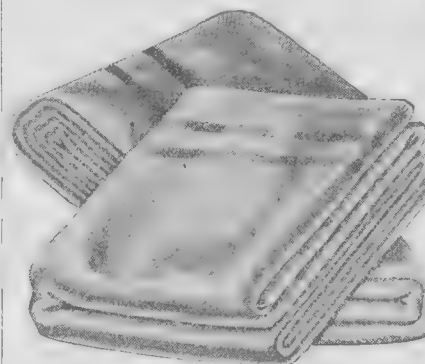
Note the stamp on the sole. No others genuine. State size required.



An Unprecedented Bargain

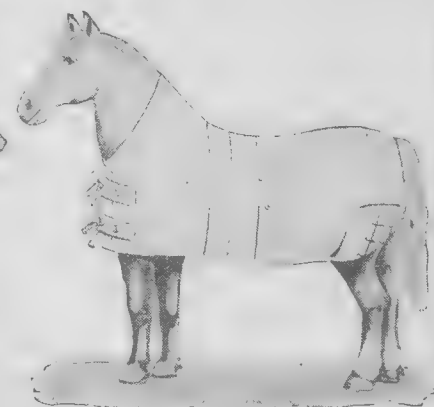
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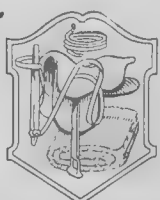


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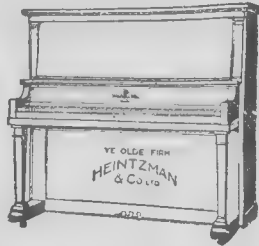


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MUSIC IN THE HOME

Professional Musicians Should Aid This Cause

MUSICIANS spend much of their time and energy with those portions of a community which are musically overfed. Their lot in the present day has cast them among people and organizations for the most part who are already supplied with music. It is now being demonstrated, however, that this cultured world is not surrounded by a musical vacuum. Through the concept of community music, for example, the magnitude of modern musical possibilities—fast becoming a part in which the profession may play on this great national movement—is not yet clearly realized by the profession. The universality of the appeal which music is making to the masses should arouse musicians to their responsibility as never before. Those who dwell in the habitation of music should enquire as to whether their view regarding music, their understanding of its mission in the world, is one which is in harmony with modern thought and modern progress in other lines of human endeavour.

Notwithstanding the widespread talk about community music these days, it is doubtful whether more than half of the trained musicians in this country understand the real meaning and purpose of the term.

Clever Negro Children Win Music Contest

NEGRO children have greater taste for music than have the children of white parents in Topeka, Kansas. This was shown in the final concert of a music memory contest recently held in the Topeka schools. Three schools attended entirely by negroes won the three first places in the contest, and a school of nearly all white children won fourth place.

Throughout the winter the music supervisors in the public schools have been giving the children short concerts of selections from the best composers of the world. After giving the children the regular music lessons the teacher would provide a phonograph or an instrumental or vocal teacher. With some regularity during the winter there have been concerts arranged by local musicians at which the selections arranged for the contest were played by different people on different instruments. At the final concert held in Topeka all the selections were played and the teams of the different schools then reported from memory the name of the selection and the composer. There had been elimination contests in the schools until the five who won in each school were selected as the team from that school.

The purpose of the contest was to create a greater interest in good music among the children. It was felt that doing this would create an increased interest in music among the parents also. Both ends were accomplished, as the fathers and mothers did take a great deal of interest and there has been a vast improvement in the attendance at every entertainment offered in Topeka ever since.

Radio Music Inferior to that of Phonograph

IT is rather unfair to compare radio music with phonograph music. The former is in the fledgling state of development while the latter has been developing and perfecting for a period of twenty years. Naturally radio music does not compare favorably with the phonograph product. In fact, with some of the cheaper receiving instruments it is sometimes a question whether it is music emanating from the receiver or strains from a distant saw mill. From the artistic standpoint the radio cannot compare with the phonograph. That is not to be expected at present. The phonograph record is the result of much painstaking work, is made for all time and will probably be as near perfect as the particular selection can be made. Radio

music is simply made for the moment. Nor is it probable that radio music will be on the artistic plane of phonograph music until a number of things are attended to.

Attention was first devoted to radio in an effort to sell receiving apparatus and accessories, the idea being that once in possession of the set, one could tune up and hear anything that happened to be in the air. Such alluring prospects undoubtedly appealed to many people. The idea is somewhat equivalent to buying a phonograph with the privilege of selecting free records. Had the phonograph companies started their operations on such a basis they would have soon found themselves in serious trouble. However, that is much the situation with the radio broadcasting companies. There are no laws or regulations with reference to the air or regulations with reference to the music floating in space. Anyone who has an instrument may tune in and hear any music that may be at large in the ether, and sometimes a glorious mixture of several selections may be had at the same time. The phonograph is certain to occupy first place in the minds of the real music lover for many years to come.

Carrying Musical Instruction to Rural Schools

THE fine type of work that is being done in giving music instruction in the schools of Canada and the United States is by no means confined to the cities and large towns. The most modern methods, and those that have proven successful, are being used right out in the rural schools in the country. So writes Harvey Jones, a Toronto journalist, who recently attended one of the large musical conventions when music in the schools was discussed. At the convention Mr. Jones met one supervisor who, with two others, had charge of the school music instruction of a whole county.

Two incidents, he says, will probably serve to impress how the rural school work is going on. In the first instance, Mr. Jones was informed of a few boys in a farming community wanting the supervisor to start an orchestra in their school. When the matter was mentioned to the trustees, they, while not opposed to the idea, immediately brought forward the cost of the equipment. New instruments for an orchestra, they said, would cost the School Board or the parents of the children who would be in the orchestra quite a large sum of money, and particularly in view of the fact that the taking up of the suggestion would be merely an experiment, they had no reasonable assurance of permanency.

The supervisor met their objection in this way. "I had no thought," he said, "of suggesting the purchase of new instruments. Good second-hand, rebuilt instruments can be procured at a moderate price, and these would represent an investment, not an expense. If, after giving the school orchestra a year's trial, it is found that the organization cannot make it go, you can sell the instruments for almost what you gave for them, so that from the financial standpoint you are taking no risk at all. Then, when you think of the advantages that this orchestra can be to the school life and to the life of this community in keeping the boys on the farm, it would be a big mistake not to take it up when the boys and girls are in humor for it."

He won the point. The orchestra is now in its third year, and that community would not be without it for anything.

Failures in Music

WHY do so many fail to attain musical success? Simply for lack of ambition and efficiency. Hundreds begin the study of music with earnest intentions of becoming eminent musicians, but because they are obliged to encounter a few obstacles they become in their work. Some become incomparably discouraged and lose interest



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Simplicity Itself

"Do you know," said Prof. Brown to his bosom friend, "I cannot understand how people forget the ages of their children. I have no trouble. For example, I was born twenty-three hundred years after Socrates; my wife, eighteen hundred years after the death of Tiberius Caesar; my son, John, two thousand years after Tiberius Sempromius Gracchus was chosen tribune of the people; and our daughter, Amanda, fifteen hundred years after the beginning of the Folf Wandering. It is perfectly simple, you see!"

Seeking and Finding

Two Scots with all the thrift of their race met on the way home from market.

"Why are ye lukin' sae pleased wi' yersel'?" asked Sandy.

"Weel, mon," replied MacPherson, "I dropped a saxpence i' the market place, an', hunt as I might, I couldna find it."

"That's naught to be lukin' sae gay about," said Sandy.

"Aye, but ye dinna ken," explained MacPherson; "I found a shilling."

petent musicians, while others give up the work in utter disgust.

Determination and confidence are essential to successful musicianship. If you desire to develop musical ability and become an eminent musician you must refuse to permit disappointments to hinder your progress and lead you to failure. There never was an accomplishment worth possessing ever attained without effort and application. Anything worth possessing is well worth exertion. A few disappointments to combat now and then presents no reason why anyone should affix his signature on the poster of failures. Sincerity of effort and a willingness to endure hardships are the necessary requirements for the attainment of musical success, and unless one possesses an unlimited amount of patience, coupled with optimism sufficient to overcome trials and discouragements, one will never ascend the elevated

sphere. There are thousands of failures in the world to-day who are paying the penalty for submitting to discouragements and disappointments.

Music has Tendency to Soothe Wild Animals

That animals are susceptible to the influence of music has been known for a long time. One of the most common instances of this trait is that of the Hindoo charming the serpent with the flute. Some time ago various kinds of music were tried out on the animals in the New York Central Zoo. Scientists from Columbia University, the American Museum of Natural History, and the New York Zoological Park were present at the demonstration. The general conclusion reached was that music has a tendency to soothe wild animals, jazz by no means included. Whenever jazz was played considerable excitement was apparent among the

beasts. "Lead Kindly Light," however, softly played, served to quiet somewhat one of the most ferocious black leopards. Animal trainers might find the phonograph an asset in training animals, particularly the incorrigible ones.

"Don't fail to teach your pupils to read music," said a speaker at the National School of Music Supervisors' Convention. "If you do you have failed in everything you set out to do. If they grow up unable to read music, the next generation will not be musical any more than they will be literary if they cannot read language. A person cannot be musical unless he can read music. This seems foolish to say, but many seem to think it is unnecessary to know anything to be musical. One of the sincerest joys in the world is the joy of accomplishment. It is from this that true joy in music study springs. When a pupil can read and has read music

of the finest type, everything we want him to do and be in music has been done if the proper kind and amount of music has been learned in the proper way. It is the open sesame to music in all its phases. Then again, it is in the reading of new music that the principal educational value of music study is found. It is the rapid rhythmic doing of many things at the same time that makes the music student nimble witted, and this same nimbleness of wits can be used in other things."

The Whole or None

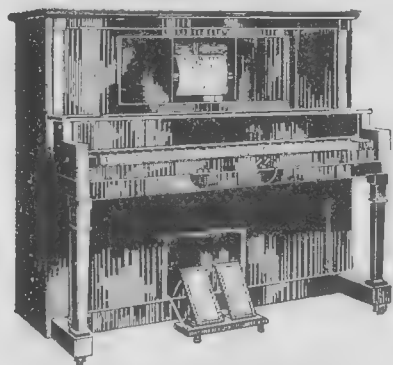
An Easterner who had bought a farm in California had heard of his neighbor's talent for raising large potatoes, so sent his farm hand over to get a hundred pounds.

"You go back home," answered the talented farmer to the messenger, "and tell your boss that I won't cut a potato for any one."

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DURING the past many years we have conducted this annual Christmas Club. Hundreds of homes in Western Canada have availed themselves of the many concessions offered and secured standard Canadian Pianos at rock-bottom prices, and on such terms as could not be surpassed. This club is made possible through the powers of real co-operative buying. When a large number of people buy the same thing at the same time, from the same source, they profit by co-operation. It costs you nothing to join this club. There are no fees or charges or assessments, yet the membership gives you advantages of the most substantial kind. The 1922 Christmas club is to be organized at once, and will be limited to 100 members. Any responsible person may apply for membership. The only requirement of a Club member is that he is on the market for a piano. By joining the club you are under no obligation to buy, but if you want to buy, you will obtain every club advantage if you select your piano on or before the 31st December, 1922. But, remember, while you may have till December 31st to make your selection, the club will be closed immediately 100 members enroll, owing to the approaching shortage of pianos. Join now is the safest way.

IMPERIAL



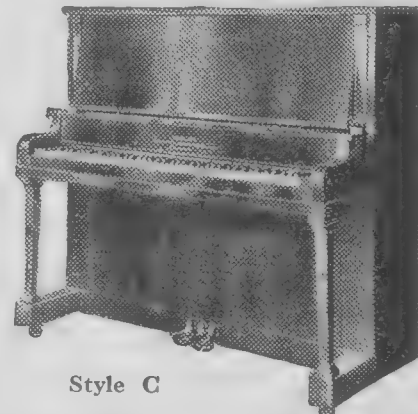
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2. The terms are one-fifth cash down and one, two or three years to pay the balance, or less down, and small monthly payments can be arranged to meet your convenience.

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and many others

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8. If the piano is satisfactory after thirty days' use, the club member has eleven more months in which to satisfy himself as to the character of the piano. If it does not then prove satisfactory in every respect, he has the privilege of exchanging it without one penny's loss for any other instrument of equal or greater list value by paying the difference in values (and we sell 90 different styles of the best pianos in the world).

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$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour-Salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons Cowan's Cocoa
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cinnamon

Method: Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Mix and sift dry ingredients 3 times. Add well beaten egg yolks to butter and sugar. Add mixed and sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, add flavor. Fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into small cake tins, being careful not to fill each one more than two-thirds. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven. When cool, dip in cocoa frosting and roll in chopped peanuts. Cakes may be baked in shallow pan, and when cool cut in fancy shapes.

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Icy-Hearted Hamilton

By Sydney Snook

HAMILTON'S heart was said to be as hard as the ice which he manufactured in the big, modern ice factory over on the north side of the city, and his nature was said to be about as cold as that same product which was turned out daily in vast quantities from his factory.

That's what people who had come in contact with him had to say. "Ice?" positively, they would repeat, "why, the man hasn't a spark of the warmth of human kindness."

His ice manufacturing plant was praised in the newspapers and in weekly industrial reviews as one of the most completely equipped and efficiently operated to be found anywhere. Trade papers had written columns on the remarkable management of the plant and the executive ability of Randolph Hamilton, ice manufacturer. In making ice, Hamilton had made money. He was a philanthropist. Oh, yes, he wrote large checks for all worthy campaigns. His contributions always headed the list. But Hamilton did not give for the love of giving. He gave because it was expected of him. In fact, he did not know it was possible to give anything aside from money. He had often given a beggar on the street a stray coin, but he had never given one of them a cheerful word or a friendly glance.

Hamilton was interested only in his business. Nothing else. His one idea was to build it up to the highest standard of efficiency to make money, and more money. Hamilton lived in a big, gloomy house in the most fashionable residence district of the city, and the house looked a good deal like the ice factory. It was quite as unapproachable and unfriendly as its owner. Only formal social events ever saw its doors opened. Hamilton's widowed sister presided over the household with grace and dignity on these splendid occasions when lights streamed from the windows and motor cars throbbed up the long drives, to be met by liveried servants who flung wide the doors.

The Hamiltons had entertained lavishly the night before, but Hamilton, who sat at his desk in his offices at the plant one morning, was in none the better humor for it. His brows were drawn heavily, and the lines of his mouth were grim and formidable. He wished that his stenographer would stop coming into the room with an everlasting list of reports or requests for files and letter references.

Hamilton answered only in brief monosyllables. "Letter under date of April 19" or "File No. 30, order 17" he commanded testily, and his tone of voice and expression might well have added "and be quick about it, don't you know this place is run on an efficiency basis?"

"Beg pardon sir." The foreman of the plant stood before him this time. "Well?" inquired Hamilton without glancing up.

"One of the boys has been hurt, sir. Pretty badly smashed up, I should say."

"Call a doctor. Take him to the hospital or to the undertaker," snapped Hamilton. "You know what to do."

The foreman left the room without a word. Hamilton hadn't even asked how it happened. That was an oversight on his part, Hamilton reflected. Not that it was the fact of the boy's being hurt that he cared so much about, but that such a circumstance must be avoided in the future. It meant a loss of time when an accident occurred and threw a cog into the efficient, smooth-running machinery of his plant.

Hamilton glanced out of the window when he heard the clang of the ambulance bell and saw them carry out a limp figure at the rear end of the plant. He did not go to find out, but he wondered idly for the moment if it happened to be the new boy whom they had taken into the engine room just a few days ago. Nothing but a boy,

just an oiler and general handy-man.

It was the new employee, Jim Sanders. Hamilton couldn't follow the ambulance as it rounded the corner, then up one street and down another, until it came to a dingy home in the lower edge of the city in the smoke-begrimed factory section. Hamilton did not know that the big white ambulance stopped at the door, and that an anxious-faced mother came running forward to watch them carry in her boy and place him on the bed. Hamilton could not see the distressed little group which gathered around the bed. Poor Jim—hurt!

"We'll bring him to, all right," the young doctor who was on the ambulance said cheerfully. "See? It won't be long now. Your son got caught in a piece of machinery up at the plant. He'll be all right again."

After the doctor had gone, the mother bent over the bed. "Oh, my boy, my poor boy."

"It's all right mother, don't worry," Jim said, smiling up at her wanly. "We'll manage somehow." He could talk no longer but closed his eyes for the pain was severe.

"Tommie can keep on—selling—his papers," he gasped feebly.

"Hush, hush, dear, don't try to talk," and the mother made an effort to smile. "I'm going to leave you for a minute with Sister and Baby Mary." Sister was just twelve years old, and Baby Mary was a tot of five.

"See," she said, "sister can fan you like this," waving a paper gently back and forth above his head. It created a tiny breeze in the sultry heat of the small room.

DESPAIRING, the little mother bowed her head when she was out of sight and tears filled her eyes. Jim—dear, brave Jim, just seventeen years old, who had been the head of the little family since father had died a little less than five years ago. How he had struggled—how he had worked to help support his mother and the younger children.

Poor Jim! She could hear him trying to stifle a groan. Only the bare living she could make from occasional household work and ten-year-old Tommie's pennies would be all they would have now.

"How will I buy ice and medicine and milk and the things he needs," she groaned. She glanced helplessly toward a wooden box which tried its best to serve as a refrigerator but which could not keep a small chunk of ice—just five cents worth—during the long, hot hours of the summer day.

From within the little bedroom Mrs. Sanders could hear Jim murmuring feverishly while his sister continued to fan him gently with the folded paper. The atmosphere in the room was hot and close. His sister's eyes filled with tears as she watched over him. "Poor brother," she whispered softly, "does it make you feel better? Does it dear?"

All the while, little Mary stood big-eyed and solemn on the other side of the bed. She had not moved since they brought Jim into the house. She felt so sorry for Jim. She wished she could do something for him. Mother was crying in the kitchen, and sister was crying too. Her own lips trembled. She did want to do something for Jim.

The boy was feverish and half-delirious. "Oh, it's so hot. Oh—my head—my head—it's so hot. Oh, something cool—cool on my head. Something cool—cool—"

All through the long, hot hours of the afternoon Jim cried for something cool. His brow was hot to the touch of his mother's hand. "Oh, my dear boy, what must I do for you?"

While little Mary had listened to the moaning of her brother and had seen her mother and sister in tears and had heard Tommie's husky boyish voice tremble when he said "Jim, Jim, old man," at his brother's bedside, she had been busily formulating a plan in the

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back of her little-girl mind. She couldn't tell anybody what it was. She must work it out all alone. She must—simply must—do something for Jim.

At a moment when unnoticed, she slipped through the doorway and sped swiftly down the street. Nobody must know about it, but she had found a way to help Jim. Her feet were fairly flying, and her thoughts flew even faster. Patter—I'm going to help Jim—help Jim—I'm going to help him—patter—patter. And on she ran down the street.

She had thought of a plan, a perfectly wonderful plan. Jim wanted something cool. She was going to get it for him.

Mary knew where the ice factory was for she had often walked by there late in the afternoon with Jim when he had come home from work. Jim worked at the ice factory, and she knew she could get help for him there. It was getting late, and she would have to hurry to reach the factory before they closed the big sliding doors at the platform. She was going to slip through those doors and into the big room, and she was going to pick up all the chips of ice she could find and then speed back home with it before it melted. The first person whom she would see at the platform was the one she intended to ask for permission. They couldn't refuse, and if they did—well, she still had a plan. She would put her hands on a great block of ice until they got cold—icy cold—and then she would double up her fists and run back home as quickly as ever she could and lay her hands on her brother's forehead. Of course, it wouldn't last long, but "it would be nice and cool for a little while," she thought. She certainly would do that very thing.

A breathless little figure dashed up the long sloping lead-way to the broad platform. Woe of woes! She was too late. The big doors had been closed. She couldn't get in. Mary was on the verge of disappointed tears when hope leaped again. No, she was not too late for there were several great blocks of ice at the end of the platform. Oh, it looked so beautiful to the little girl—those cakes of ice.

MARY didn't see a single chip of ice lying around on the floor. It was all unbroken and as smooth as glass. She put her little hands, fingers outspread, on a block of ice. It was so cold, so dreadfully cold, that it almost seemed to burn. "Oh, it—it hurts," sighed Mary tearfully, "but I must put my hands on Jim's head. I must—it'll be so nice and cool." Her fingers began to ache and then were nearly numb with cold when she jerked her hands away, startled.

She had not heard the approach of two men who came up behind her.

"What's this?" one of them exclaimed gruffly. It was the voice of the great Hamilton himself, although Mary did not know it.

"Who are you, child, and what are you doing here?" he demanded. The foreman who was with him said nothing.

"Oh, sir," began Mary, her voice quavering piteously and her blue eyes filling with tears, "I was just trying to get my hands nice and cool so I could lay them on Jim's head. He is sick—just awfully sick, you know," she offered hurriedly in explanation. "We didn't have any ice to put on his head, but I—I thought maybe my hands would keep cool till I got home. I wanted to help—help Jim. He got hurt here this morning. I guess I'll go now."

She had an idea that the big man was displeased, and she started away, her head bent.

Hamilton stopped her. His voice sounded strange in his own ears when he said, "Come back, little girl." There was a note in his voice and a look on his face that amazed the foreman of the plant.

Hamilton felt something clutch at his heart, and a strange new feeling enter in. To think that she should try to hold ice to cool her hands that

she might place them on a sick brother's forehead. Hamilton was astounded.

"Tell me some more about Jim," was all he could say. Then Mary told him all that had happened.

When she had finished, Hamilton put his hands on her shoulders. "It's all right, child," he said. "We'll see that he has something cool to go on his head. It'll be all right." And thereby Hamilton proved that his heart had melting qualities as well as the ice.

"His ice!" He had never thought about it in any other way than as a means for making money and a means for demonstrating plant efficiency, but now he thought of it as a means of relieving a lad's suffering and bringing smiles to the eyes of a little child and happiness to a mother's heart.

And it did just those things. The same block of ice against which Mary had held her fingers was delivered at the little home in a Hamilton ice factory truck.

And Hamilton? The heart of ice which people believed he possessed, was icy no longer for it had begun to thaw under the warming rays of kindness.



First Photograph of World's Strangest Coconut Tree

This photograph is offered as a test of your powers of observation and knowledge of nature. It is a coconut grove. The arrow points to one particular coconut tree. In what way does it differ from the others in the photograph, and from all other coconut trees?

The coconut tree is absolutely devoid of branches, being a straight, comparatively smooth trunk, surmounted with a head of fronds. The tree marked by the arrow is, nevertheless, a true coconut, though the only one of its kind ever photographed, and in all probability the only one in existence. The photograph has just been brought to this country from Malayir, by an authority on coconuts who stated it is the only one he ever saw or heard of.—FRANCIS DICKIE.

Perfectly Safe

A well-dressed and charming young lady hailed a four-wheeler, since there was no taxi in sight. Just as she was getting in she noticed that the horse seemed inclined to be frisky. He was jumping about and swishing his tail in a way that alarmed her—she was a timid little thing. So she addressed a few words to the aged jehu.

"I hope," she said, smiling bravely, "that you will not run away with me."

The cabman sighed mournfully.

"No, mum," he replied. "I have a wife and seven kids at home already."

Expert

"Hello, Sam! Glad to see you. What are you doing now? Still pumping the church organ?"

"Yes, sir, I'm still pumping the organ. An' I'm getting to be a pretty fine pumper. The other day they had a big organist over from New Haven, and I pumped a piece he couldn't play!"

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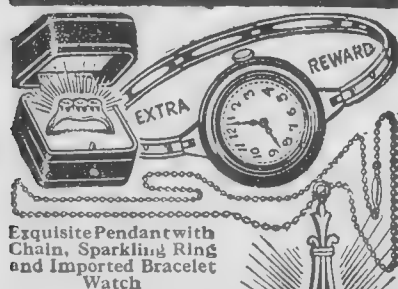


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YE POOR LOBSTER MAN!

Tales of Those Who Work in the Deep Sea

The Equinox of 1922

By Bonnycastle Dale

ALL the winter long, during drift and blizzard, the men who fish for lobsters along this Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, shore had been dragging home bow wood; buying bundles of laths at the high price of \$7.50 per 1000 and getting huge hanks of "twine"—cotton cord—at the outrageous wartime price of 65 cents a pound—and remember this stuff comes in free from the U. S. as indeed does all the fishermen's supplies. There are men along this coast who have put in every cent they had and all the credit they could get into new motor boats, hauling engines, pots and all the gear, until the investment reaches one, two and even three thousand dollars. The

kite or hugging up into the wind—lying to—a hundred, two hundred; yes even three hundred miles out there in the very maw of the storm. I remember, as I laid me down, the solemn words of the old hymn running through my mind.

"Oh! hear us when we cry to Thee

For those in peril on the sea."

All the night long the wind howled and shrieked and whistled along past this outermost point we live on, until one might just as well be afloat, as we get all the buffeting. Hour after hour I shuddered to hear the screech of it, while the tide rose as it came in, and the mighty seas thundered on the one and only storm-flung beach wall that saves

crashing crests on these reverberating shores.

The sharks seem to habit about the "Grand Banks," those shallow water sandbanks where the cod and the haddock, the cusk and the halibut love to feed in countless millions on the innumerable hosts of small food fishes that swarm in these restless submarine sands which are themselves moved backwards and forwards by the mighty winds and huge seas. The greatest banks are the St Pierre—about 50 by 150 miles wide and long, and the Sable Island Bank—roughly one hundred miles across. A day's run of Nova Scotia.

The big Scandinavian passenger liner Frederick VIII was approaching the "Grand Banks, (a collective name) early one April morning just as the sun off her starboard quarter was sending his first pale rays up out of the heaving waters. A fair wind, not too heavy a sea, a good ship, and land at the end of a day's run made many passengers get up early that morning—and they were treated to a rare sight.

Immediately ahead leaped and plunged a great school of porpoises—not speeding directly ahead feeding greedily as these "pigs of the seas" do. No! they were thrashing and leaping and falling. Splash! Splash! into the sea on all sides of the bow and some were so terrified that they charged right at the sharp swift bow approaching and met a speedy end. Others ran full tilt into the steamer on starboard and port sides making dull heavy blows that were felt above the steady thrill of the engines. At last the cause was seen. A long black fin stuck up above the sea—the fin of a huge shark. Odd shaped tails were seen thrashing the water, and rolling over and sounding as the great sharks seized and tore at their well-liked bloody prey—the rows of teeth tore rents in the smooth black skins from which streams of blood flowed out into the clear green seawater. "Bang" a porpoise struck the mighty propeller and was torn to ribbons. Splash! Splash! Sharks and porpoise both sounded, and the wide seas were deserted of all objects save the big, white, rolling, splashing passenger liner.



Lobsterman hauling lobster pot

men with the most gear go to the islands that lie off the coast, and run as many as three hundred traps, which cost about a dollar a piece—as old prices were paid for much of the gear.

We watched them since the season opened "putting" forth over the big seas in their 35 foot motor boats with two dozen lobster pots or traps piled high astern. Day by day, although each man went canny and all spoke of the "20th of March" as the danger day, they finally got out, some fifty per cent., some sixty and some men almost all their pots as Boston was calling loudly for lobsters at forty-two cents for large and six for "tinkers." So the month passed, the men getting a lobster to every three traps, some doing better—a lobster a trap. As the water was cold the lobsters did not "crawl" well.

The few days before the twentieth of March brought the heavy "Nor-Westerns" and all the men dreaded they would switch to the east. The afternoon of the twentieth, just when the moon was in her last quarter, and the highest tide a very low one—luckily—the dreaded change occurred. The wind hauled to the east—slowly from the South, but surely nevertheless. A friend had crossed Eastern Passage for our mail bag, and before he reached there the wind had increased to 25 miles, and rain and splitting snow made the day a wild one. He got safely back with a good big mail and by then the Easter had picked up to thirty to thirty-five miles and, when we drew down the blinds in our little cabin behind the great beach stone seawall the wind was tearing along at over forty miles an hour—with 50,000 to 100,000 traps (or pots) set off there in water from twenty to a hundred feet deep. The big buoys ("booeys" they are called here) painted in all sorts of patterns and colors were then dragging under the heavy tide or floating high on the crest—where the trap had risen and was going with the gale.

Now the fury of the wind made our tiny home thrill and shudder, and the long wild blast of the fog horn went through every shingle and board like a spasm. What was the use of us being alarmed when we knew that about half the cod fishing fleet was on "the banks" this fearful night straining at the end of their cable like a fearsome water

us from its fury. At last at three o'clock I jumped up and looked out—long, whitecapped surges showed their heads, glistening in the white rays that swept from the mighty lens above us in "The Light." Even the woolly fog seemed pierced by these long white beams. The sea was a sight of wonder. Huge creaming billows with the tops swept off into "wind chop" and then cascading down each front with a crash and a rush. Once it struck the wall that held it back it roared like a baffled demon, and sent the spray of its thwarted efforts high into the fog ridden scene. With that odd uncanny second sense I had been



Spudging for Lumpfish

aroused at almost the very moment when the tide was full. Soon that wondrous unseen power drew back from every bay and passage, every cove and harbour, the advancing waters we call the high tide (or flood tide) and instantly for hundreds of miles, the ebb set in and ran back, and beat against these towering seas, and cut them down and quieted them until not half the fury of the storm remained.

When a dim light showed the wild scene the fickle wind was again changing back to south, to "So' so' west" and as I write this I can see the monsters forming again, and I count the time between waves (10 seconds in normal) now increased to a full fifteen between

Oh! the gloom and silence of this oppressive fog. For three months, June, July and August, this coast has been shrouded and wrapped in thick fog. For three months, almost without ceasing, the foghorns have blared night and day.

Into this impenetrable curtain, a thick "woolly one," "thick as pea soup" as they say, the fishing fleet has gone daily. Making their anchorage by elapsed time and compass, they often miss the right place to make a good catch by half a mile or more, as nothing on the surface of this tide-riven sea tells the shivering fisherman their locality.

Day after day the housewives have stared into the curtain of fog, wondering how their loved ones would ever get back

It is an odd sense of direction these men have—let my neighbor tell it.

"We started 'bout half after three, there wasn't a hint of daylight as we went along by the tideflats and out Eastern Passage—It was as thick as soup once we got off Black Point. I knew we were there by the surf on the rocks—we were just outside of it. I set the course east nor-east and kept her at it for about half an hour—she was missing and backfirin' something fierce. Once I heard a tramp go "slop sloppin'" along and we used the conch to tell him just where we were (Conch is the conchshell they blow into to make a blast.) We tossed most beam ends under when she slid past us in the murk, and then I heard the breaker on Southwest Ledge and I knew where we were if I could only find it. The Automatic Booy (buoy) was gone since April and that makes it a bit harder to find fishing grounds.

"We threw anchor and had a fair bit of pollock fishing, they bit well on the slack at about noon. Some red cod were biting too. Once a motor boat came up within half a mile of us but we didn't see it. Then as our herring bait was out I started her for home—I got a few kicks outen her, then she backfired and stopped. It was early yet and we didn't mind as we felt sure if she wouldn't run we would see another motor boat and get a tow into harbour.

"It was flood tide anyway and that set us homeward a bit and I got a few more kicks outen her and then she died all together—'bout five miles out to sea.

"We were right off the Southwestern Ledge by the end of flood, so I slings the anchor out to keep her off smashing on ledge and we cleans our fish. We had most a thousand pound. There was a little water in the jar and I had three biscuits an gran'father had two, so we eat these up never thinking but we would be home by dark.

"Not a single boat took the outside way home although we heard a dozen or more "put puttin" back inside the Ledges. Then the tide turned and the fog got thicker—save just in one place where we see a "Fog-eater" (this is the local name for a fog-bow—a pure white bow instead of a rainbow.)

"The tide turned just before sun went down and gran'father said "feels windy, we'll loosen engine on bed a mite, as if that wind freshens anker might drag an we'll put it over side' to keep her off the ledge." So we gets the wrenches and takes the engine down and loosens her from the bed. Then I lights my pipe and snuggles down forward for thar was nothin' to do. Soon the wind freshens and the tide sets us more towards the Ledges and the anchor drags a mite—then holds better. If it went we would smash up on the ledges.

"By midnight there was a nasty chop on and the tops were coming in a bit on both sides an over the bow, so I pumps a bit to warm up and takes a feel on the thin anchor line—good! holding fast! Gran'father was snoring beside me until the slop over the bow makes him too wet and he gets up. We was up and down like a galloped horse and I never could tell just where next slop would come over. About ten o'clock it was getting worse, waves were making and a tiderip was forming. If we could stay up until midnight the flood tide would put the chop down like a broom. I pumps some more and swigs a mouth of water. It was that dark that we could not see the waves acoming until we felt them. Then! when it got so bad we didn't know just what moment she would fill—the tide turned, and the sea smoothed out, and we was alright till the boats found us next ebbtide and towed us in—women folks scared a bit though."

There are a few exciting scenes in the lobster pot fishery along these rock fanged coasts where the fog hangs as thick as cotton wool.

It is the unwritten law that a man shall have twenty-four hours after the season closes in which to pick up his traps or pots. Often these men run lines of as many as a hundred pots in a line and three full lines are used in some places, not regular lines, just pots

dropped here and there along a course. As the season grows late, and the prices drop, and the fishing becomes so poor that they do not average more than a lobster to, say, ten pots, the men begin to "pick up." Every night on the homeward trip the motor boats may be seen piled high with ten to fifty traps. So that, with the honest lobsterman, one day extra is sufficient to pick up the remainder. (And he is not allowed to "bait his traps"—put on a bag full of crushed herring on the spindle—on the last day of the season.)

But there are other lobstermen who think they can outwit the Department, so they leave many traps out and fish them as long as they dare.

Captain Milne, of the Canadian Government Fisheries Protection Cruiser "Arleux" knows something of this kind of law-breaker. One horny fisted son of a fishing family just ignored the watchful Captain and left all his traps out. Once the warning was sent and still the booeys (buoys) floated on the tide. Then the cruiser steamed in and destroyed one hundred lath and spruce bow and hardwood slat traps that cost fully a dollar apiece even now.

Not far off was another chap who bought these illegally caught lobsters and was seen in the actual act of shipping them aboard his schooner and mak-

ing off post haste as the trim little Arleux came along. There is a gun on the bow for just such gentry and the crew uncovered it, loaded it, fired a shot across the schooner's bow, and they hastily decided to come about and let the officers board them—an expensive bit of boarding for them.

The Swallow

Sweet Spirit, wandering everywhere
With Loveliness and Mirth,
How thy blest coming kindles fair
The faded cheeks of Earth,
And parts her pale and trembling lips,
By frosty fingers bound,
Where thou hast kissed their tender tips
While skimming o'er the ground.
No spot of earth e'er felt thy touch
But it was filled with heaven,
For thou, O bird, hast loved much,
And much to thee is given:
And happy we who hold as ours
Thy sweet philosophy;
That knows no path but song and flowers,
No breath but ecstasy.

Till golden ways we follow too,
By kindred Muses taught,
And track the beautiful and true
Neath nobler skies of thought;
And wintry souls in sweetness dress
With ceaseless summer days,
And o'er their spirit's heaviness
The garment spread of praise.

Dudley H. Anderson

My Lady's Garden

There is a garden in her hat
Where roses and bright poppies grow,
Swaying to this side and to that
Just as the heavenly breezes blow;
Here cherries grow that none may eat
Though red they seem, and ripe and sweet.
Enclosed in a yard of lace,
Or fenced by silken ribbons in,
The cowslip shows its cheerful face,
Or modest violets nod within.
Here flourish grape and plum—a treat
For eyes alone—they're not to eat.
A golden butterfly, its wings
Encrusted all with jewells bright,
Hovers above these tempting things;
But mark th' unhappy creature's plight;
Upon a pin impaled there
It can but view this garden rare.
The garden of Hesperides
Somewhat famous, once, I know,
But fairer, fairer far are these
Gay plains where silken flowers grow.
This high plateau more wide, more shady,
And guarded by as fair a lady.

Mary Ethel Strong,

Believe what you have Proved. They
most deceive Themselves who strive to
Prove what they believe.

A quarrel is harder on a man than a
week's work, and takes him in quite the
opposite direction.



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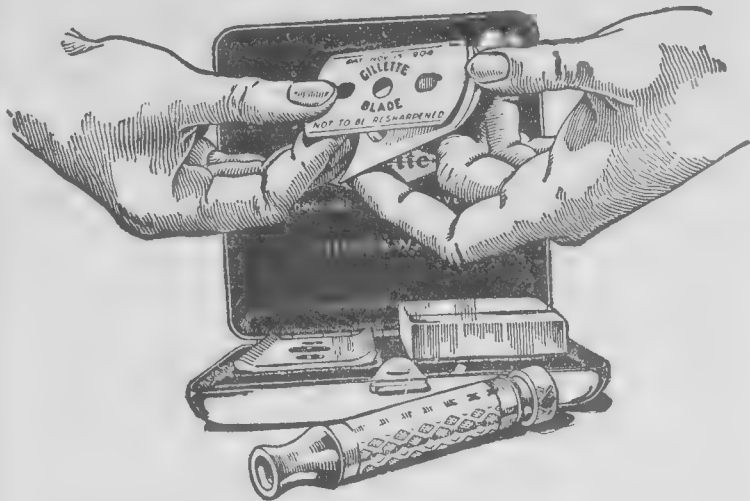
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WAIF

By Francis Dickie

ABOUT to enter his rude frame shack, Jimmy Morton, mining engineer, paused abruptly to stare down at the strange little dog crouched so abjectly there upon the rough and dusty floor mat. It was a fox terrier, black haired of head, rump and saddle, the rest of the markings white. But so grimy was it, the white parts of its coat now scarce deserved the name. Even with the man's feet just barely having missed stepping upon it, the dog had not moved; now it flattened the more against the mat, its eyes half closed, its whole body trembling.

Stirred by quick compassion, Morton dropped down to his knees and bent over it, voicing soothing, coaxing words. But the terrier only shrunk the closer to the mat. There was something so abjectly cringing in the animal's attitude, as if all spunk and courage had left it, that Morton, in spite of his sympathy, was stirred with vague disgust, for he was a fighter himself, despising a craven thing, be it man or beast.

Still, pity remained uppermost. He reached out his right hand and, slipping it under the dog, lifted it in his arms, then turned the door-knob of his little home and went within.

Inside, he set the terrier down upon a long-haired, grizzly-bear rug. It did not attempt to stand, but lay just as he had placed it, hind legs still tucked under, the forelegs straight out in front. Now, however, it lifted its head; for an instant fastened wistful, inquiring gaze upon him, its long ears momentarily cocked up, the sharp points bent over a little forward.

In that moment Morton's disgust faded. Even inexperienced canine judge though he was, the man read "breeding" in those ears, the thin-featured face, the fine-lined body. Too, from closer looking, he now read acute starvation in those thin flanks and protruding ribs; and seeing, forgave, for Jimmy Morton had climbed to his present success by hard roads. He had hungered, and come to know that courage, dignity and self-respect all vanish with a belly empty too long.

Leaving the dog, Morton hurried across the hundred feet of ground to the cook house wherein three times a day one hundred and sixty men of the copper mining camp were fed. It still lacked fifteen minutes of the supper hour, and heretofore no man in the camp had been brave enough to invade the sacred precincts of the cook's domain at such a time; for all camp cooks, be they of the lumber woods, railroad grade, or the mines, are autocrats, and Joe Lavaneux was most terrible of all.

BUT unhesitatingly Morton entered by way of the dining room door. The three long, oil-cloth covered tables were being rapidly loaded with steaming dishes against the approaching rush of the one hundred and sixty hungry men. Shirt-sleeved flunkies hurried to and fro from the kitchen to the tables.

Down this long dining hall and through the kitchen's open portal at the lower end, Morton hurried and moved into the thick air born of frying meat, great cauldrons of boiling soup, and a dozen and one lesser dishes all in preparation on the twelve-foot range.

Hardly had he come into view when Joe Lavaneux, moving restlessly here and there with ever a watchful eye upon his two rushing assistant cooks and three cookees, caught sight of him.

"Que diable!" he cried. Then reverting to more unfamiliar English: "What for you come into my kitchen? Get out! Get out!" As he screamed the words, the crusty French Canadian moved toward the engineer with baleful eye, waving a threatening fork in his right hand.

Morton had not been a member of the Lake Superior mining camp for eight months without having heard something of the cook's dangerous temper, and his more than usual antipathy for having his kitchen invaded by other than its regular staff. And now, for the

moment, the engineer was half inclined to run. Then the memory of the lean and quivering sides of his recent find, speaking so eloquently of utter famine, held him in his tracks. He said quickly: "I'm sorry, chef, but I just found a stray dog; oh such a dandy little dog, and I knew you'd give me something for it."

Lavaneux, come to a halt, perhaps three feet away, lost a little of his fierceness; for had not the engineer called him chef? It is a word of wondrous soothing properties when deferentially addressed to any camp cook, a fact wily Morton, from years of rough life in various mining and other camps, was fully aware of.

But Lavaneux could not thus easily surrender. "A dog! and you must bothair me now. Me—with one hundred and sixteen hongree men now come soon quick!" Under the excitement of his own words he was rapidly regaining his old furious manner.

But immediately assuming proper contriteness Morton hastened to apologize. "I'm awfully sorry, chef, but chef," Morton desperately summoned his best French for better effect "Elle se meurt cette pauvre petite enfant chienne."

THE music of chef twice repeated and the words in his own tongue won the engagement.

"Vraiment," Lavaneux replied. "I fix him fine things right away. But you get out, you are in ze way. I send you quick by Johnny one fine din-nair for the petite chienne; but get out!" With machine gun flow he spat the words at Morton, punctuating each one with an airy jabbing with the huge meat fork in his right hand.

Rejoicing, Morton fled without another word.

The cook was true to his word. Hardly had Morton regained his own shack when Johnny appeared with a great granite plate loaded with a savory mess of meat, gravy and potatoes. But wise to the ways of hunger, Morton fed the dog only lightly at first.

Hunger, first and strongest of the passions, also is the most enervating. All the animal world, from man downward to the lowest beast, stands powerless against its deadly chemistry. Subjected too long to emptiness, man and dog, alike domesticated beings, become, in the end, most craven things—as witness the cringing, tail-between-its-legs mongrel, and the whining, spiritless tramp, both creatures of bad nutrition. But judgments passed upon either man or dog while in this state are very often incorrect. Thus, after a week of careful feeding, Morton was relieved to find his fox terrier was no coward, though such it at first had appeared.

His illumination came while walking to the mine. Since the third day after its arrival the dog, which he had named Waif, had gotten into the habit of accompanying him as far as the mine shaft house. Here it always halted. Once the door was closed upon the man, the dog would turn and trot gravely back to the cabin. Here, sitting solemnly before the door, when the afternoon waned, she would watch down the narrow street of the little camp—along either side of which lay some fifteen frame dwellings, bunk, tool and cook houses—until Morton, homeward bound, loomed in sight. Then she would race to meet him with joyous barking and high leaping ecstacy.

On Wednesday noon, just a week after the dog's arrival, as the engineer was on his way to work, the terrier at his heels, there suddenly moved out from beside one of the bunk houses and into the centre of the street directly ahead of them a three-month-old bear cub, captured and made a pet a short time ago by one of the men. The cub had until now failed of Waif's attention, by reason of having been chained to a box back of the bunk house. But slipping free from a too loose collar a few minutes before, it now came waddling straight in the terrier's path. Al-

most as the dog's eyes glimpsed the strange animal form, a faint little breeze carried to her nostrils the bear smell. The cub and all its kind were foreign bodies never before encountered, yet Waif, with that first faint bear odor brought to her by the wind, knew this wooly black body for an enemy.

Out from behind the man's heels Waif came. Hair bristling, tiny mane erect, she launched herself straight forward on the run toward the awkwardly shambling cub. Till now the baby bear's lot had been a most happy one. All the world around had been kind to it. So now, halting, it viewed without alarm this approaching object. Perhaps eighteen inches high this little bruin stood, its small twinkling brown eyes alertly interested, its legs wide apart.

Forward, dashing direct for its nose, the terrier went; but at the last moment, alarmed, the cub jerked its head dodgingly and the attacker's teeth closed on the furry neck, with squealing dismay, the bear turned about, started back for the protection of its so recently deserted box. And Waif clung on, now dragged along, now gaining her feet for a brief moment, then again being tumbled over by the hurrying, clumsy frightened feet of her far-outweighing adversary.

Into the open doorway of its pine box den the cub dashed in mad flight. Squalling furiously, a mingling of anger, fright and pain from the terrier's sharp cutting teeth, the cub dropped to the floor of its retreat, crushing the dog beneath full sixty pounds of weight. Then, at last stirred to braver action in the confines of its home, the cub turned and fought. Over it rolled upon its back; and, true to instinct, fore-feet reached to hug the enemy. Just at the moment, eager for better hold, the dog let go its all too flimsy grip upon the thick fur of the lower part of the neck, and snapped at the black, shining nose, for instinct told canine brain that this was the most vulnerable spot. But two great furred paws—dexterous now bruin was giving battle—closed around the tiny form. Caught full about the neck and shoulders, Waif's foreparts were drawn down flat against the hairy hide, and she was rendered powerless. The hold tightened; her eyes protruded wildly, while her lungs took fire from congested breathing and the pain of that bone-crushing pressure. Still, with her hind legs she strove desperately to inflict what pain she could. Half raised up there on the cub's roomy paunch, she dug her toe-nails in, then ripped along the soft, almost hairless surface of the stomach. Again and again, with rapid motion, just as her feet would have moved in the digging of a hole, Waif's claws, by furious power of hindquarters driven, scratched, slashed and tore this most unprotected spot. Had the bear been older he would have closed his maw upon the head his paws so imprisoned, and crushed it. But, lacking experience, he through blind instinct only, clutched tighter and tighter the foe. But the ripping of those fast moving dog claws was too painful. Perhaps for forty seconds the position remained unchanged, then the infant bruin let go.

Her head reeling, faint and weak, Waif slipped to the floor, then staggered to one side of the very roomy box. With some ten inches between them dog and baby bear faced each other in snarling armistice. Who might have been the victor and who the vanquished is doubtful if Morton had not interfered.

Laughingly he had followed to the box; eager, proud, excited, and just a bit afraid had peered through the door. Now, sensing possible defeat for his brave twelve-pound protegee at the hands of this sixty-pound bear, he called her sharply. A moment the terrier hesitated, the battle lust still strong upon her. Loath to leave, yet not daring to disobey the summons of that loved voice without, she backed growlingly away, still facing the bear, a defiant figure, every line of her proclaiming willingness to continue to the bitter end this as yet but half-fought fight.

Thrilled throughout with prideful titillations of joy, born of new-coming

feeling at owning so game a fighter, Morton walked on to the mine mouth for his daily descent into the bowels of the earth, with a somewhat weary Waif at his heels. The shaft house reached, the dog turned and proceeded slowly back. Passing the shack behind which the now chained bear had been reimprisoned by its owner, Waif halted a moment, half inclined to retrace her steps to the den and renew the combat. Then, memory of Morton's recalling voice, suggesting such action would be wrongful, she went on homeward, there as usual to await the evening coming of her master.

Directly back of the engineer's shack stunted evergreens formed the front lines of a wide-ranked forest of spruce stretching scatteredly away on either side, over a desolate country, now rolling and rocky, now broken by long stretches of muskeg, dankly odorous of standing water and decaying vegetation. It was a cheerless land inhabited by men only through desire for gain from the minerals it bore; and, save for an occasional rattlesnake, there were no dangerous creatures to make difficult man's toilings. But to Waif it was a paradise. Many an hour since coming she had raced merrily adventuring in the depths of the nearby woods, engaging in long and fruitless chases after chance started rabbits. Yet no matter how engrossed in her hunting, she never failed to note the passing of time. With that strange sense common to some animals, she was always back at the door ready to greet her master, for though she had had many in her three years of show dog life, none had been as Morton. None had held her close and showered loving caresses; none had been as this man who had taken her in, starved and fainting, after many days of wandering from the wrecked train which had been carrying her to a distant dog show. A falling beam had crashed down on one end of her crate, bursting it open, and she had stepped out into darkened and chaotic world of wrecked coaches.

Frightened by the cries of the men she had run on down the track. Coming a little after dawn to the spur track leading into the Lake Superior copper mining camp fifty miles away, she had taken it, without knowing why, and arrived at last, starved and exhausted, at the shaft house. Frightened by the noise she had run up the street, passed the various buildings and gone on to where Morton's shack lay at the further end, removed and aloof by a hundred yards from the rest.

And now Waif was glad of all these happenings, for it had brought love into her life, love for Morton that filled all her being, and made life for the first time really worth while.

One day late in August Morton did not go to the mine as usual. Instead, boarding the outgoing ore train, he rode away to the city a hundred miles distant. Wondering, the dog followed him as far as the track; then, seeing him disappear within the caboose door, she returned back to the shack to await his evening return. But Morton did not come that night, nor until six days later. And Waif, distracted and disconsolate, stood on guard waiting, watching eagerly, a lonely, wistful little sentinel, too sad to more than touch a smallest part of the food Johnny the cookee brought her. From the doorway of Morton's shack the dog could look down the middle of the street and see the shaft house and the loading platform. And through the long hours of daylight Waif watched for her master's coming. At last on the sixth day, late in the forenoon an ore train pulled in, and Waif's heart bounded as she saw a familiar figure come moving up the street.

Yet even with first distant glance of Morton, Waif sensed he was somehow different. As she raced to greet him, her realization grew stronger. He swayed as he walked; his steps were wide, uncertain, stumbling. The very words with which he greeted her sounded strange, so thick, hoarse and mumbling was his utterance. But

Continued on page 38



IF the old fashioned custom of hanging the stocking brings her a box of the new fashioned "Pointeel" Hose, she'll be just delighted.

Don't disappoint her.
Make it a Merry Christmas with

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HARVEY Pointeel silk hose are supreme in Canada today. They fit, they wear and have the style that insures neatness and snugness of ankle.

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TO THE OLD COUNTRY FOR CHRISTMAS

BY SPECIAL TRAIN

FROM

WINNIPEG TO WEST ST. JOHN, N.B.

LEAVES 9.20 A.M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1922

Operating direct to the ship's side for sailing
Ss. Montcalm, Dec. 12, 1922



Special Tourist Sleepers

Will leave Winnipeg for West St. John, N.B.

9.00 a.m. Dec. 2,	For Ss. Tunisian,	Sailing Dec. 5
9.00 a.m. Dec. 6,	" Ss. Melita "	Dec. 9
9.00 a.m. Dec. 9,	" Ss. Montcalm "	Dec. 12
9.00 a.m. Dec. 12,	" Ss. Metagama "	Dec. 15

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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GIVEN FREE

This amount has been Given Away
FREE also hundreds of Merchandise Prizes
\$200.00 more IN CASH will be
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1st Prize, \$50.00 in Cash 2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash
3rd Prize, \$35.00 in Cash 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes—Each \$10.00 in Cash

TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

The picture herewith shows an everyday scene in a bank. At first glance all you see is the Cashier and five customers. If you look closely you will find the faces of six persons concealed about the customers. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as **TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS** in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them." **WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST**

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Six Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An



enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity.

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Send Your Reply Direct to

GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
275 CRAIG STREET WEST, MONTREAL, CAN.

The Finger of Fate

By W. R. Gilbert

HE was called William Edward Hankin Seale, and by giving him the name of Hankin, his godfathers and godmothers considered that they had provided him with brilliant prospects. Wherefore they economised, and forbore to add the usual christening-mug and silver feeding-tackle. In after years William Edward Seale had it constantly repeated to him that there was a man called Hankin who lived on a place called the West Coast of Africa, where he had amassed wealth, and was still amassing.

In his school-days William Edward Seale said little about the vague Hankin. He learned that West Africa was a considerable distance from his school in miles; that the climate was hot, through some connection which it had with a thing called the equator, upon which the sun apparently travelled as a bead does upon a wire; and that the Coast produced gold-dust, ivory, and monkeys. Afterwards he got hold of "The Cruise of the Midge" and added to this list of products, slaves, fever, sun-stroke, and picturesque fighting. He pictured Hankin as a king of countless negroes, who owned a long black schooner for nefarious purposes, and who went out for rides on his own private elephant and ate cocoanuts free of cost. He rather envied the old gentleman, but he did not swagger about him then. Later, however, he did both.

He went from school to a bank in London, where he labored easily, but acquired no unwieldy prosperity. He lived slightly beyond his income, but kept the leeway in check by waving Hankin before the eyes of his duns. He pointed out that the West Coast was notoriously unhealthy, and that Hankin could not live much longer. He was generous in the matter of interests, too. He said that when he put on a black tie for Hankin they would see that there was nothing mean about him when he came to pay for accommodation. So he lived on; and the rumors of Hankin provided him gratis with dances and theatre paper; and dinners and Sunday river-parties were bestowed upon him by people who had marriageable daughters. "It's no use your asking me to pay for anything," he would say cheerfully. "I've barely ten cents beyond my salary—at present."

Occasionally he came across some man who had been in the colonial service or in a trading house on the West Coast, and asked him about his connection, who, he stated, was some sort of a nineteenth cousin. But none of the Coasters ever knew about Hankin, or (what is perhaps more accurate) they never said they knew. So, as far as William Edward Seale was concerned, Hankin remained vague and nebulous; but Seale never lost faith in his riches and dutiful cousinly affection (as bespoken by the aforementioned godparents); and calculated on the approaching windfall with certainty and sweet delight.

It was the coming of Captain Charteris with Nancy that gave him his first definite idea of Hankin. Charteris wired from Liverpool to ask for an interview, and was invited to come up and dine at the club and talk matters over there. Charteris came, and enjoyed his meal, as most men do after a course of Coast and steamer fare; but he talked whilst he was eating, and what he said did woeful damage to Seale's appetite. Afterwards they went to a quiet corner of the billiard-room for coffee and cognac; and between whiffs of a good cigar, Charteris went on with his tale:

"We aren't mighty particular out there as a general rule, y' know, but that was a bit too blackguardly and low for anything. They kicked him out of the service, of course; and they told him if he didn't clear out of the colony one-time, they'd prosecute him to boot, and he'd get sent home to do five years for an absolute cert. So he cleared; and went to Lagos."

"But he was very rich at that time, wasn't he?" Seale asked.

"Rich? He owned the finest assortment of debts of any man in Accra. They had to pay his steamer-fare to get him away. I don't believe the old scamp ever did have a cent beyond his pay, but he'd a knack of hinting that he was a millionaire, and people sometimes believed him. He blarneyed himself into a trading house in Lagos on the strength of swaggering about money, which of course he hadn't got, and he might have worked himself back into a comfortable position if he had only chosen to keep straight. But that was not his way. He hung on there for a couple of years till he'd got his fingers well into the pie, and then one fine day he pulled out all the plums that were available and skipped by the British-African boat to Grand Canary. He'd about five thousand dollars all told in his pocket when he landed at Las Palmas, and on the strength of it he married the pretty little woman I was telling you about, who died when Nancy was born."

"After which he took the child back to the Coast again, and brought her up like a savage?"

"No, he didn't; and that's about the only good point I ever heard the old ruffian accused of. He left her in Grand Canary, farmed her out (don't you call it?) in a village just outside of Las Palmas, and went back again to the Coast to find money for the upkeep of her. It was a pretty plucky thing to do, because several gaols were waiting for him anxiously, and he'd dirted his ticket so thoroughly up and down, that no white man would touch him with the end of a swizzle-stick. What he did was to steam down-coast to Lagos Roads, change over to the branch-boat and get across the bar, and then slip away from her by native canoe. He didn't land on the island at all. He went off over the lagoon, and then on, right up to the back of the Egba country. There was a hot war on then with the Yorubas, and it was about nine to one he got knocked on the head and chopped, but somehow the old scamp slipped through, and then he started in to collect rubber. He got a mud-and-grass hut built, and lived on native chop, and must have had a pretty tough time of it at first, because all the roads were blocked, and he could neither get "trade" up-country nor send his rubber down. But after a bit, things went better with him. He got his rubber carried down to Lagos, contrived to lay hold of a few domestic slaves to do his work, and was able to send remittances to the woman who farmed Nancy outside Las Palmas. If he'd stuck to what he'd made then, he might have lived pretty comfortably, because trade-gin makes tolerable cocktails when you're used to it, and up in that part of the bush you can always get chickens and mutton if you care to pay. But he didn't do that; he stuck to the cheap native chop; and when he had fever he grudged himself pills and quinine; it took him all he knew to scrape up four hundred dollars a year for Nancy."

"Oh, my hat!" said Seale; "and I thought that man was a millionaire!"

"I wish," said Charteris, "you could have seen him when I did. I was up at the back of the Egba country with a Commission, and we picked up the wood-smoke of his cooking one day in the dusk. We had missed the village we were trying for, and had no fancy for collecting fever by squatting out in the bush. So we pushed on and came upon a few chimbeques in the clearing. A thing that called itself a white man was in one of them, and that was Hankin. He was down with black water fever, and when the doctor had done a turn with him, I went in to stand my watch. He wasn't an inviting spectacle, and if you know what black-water fever is—which you don't—you'd understand why. But he was a white man, or had been White once, and out there one feels a sort of kinship to one's color. So I sat by the poor devil and heard his yarn;

Continued on page 39



TO THE — OLD COUNTRY FOR CHRISTMAS

DOESN'T matter how good a Canadian you may have become—or how many years you've lived in this Dominion—doesn't change your loyalty or affection for Canada at all—there's something rather appealing in this idea. The Old Country for Christmas! Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, and so on and so forth—or as they used to sing in the trenches, in that little ballad of "Blighty,"

*Drop me over there—put me anywhere—
Liverpool, Leeds or Birmingham—well,
I don't care!*

And for Christmas! Shades of Dickens and Burns! Think of the Sussex Downs, or Devonshire, or Ayrshire, or Somerset, or Norfolk, or Perthshire, or wherever it is in that tight little Island or the Free State that you come from!

Think of walking up the Strand, giving the old burg the once-over—or bringin' in the New Year by first fittin' a' yer auld freen's—or whatever it is they do in Ireland or down in Lloyd George's country to celebrate Christmas!

Ask any Canadian Pacific agent for the Christmas sailings. Canadian Pacific trains will carry you speedily from any part of Canada down to the port where you embark. Then from Montreal or Quebec up to the end of November, or from St. John after that, one of the large, comfortable and famous Canadian Pacific steamships will rush you over to Liverpool, Glasgow or Southampton.



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S.S. "CANADA" (MONTREAL) NOV. 18

S.S. "ANTONIA" (MONTREAL) NOV. 18

S.S. "METAGAMA" (MONTREAL) NOV. 18

S.S. "AUSONIA" (MONTREAL) NOV. 23

S.S. "REGINA" (HALIFAX) DEC. 3

S.S. "CANADA" (HALIFAX) DEC. 16

*S.S. "METAGAMA" (ST. JOHN) DEC. 15

*Passengers transfer at Moncton

FULL INFORMATION FROM ANY AGENT

CANADIAN NATIONAL
RAILWAYS

puzzled and wondering though she was, Waif was glad; frisking about, barking and now and then racing in mad circles about him, she accompanied his slow advance to the cabin.

With clumsy fingers he turned the knob, staggered within, leaving the door open wide behind him. All his faculties had been concentrated on arriving home. Now they had failed him further. Before he could reach the bed he went toppling and fell full length upon the bearskin rug adorning the centre of the floor, and there lay sprawled, face down and motionless.

Thinking this was a part of some new game, the terrier leaped gleefully upon him, taking gentle biting hold upon his coat sleeve and tugging affectionately. There came no response, so after a moment of growling, mockly fierce, Waif let go. With mincing steps, ears up, head cocked inquiringly on one side, she circled twice the prostrate man. Realizing then that this was no game of play she lay down, cuddling close beside him, her head resting on one of his outflung arms, her nose toward his face half turned to her on the rug. Perhaps the length of one second she lay, then got to her feet, the hair on her back raising, for to her

every muscle thrown into reverse motion, the dog came to a sliding halt, her tiny toe-nails rattling faintly on the board floor, for there, in a spot warmed by the sun shining through the cabin window, lay a coiled and glistening thing.

Startled by the sound of the dog's entering, the rattlesnake turned its oval head, and two wicked little eyes looked into Waif's. Without move or sound, so still they might have been carvings in wood, or molds of bronze, snake and dog regarded each other across half the width of the cabin's single room.

It is a rattlesnake's peculiarity to fix its eyes upon a certain part of any threatening object. Now upon the black, wet nose of the terrier did the reptile focus its attention. Waif, on the other hand, roved her eyes over every part of this coiled enigma. Never in all her days had she faced such a thing, or any living form that even faintly resembled it. She had no knowledge or experience by which to hate it or be afraid. Yet both feelings now swelled within her. Over all her wiry frame came strange creepings, mingled hate, horror and anger. An atavistic something called within her mind, and quick tutored her unlearned brain cells that

this moment thought only of herself had been in the animal's mind — and fear had conquered. Now, with Morton threatened, courage came flowing back to her.

Growling low, she danced mincingly forward to the attack. Stepping lightly, but slow, she moved into such a position that to face her the snake was forced to turn fully away from the man. A full ten feet in length the rattler was, and from its tail now came steady fusillading.

With lidless eyes all burning, tongue darting out and in with eye twinkling rapidly, it reared up its head. Balancing, gently swaying, it tightened its coils, tensing the propelling power to strike. But guided by that strange guardian angel, sixth sense, Waif moved tantalizingly just out of reach. They might have gone on for hours in their positions of watchful waiting, had not Morton moved again, this time mechanically drawing in his outflung arm and pillowing his head upon them, making a sound freshly exciting to the now highly nervous reptile. With sinuous move, lightning quick, the snake turned its head, poised to strike the helpless man. As it did, the dog's heart constricted with terrifying fears of threat-



Picking Cherries, Kelowna, B.C.

sensitive nostrils came the odor of Morton's heavy breath. And that odor! With it came back to her searing memories of a red-faced, bleary-eyed dog handler, a brutal man in charge of a large kennel to which she had once belonged for several months. Just such an odor had lingered always upon that man's breath—and he had struck her roughly so many, many times! Stepping off to one side the terrier regarded silently the sleeping man. Then beginning at his heels she sniffed him slowly over. Boots, trousers, coat, and even fallen hat answered to the inspection of her nose. "Yes; this was her master, her loved one, her egis, her god. And despite that whisky smell she loved him above and beyond all things on earth."

The problem of the odor dismissed she turned away. It was enough that the man had returned. He was here, near her. So, satisfied, she was gripped by a desire to once more adventure in the wood back of the shack, a pleasure denied since Morton's going by her unwavering vigil. Passing out of the open door she trotted back to the shack and disappeared among the spruce. A little past noon, after an hour of glorious romp, Waif returned to the clearing about the shack. Bounding eagerly she came to the door, its bottom almost flush with the ground, and sprang within. Then, wide-legged, her

here before her was an enemy most deadly. But what to do? How move to the attack; what holds were best; and wherein lay the opponent's greatest power; and how to avoid the same? All these questions instinct could not answer, and experience had never taught her solution. So, her brown eyes glowing, Waif stood and glared, and pondered. And then gradually, as she stood, the creeping horror feeling grew stronger upon her, and slowly fear of this thing before her took the place of anger. Something about the faintly shining coils stirred unknown terror within her breast. Waif began tentative backward stepping, though with eyes still fixed upon that oval head.

Then suddenly Morton stirred slightly in drunken sleep, moving his shoulders ever so little. Instantly the reptile glittering eyes were turned in his direction. The sun-warmed spot where it lay was directly opposite the man's shoulder, and his bronze neck was within easy, inviting striking distance. Again Morton stirred, as faintly as before, but now the snake rattled warningly, the sound like dried peas shaken in a can, yet carrying withal some subtler, blood-freezing note. Its thin tongue flicked in and out, sign of increasing uneasiness and rising anger. And in one swift flash now came to the retreating terrier a new realization. With three steps backward taken, she halted. Till

ened hurt to that so loved master, her egis, her god that was more than life to her. Reckless to prevent, she faltered not, nor stood to contemplate, but rushed straight upon that dread thing of death. Even as she sprang, the snake, sound-warned and turning, struck home deep into her neck. But as the fatal fangs sent quick-acting poison coursing through her veins, Waif's jaws, more by good fortune than through knowledge guided, closed upon the serpent's neck close to its head. Her white teeth crunched; her mouth closed hard in grip death-dealing in its tenseness. All four legs braced and wide apart, she stood and with desperate energy tried to shake even so weighty a foe, but succeeded only feebly, as all the while the powerful serpent struggled to be free. Constrictive power or action has little part in a rattlesnake's activity. Yet now, in death agony, this one wound frenziedly its coils around the unyielding adversary. Loathsome band on band, slippery and slimy cold, enwrapped Waif's body, and writhed, and slid and twisted in ghastly, last-minute strivings. But Waif, never relaxing that first taken hold, stood unmoving her teeth pierced through the enemy almost to meeting. Then, as the minutes passed, those jaws, first locked so stubbornly by desire, became forever fixed by the even stronger

Continued on page 49

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THE FINGER OF FATE

Continued from page 36

and when he asked me a bit of a favor, I couldn't very well refuse it, because, you see, he asked when he was in the very act of pegging out. He wanted me to pick up this youngster of his as I was going home, and hand her over to you."

"But why to me, of all people?"

"Hankin said," replied the other stolidly, "that he knew you thought you'd some claim on him, and that therefore he considered he'd a claim on you. I said I didn't see the force of his argument. He said that was his palaver, and would I do what I was asked, or have a very nasty taste left in my conscience by refusing? So, of course, I was forced to say yes, and there was an end of the matter. The Houssas buried him at sunrise, and we marched on."

"But what on earth am I to do with the brat? I'm making a poor enough show of keeping myself. I had—er—expectations once, but they haven't come off, and I'm more largely dipped than I care to think about. I'm only a poor brute of a bank clerk with half-nothing a year by way of pay. It strikes me you've done somebody a pretty mean turn."

"How could I help myself? said Charteris with a shrug. "I didn't know you from Adam, and Hankin shoved the job on to me at a peculiar time. You haven't seen a man die the way he did, in a bush hut, with no one round but savages, or else you'd understand. I can quite imagine it's an unpleasant surprise to you; but you know—you needn't take over the youngster."

"What?" said Seale quickly; "You'll keep her on yourself."

CAPTAIN CHARTERIS laughed harshly. "I shall drag out my own leave here in England mostly on tick, and then get back to the Coast again. Man I haven't a hundred dollars in the world. I couldn't afford to be saddled with a dog I suppose it comes to this; we shall both repudiate her."

"And the result will be?"

"Workhouse, I suppose."

"What a ghastly thing to think about!"

"My dear sir, we can gather comfort from knowing it's no fault of ours. It's a case of 'sins of the fathers.' Hankin shouldn't have been a blackguard; or if he was, he shouldn't have allowed Nancy to step out into the world. If he's any sense of decency left, Hankin will be gnashing his teeth this very minute at the thought of the mischief he's brought about."

Seale hit the table in front of him so that the cigar ashes jumped. "This is a horrible business, anyway," he said, "but it's got to be put an end to. The more we think over it, the worse it gets. You and I have no legal responsibility; so we'll just hand over this calamitous brat to the police and shuffle clear of the whole matter. Where have you stowed her?"

"At the 'Metropole.' We'll go there one-time if you like."

"Yes," said Seale, and strode noisily out of the room.

They exchanged only one remark on the way across. "She's a taking little beggar," said Charteris, "though I don't think she cares much for me." Upon which Seale broke out against him with sudden violence and profanity, and insisted on the subject being dropped. And after that they marched down Northumberland Avenue in silence.

"It's right up at the top," said Charteris, as they walked into the hall of the hotel. "I economised in the matter of rooms. So we may as well go up by the elevator. Shall I tell the porter to have a taxi ready in five minutes?"

"Oh, do anything you like," said Seale. "No, you needn't bother about that now, though. There are cabs always ready. Here, come along; there's an elevator just going up."

Two minutes later Captain Charteris opened a door and showed Seale a pretty child of six asleep in a deep arm-chair. She woke as they came into the room, nodded to Charteris, and stared at his

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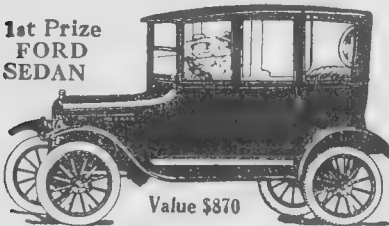
The object of this contest is to bring to your mind a few of the most popular of the famous Charlie Chaplin picture plays. The 5 scenes at the right are taken right out of five of his great pictures. In order to help you name them correctly the artist has put into these scenes the names of the plays themselves in jumbled letters. Unscramble these letters, put them into their right order and you will have their names. In case you are not familiar with the popular Charlie Chaplin picture plays that are appearing in Canada now, the names at the left will help you:

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A Day's Pleasure.
The Tramp.
Shoulder Arms.
The Adventurer.
Sunny Side.
A Night at the Show.
His New Job.
In the Park.
A Dog's Life.
Easy Street.
The Idle Class.
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Some persons question a bachelor's ability to tell mothers how girls should be brought up. The bachelor may be able to speak from the experiences that keep him a bachelor.

Luck likes best to meet the man who has saved a little money to share with her.

Life is but a day, you say?
Yes; but that's a Working Day!

We may defy a world of enemies, but the people we love have us in their power.

In Life as in Football,
Fall Forward when you fall.

It is a great deal easier to find an engine than it is to find an engineer.

Fewer people would ask advice if they were compelled to take the advice they receive.

We often fail to recognize it, but the fact remains that to-day is trying to live up to the highest standard of yesterday's thought and determination.

THE FINGER OF FATE

Continued from page 39

companion critically. For once in his life Seale was tongue-tied before a lady. He somehow or other felt unutterably mean, though (as he carefully explained to himself) there was no just cause for this feeling. And as an effect, all initiatory small-talk left him. There was a long silence in the room, and it was the child who just broke it. "You must be the gentleman," said she to Seale, who is going to take care of me?"

"No," he answered sullenly, "I am not."

"Oh," said Nancy, leaning back in her chair again, "I am sorry for that."

Seale could not help asking "Why?" "Because," came the answer, "I like you. I like you better than him," she added, with a nod across at her steamer escort.

"This is gratifying," said Charteris. "But I am afraid, young lady, that it is a rather useless avowal. Now, we've come to take you out for a drive somewhere. So suppose you put on your hat and jacket."

"Can't," said Nancy cheerfully. "I've not begun to dress myself yet. I'm not grown up enough for that. But you," she said, with a nod at Seale, "can put on my things for me if you like. They're all lying there on the sofa. Shoes first."

"Oh, look here," said Charteris, "We'd better ring for the stewardess—chambermaid, I mean."

"No," said Seale; "I may as well do what I can for the kid. Hang it man! Let me do something. God knows I am feeling brute enough as it is."

SO with infinite pains and clumsiness he put on Nancy's outdoor raiment, and when he had finished, he stepped back to overlook his handiwork.

"Well!" she said.

"What?" he asked.

"Don't I look nice?"

"Ye-es. I suppose you do. Yes, distinctly you do."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"I don't understand."

"The others," said Nancy judicially, "when they dressed me, and when I was good, and when I looked nice, always gave me a kiss to finish up."

Charteris laughed.

Seale turned on him savagely with a "Drop that!" Then he stooped and took hold of the child's hand and said, "Come on."

"Kiss first," said Nancy. "I've been good."

Shamefacedly Seale pecked at her with his mouth, and Charteris laughed again.

"I wouldn't do it," said Charteris, "if I were you. That sort of thing leaves a nasty taste afterwards—when you remember she is rigged in workhouse uniform, you know."

Seale kissed the child again, this time more scientifically. "Now, look here," he said. "We'll just drop that foolishness, please, for always. If you think I'm going to let this jolly little beggar go to the parish pauper shop, you're badly mistaken. What will become of her in the end, I'm hanged if I know; but for the present, and until something turns up, I'm going to take her off to my own rooms; and I guess my landlady and I'll dry-nurse her between us. We shall probably make a poor enough job of it, because funds are very scarce; but I guess we're about the only opening Nancy has before her at present. Come along, Nancy, and we'll drive off in a rubber-tired cab to my palatial chambers."

"I say," said Charteris, as they were going back along the corridors, "you're rather a good sort, you know."

Seale turned upon him with a sudden glow of passion. "I'm about the most unlucky brute this minute," he cried, "and if there's one man I ought to hate, that's you. You've landed me in an infernal mess, and there's no getting out of it. You knew what she was; you'd seen her; and I don't think you did the fair thing not telling me before hand. Of course, I thought that, being Hankin's kid, she'd be—well, just fit for the workhouse. How was I to know that she was like this?"

"You're a bit unreasonable."

"I'm not going to argue with you," said Seale. "The thing's done, and I've got no use for you any further."

"I don't quite take your meaning."

"Well, it's this, Captain Charteris: what little I've seen of you will last me the rest of my time. You may say good-bye to Nancy if you like, but you needn't bother to shake hands with me."

When a young man of twenty-three deliberately adds to his bachelor household an attractive young lady of six summers, who speaks foreign languages and possesses a history, attention is naturally drawn to the performance. Seale's acquaintances, especially the feminine portion of them, were first curious, and then shocked; and out of sheer justice to Nancy he had to tell one or two of them the true story of Hankin. The news spread through that small fraction of London which knew Seale, and the esteem with which it had previously regarded him changed with a very short prelude. It is no use giving dinners to a young man with no expectations who has deliberately chosen to cumber himself with a scamp's brat; and if you have daughters, it is a mad thing to ask to your dances a wretched fellow whom it would be the utmost misfortune for your daughter to fall in love with. And so the invitations ceased with brisk unanimity, and as Seale had been accustomed to much going out and about, he had to do it now on his own resources, which of course cost money.

How he managed to keep going for the next seven years is a matter best known to himself and Nancy, who at an early stage was initiated into the art of circumventing the "res angusta domi," and living at the rate of twice one's income.

But there is a certain amount of enjoyment to be derived from sailing close to the wind, and a "camaraderie" grew up between the two of them that was very pleasant in its completeness. At the same time, that he might not accuse himself of hoodwinking youth, Seale used to instill morality as he went along.

"Y' know we're awful blackguards, old lady, having things and not paying for them the way we do," he would say; "and I ought to be kicked for showing a kid like you the style it's managed."

Upon which Nancy would retort: "All right, Ted, I quite understand. But it's me that's to blame, not you. If there was no one to fritter money over, you'd live on your pay and have a lot left over. So as far as you're concerned, it doesn't count."

AND then after Seale had solemnly assured her that she was completely wrong, and that he (by reason of his seniority) carried the sin of the pair of them on his own shoulders, they would go off to a theatre, or west for dinner, by way of getting rid of the taste of the lecture.

But this style of living, ingenious though it may be, is liable to be brought to an end from the outside; and when the conclusion did finally come, Seale's only matter for surprise was that it had not arrived several years earlier.

"Old lady," said Seale one day when he lit up his cigar after dinner, in the big chair beside the fireplace, "the bank's given me the chuck."

"Phe-ew!" said Nancy.

"At least they've told me of another billet that's open, and said that if I don't resign nicely and take it with a smile, I shall probably find myself out of a job altogether. The manager seemed to think that my ideas of personal finance were too florid to be quite healthy in a mere bank clerk."

"Where's the new billet?"

Seale laughed. "In a place you've heard of before—Lagos. One year on duty and six months' leave, with steamer fare paid home and back. Fifteen hundred a year and allowance to draw all the time."

"My!" said Nancy, "what a lot! It's a heap more than you're getting now. We'll go, eh?"

"You won't, anyway."

"Why not? Don't we do everything together? I shall come and keep house for you, and save you lots. You can't keep house a bit, Ted."

"Shall have to. I... Nancy, come here, old girl."

"Nancy, I've been an awful brute to you. I've kept you here because I liked having you, when you ought to have been away at school with other girls, learnings things."

"I have been learning," said Nancy stoutly. "I've had lessons with you nearly every day. I can read, and write, and mend socks, and do accounts, and order a dinner. Isn't that enough?"

"Nowhere near," said Seale. "You're growing up, you see. You're thirteen now, and you'll be in long frocks in a year or so, with your hair in a knob, and all the rest of it; and there are things a girl ought to learn that I can't teach; and...well, I'm a pretty bad lot, old lady, and if you go away to a decent school, you'll learn that is so."

"Tef-waddle," said Nancy. "Didn't you saddle yourself with me, and doesn't that prove you to be the best man in the world? 'Tisn't as if I'd never seen any others of the boys. I've met 'em, lots of 'em, and that's why I know what I say's right. And, besides, it would never make any difference to me whether you were the biggest sweep on earth, or the biggest angel. You're just my Ted, and that's all I care about."

"Yes; but Nancy, you couldn't go to the Gold Coast, anyway. You'd lose all your good looks for one thing."

"Don't care."

"But I do. I'm proud of them, if you are not. And, besides, you'd spoil all the arrangements. This way: you see I get allowance for one only. If you went, there'd be your steamer fare to pay, and establishment to keep up. And that would run away with all the cash, whereas if I go alone I shall get everything paid, come back with all my screw saved, and then you and I can spend the six months' leave on the jolliest spree imaginable."

But Nancy did not see it, and said so with point and argument. However, for once in his life, Seale was firm. He had a feeling that he would have a much better chance and much better time of it if he started this new life on the Coast as a bachelor without encumbrances. Still, he did not work openly upon this principle. He said he was leaving Nancy behind, entirely for Nancy's good. But in the end, of course, he got his way.

A B. and A. boat took Seale across the Bay, and after calling at several African ports, brought up to an anchor head-on to a heavy swell in the Lagos Roads. A small branch steamer came out to her from inside the bar, and Seale tasted the joys of being transhipped in a tossing surf-boat manned by paddling Elimina boys. The branch steamer deposited him at one of the wharves which jut out from the boulevard of the Marina into the lagoon, and his new chief met him there with a rickshaw and a white umbrella.

Knowing that Lagos is a town of negroes, he had somehow or other been prepared to find unlimited bad smells; and because these were entirely absent, the air of the place came to him as a genial surprise. He settled down in two large, cool, whitewashed rooms, and proceeded to enjoy himself.

Being newly landed and full of health, he naturally found the work expected of him ridiculously light; and as he had occasion to put on his dress-clothes every night, and discovered that white men in Lagos are addicted to gorgeous dinners and much hospitality, he told himself with confidence that the Coast had been unjustly maligned, and that he had tumbled into a very snug berth. He retained this ecstatic frame of mind for exactly fourteen days, and then one morning a man came into his office and asked him to dinner for that evening.

"Can't," said Seale. "Much obliged all the same. I'm chopping with Anderson to-night. And so by the way are you, although I suppose you've forgotten. He asked us yesterday."

"You've got to go to Anderson's funeral in two hours' time," said the other man drily. "He pegged out with heat apoplexy during the night, just before that tornado came on."

Ta-ta; see you at the cemetery. And mind you turn up to dine with me. Seven-thirty sharp."

The other man nodded and left, and Seale mopped a very moist brow with his pocket-hankerchief. "This," he told himself, "was the very devil of a climate." And by way of having the lesson rammed home, he was invited to stand and frizzle in the sun, precisely one week later, whilst the flippant other man was himself being buried.

SEALE was consumed with a mild touch of Coast fever that night, and the fear of death gripped him by the heart. He reviewed much of his past life, and was truly sorry that he had not amended his ways earlier, and so avoided coming to Lagos. He laid much solid blame upon Hankin, and told himself that he could dance with calm delight upon Hankin's tomb; incidentally he remembered Nancy, and tried to carry his resentment along to her; but that did not act. No: it was no fault of Nancy's that he was out in this abominable exile. She was a good little beggar anyhow, and a hot new trouble rose in him when he thought of what must happen to her after he died, as (he was quite sure) must take place within the next few hours.

However, of course, he did not die then; and as an early dose of fever is the very best thing to acclimatize a man, he soon settled down into a very healthy fellow from a Coast point of view. But that early scare had bitten in deeply, and it prevented him from remaining popular with the Lagos community. Where everyone is lavishly free-handed, the careful man who does not keep open house is not called careful merely. They give him an uglier name. And if a man of any obstinacy once overhears himself spoken of as "that stingy brute," he is rather apt to act up to the character. Besides, every time the dangers of the place were brought home to him more nearly, either by illness within the

marches of his own proper body, or by the news of death amongst the white community, Seale could have screamed aloud in his agony of dread as to what would happen if Nancy were left unprovided for.

Yet torment himself as he would, the fund which he was making for her grew with exasperating slowness. He had to eat and drink to live; and everything was expensive; and the pay and allowances, which had seemed dazzling enough at a distance, shrivelled woefully when counted on the spot. Moreover, he had always possessed the unwieldy knack of making two dollars go as far as one, and had never contrived to shake himself adrift from it. And so when the time of his first leave came around, he drew his home-pay and accepted a six months' billet in the bush for extra lucre. He wrote home to tell Nancy that he was so hard-worked that he could not get away—which was scarcely true—and also that he was in brilliant health at the time of writing, which was a solid lie.

HIS next leave he also tried to miss, but broke down with dysentery, and had to spend a much-grudged two months in Grand Canary to save his life. But he came back to the Coast again with new health, and hammered desperately at the dollar-mill to make up his leeway. He was not liked in Lagos; but some rumor had got about that there was reason for his stinginess, and some of the men had got a respect for him—though of course that is a vastly different thing from a liking.

But at the end of four and a half years from his leaving England, Captain Charteris came to him again and put another change in his life, as he had done once before.

Seale had not forgotten his old animosity against the man; and when he

first brought his face into the office quite unexpected—for Charteris had come into money, and was living at home as a decent English gentleman now—Seale bade him uncivilly enough, to get out one-time.

"You must hear my message first," said Charteris, "although I'm repeating an old offence."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm bringing Nancy to you. She's upstairs, waiting in your house this minute, and I've just come down here to break the news."

"What! Nancy here! Man, you're either dreaming or drunk."

"I am neither, although I wish I was both. Sure enough, I've no cause for rejoicing."

Seale sat at his office desk and passed a finger around inside his shirt collar. "You'd better explain," he said.

"Quite so. To begin with, Hankin—or rather his ghost—is interfering again. It seems he once invested money in one of the Coast mines at Axim. That followed the habit of most gold-mines by going pop. But they've found magnificent quartz reefs on either side of his property; and so the ground has been valued at ninety-thousand pounds; and, what is better still, has been sold for eighty thousand pounds, and paid for. That's Nancy's now, and nothing would suit her but that she must come down here and give you news of it herself."

"By Jove!" said Seale. Then after a minute he added: "But what have you come down here for?"

"Because," said Charteris slowly and quietly—"because I love her."

"You love Nancy! You! You love that child! But there, I suppose she's grown up. Well, are you going to tell me next that the pair of you are to be married?"

Continued on page 49

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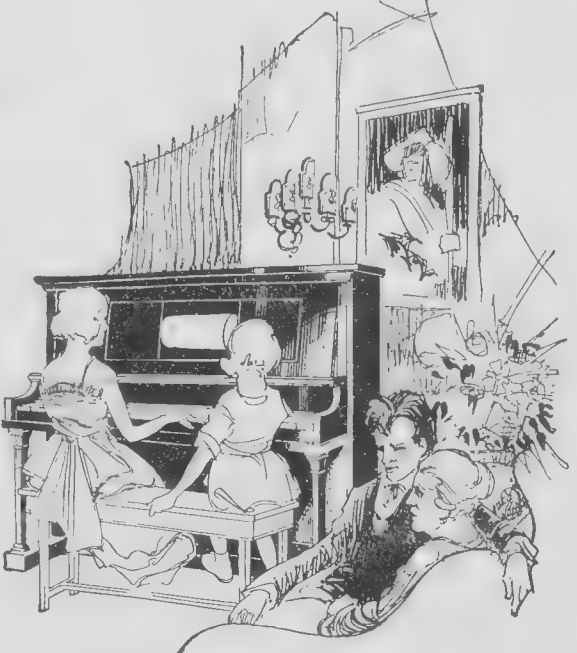
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Why We Should Bathe Internally

Sound Principles and Broken Hearts

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "internal bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract makes it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only 50 per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on 100 per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary

for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granted that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretion of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is? WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them? These and countless other questions are all answered in a Booklet entitled, "THE WHAT, THE WHY, and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING." Written by Doctor Charles A. Tyrrell, the inventor of "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell, at Suite 252, 163 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Western Home Monthly, and the same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

By Leola Buelow

"HOW would you like being a brides-maid, Babs?" Laura was pensively watching the flame-pictures in the fire-place of her cosy "bachelor" apartments.

"I should love it. It's almost as nice as being a bride, I think." And Babs hummed softly the opening strains of Lohengrin's Bridal March.

"Very well. You may be mine," said Laura with a tone of finality.

"Why—why—Laura dear. Do you really mean it?" Babs' eyes widened. Laura, so self-possessed, so efficient, so capable of taking care of herself—Laura, who seldom looked at a man, talking of marriage! It seemed incredible.

"I sure do, honey!"

"Who is he?" Half timidly.

"Jack Loftin." Laura still looked into the fire dreamily.

"Oh, I'll see him tonight. I must congratulate him on getting the best woman in the world."

"Not yet, my dear. The time is not ripe for congratulations. The dear man does not know what joys lie in store for him. In fact, he doesn't know he's going to marry me yet."

Laura was always saying unfathomable things to Babs, but this was the strangest yet. Babs had learned the wisdom of waiting until Laura deigned to enlighten her.

After a few moments Laura went on. "Don't wrinkle your pretty forehead, child. I don't mean to propose. The situation is thus. Having reached the age of thirty-nine without finding romance, love, if you like, I have come to the conclusion that there is no Prince Charming in this good old world for me. A man—the man whose very name can thrill me as writers on love would have us think. I refuse to become fair, fat, forty, and an old maid. So out of my list of friends and acquaintances I have now selected the man who, in my estimation, is most eligible. And although I must needs admire the gentleman I know I could never love him. But I think I could live happily with him. So now I shall really 'set my cap for him.' Women have been doing it since time immemorial so don't be shocked, sweetness, just because your old Laura has nerve enough to confess."

"Well, it all seems queer. But I suppose you know best, Laura. You usually do. I must go now." Babs gathered up her knitting which had lain neglected after Laura's startling disclosure. "See you tonight at Dean's, I suppose?"

"Yes, the campaign starts, heart of my heart. You may begin to select the material for your gown."

AND that night the campaign did, in truth, start. We need not follow Laura through it for we would find her little tricks and foibles much the same as those of all descendants of Eve. And on exactly one month from the evening on which Laura's plans had crystallized she was answering Jack's proposal with a shy "Yes." Laura was in no way surprised. She always succeeded in getting anything upon which she had set her heart and mind.

But could she have entered the recesses of Jack's mind on the evening before as he also sat gazing into the fire she might have been the recipient of a real surprise. For Jack was musing somewhat in this strain: "Pretty good old place this. Rather lonesome sometimes, though. Funny I never met any of these girls you dream and read about. Since I've not met one before this I think I can safely say I won't meet one now. So, friends Youth and Romance, you've had your chance and now must go." He puffed a gentle wreath of fragrant smoke into the air and watched this symbol of youth and romance gradually disappear. "There's Laura Loring, now.

We're great pals and yet not in love with each other. A wonderful woman, too,—beautiful, accomplished, interesting, a woman with whom any man could live happily. By Jove—I've half a mind to.—I will!"

And so they were married. But in this case, instead of wondering whether his or her great love could possibly be equalled, each of our happy deceivers was determined to make up for his or her respective lack of it in every possible way.

"An ideal couple" was the verdict of every one at the wedding.

And after a year of married life people still said, upon visiting them, "They're still wrapped up in each other." Only Babs suspected that this love was simulated, the happy result of the resolutions of two people when they left behind the unfulfilled dreams of youth and set their feet on the threshold of "safe and sane" middle age.

ONE evening Babs and Laura were again knitting when Babs suddenly asked, "Laura, are you really happy?"

Without a moment's hesitation Laura answered, "Very very happy."

"Then you have come to love Jack?" A smile of relieved satisfaction settled on Babs' lips.

"No. We're good friends, happy to be together. We have never attained the principles of joy which true love is supposed to lead and in return we have been spared the valley of doubt and misery that true love also entails. Ours is a stable content safe from the vicissitudes of love."

"But suppose some dreadful thing should happen and you should face terrible sacrifices, how could you do it without love?" Babs was loth to believe that true happiness could endure without love.

"Now you've struck upon a vital point. Sacrifice? In most marriages when a difficulty arises a double sacrifice is paid. And sacrifice rarely pays. So why double the misery of anything so useless? In a marriage like ours if such a thing should arise we could study it sanely, decide who was most to blame, or, if there were no blame where the sacrifice should lie. One person would bear the brunt. We lessen the misery by one half. And isn't it our duty to keep misery out of life as much as possible? Your love marriages double every burden."

"I wonder if you're right. It all sounds very logical and you always are convincing." With a troubled sigh Babs rose to leave.

The next morning Jack appeared at breakfast, hollow-eyed and dejected.

"What's the matter, dear? Are you ill?" Laura could play the part of solicitous wife to perfection.

"Perhaps. I've had a beastly night." He threw himself into a chair at a window. "Laura, I have a confession to make. You've married a gambler and, worse than that, a losing one."

"Oh, no! no! Jack! I don't believe it, not that. Tell me you're joking. I can't believe it of you." Startled out of her usual calm self-possession, Laura left the table and with pale, agitated face, knelt at his chair, grasping his shoulder.

"Well, it's true. (He laughed a mirthless laugh that made Laura shudder.) It's a good thing we're old enough to face a problem like this sanely, without the blindness of passionate youth. You might as well know the facts. I have been losing heavily lately. Last night I got reckless. I felt as though I must win. Stakes were high. I lost—heavily."

"How—how much?"

"Well, to clear up all would take practically everything but our home. Of course, I have a little time. They know that I'll pay. You have some money in your own right, enough for

Continued on page 47

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CHASSIS	..	..	..	345
RUNABOUT	..	..	..	405
TOURING CAR	..	..	..	445
TRUCK CHASSIS	..	..	..	495

These changes came into effect since the advertisement on page 2 of this issue went to press.

The Romance of Winnipeg's Market Square

SPEAKING of the romance of Winnipeg's Market Square will, maybe, to many prosaic ears, sound like speaking of the romance of a pickled pig's foot. Nevertheless, and the strangeness of the phrase notwithstanding, the square is full of romance, and infinitely more full of red-blooded life and true western pioneer spirit than most of the many pink and pretty romances one reads about in magazines of modern fiction.

The square is full of romances—the romances of the toiling market gardeners who have bravely fought their battles against the weather gods, against armies of insects, against cold and clammy Jack Frost, and several and sundry other elements and enemies that have

scandalous of scandals have been dripped upon open and hungrily listening ears.

Ah, if the walls of the old Market Building could but have spoken, what tales they could have told!

Yes, the Square is full of romance... The old Market Building is no more.

It had to give place for a more modern building and was partly torn down three years ago. Oldtimers' memories go back to the time when it was erected and stood in all its modern glory, dominating the Square and housing for the first time, the market gardeners and their wares. And glorious are many of the memories connected with the old building that had to be sacrificed upon the altar of modern times



A Stall familiar to Housekeepers

constantly been threatening to do to naught the successful results of their ever-lasting efforts to make mother Earth give forth from her bosom the roots and fruits for the tables in town.

The Square has for a generation been the meeting place of the wisest of the wise of Winnipeg's housewives who have been going thither to personally pick the choicest of the choice and variegated vegetables piled in towering and tempting little mountains on tables inside and outside the old Market Building. There the latest news and choice bits of gossip have been exchanged be-

and modern requirements. But part of its walls, that witnessed the going of the old and the coming of the newer times, are incorporated in the new building that now stands in the Square and is housing some of the civic offices.

Since the old building was torn down some of the gardeners and firms who had their stands in the building have moved to other quarters. Outside the walls of the new building some of Peg's pioneer gardeners are still having their stands. In season they daily bring to the Square their fresh fruits of the soil, proffering them for sale at



Choice vegetables in plentiful profusion

tween the tzarinas of the kitchen. Proud mothers have never tired of relating in minutest details the doings of their beloved babies. The happy appearance of many a baby's first tooth has there for the first time been announced and proclaimed to a wondering world. Sympathetic words have been expressed about the recently dead. Critical remarks have been passed about the newly wed. In whispering tones the most

reasonable prices to the thrifty housewives who are still flocking thither to pick the best of the abundance of excellent vegetables and beautiful flowers, grown in an ever increasing number of truck gardens and hothouses in and around town.

The eternal fight between vendor and purchaser over the ticklish problem of prices is raging in the Square as lustily

Continued on page 45

FREE to trappers

HERE'S the book every trapper wants. Prices of raw furs are high this season, so get all the furs you can. **NOW** is the time to buy your supplies. Write us for our big 48 page Supply Catalog and "THE ART OF TRAPPING" combined—"2 books in 1." Contains descriptions and prices of many big money-saving bargains in traps and other supplies.

Also gives a complete and accurate description, pictures and tracks of the different fur-bearers of Canada; tells when and where to trap; the best and most successful trapping methods; the right kind of baits and scents; the correct sizes of traps to use; the proper way of skinning and handling the different pelts to make them worth the most money; the trapping laws of every province. "SHUBERT" will send this great book **FREE** to trappers and fur shippers. You need it—you should have it. Just sign and mail the coupon below and a copy will come to you by next mail. *Don't be without it.*

WRITE FOR YOUR COPY AT ONCE.

SHIP ALL YOUR FURS DIRECT TO

A.B. SHUBERT LIMITED

THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD
DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN

**NORTH AMERICAN
RAW FURS**

213-215 PACIFIC AVE.
WINNIPEG, CANADA

A. B. SHUBERT, Limited,
213-215 Pacific Ave.,
Winnipeg, Canada.

Without obligation send me your "2 books in 1," "THE ART OF TRAPPING," the Big "SHUBERT" SUPPLY CATALOG and keep me posted on raw fur market conditions.

Name _____

Post Office _____

Province _____ R. F. D. _____

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SPARKLING WITH GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Dingwall's
New
Catalogue

The Dingwall Catalogue contains all that is finest and newest in jewelry, silverware, cut glass, leather goods, bronze, ivory and china—beautifully portrayed. Literally thousands of illustrations, so faithful, so realistic, as to make Christmas shopping through the medium of the Dingwall Catalogue a vivid, real thing.

Indecision gives way to a pleasurable certainty in choosing gifts from the Dingwall 1922-23 Catalogue. The wealth of designs, their beauty and appropriateness makes choice easy. Not for years have the creators, designers and workers in precious metals reached such a high plane of artistry as in these later post-war days. Never have their creations been more wonderfully varied, more distinctively original, and more moderately priced.

Send for your **FREE** copy. Don't delay—so many are the new features that a rush demand is anticipated. Clip the coupon. Fill it in. Write tonight.

D.R. Dingwall
WINNIPEG, MAN. LIMITED

D. R. Dingwall, Limited,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Please send me your 1923 catalogue "A".

Name _____

Address _____



Do We Want Big Cities in Canada

By Charles W. Stokes

I WENT for a stroll the other Sunday afternoon, and saw several hundred apple trees sentenced to be murdered. Now an apple tree is one of the fairest objects the eye may behold—not only physically beautiful in its gracefulness of outline, but also a symbol of fertility and of the permanence of life; for the apple tree, unlike the wheat plant, bears and bears again.

However, there were these apple trees sentenced to be murdered. Possibly, in the perspective, there were thousands of others. There were no defects in them so far as one could see; they were old, perhaps, but healthy, and all capable of sturdy fruit-bearing for several years. Their crime was that they grew in the suburbs of Canada's largest city, and that they stood on suburban building lots.

Once, I believe, Montreal was surrounded by these charming orchards. At any rate, a special variety of apple became identified by Montreal's name. Now there are a few score poor, pale ghosts, waiting their doom at the knacker's yard. The real tragedy is when you see what is taking their place. Long rows of red, jerry-built suburban houses, straggling off across a No-Man's-Land of brick dumps, mud, and real estate boards, two-decker flats of that hideous kind of ugliness apparently peculiar to Montreal, or squat apartment houses lurching above them—it is for these that the orchards are being sacrificed.

Inevitable? Well, perhaps yes. Cities must grow, and there is an acute housing shortage that must be remedied quickly, for it is not only the poor of Canada who live in slums. A good third of the middle-class urban population of Canada lives under conditions very little better; if you don't believe this, take a walk through the middle-class suburbs of Toronto, or Winnipeg, or Calgary, or any

city with over 50,000 people. When city rents increased faster than city incomes—which means practically the war period—those who have not been able to afford them have moved down, and now live in houses which they would have scorned years ago, but which are now all that they can afford.

A revival in building was long overdue, and one is glad to see it, to see the price of houses come down and the Government Housing Loan eagerly sought. When new houses are built, they are built at the outside of the circle; and unfortunately for beauty, the apple trees and the fields have to be sacrificed. Unfortunately, too, the man who can afford to buy or to rent only a seven or an eight thousand dollar house is not environed by the same atmosphere of beauty and culture as he who builds, say, a magnificent palace on a hill at Rosedale.

BUT honestly, is it worth it? Do we really need these great cities? Canada is supposed to be primarily an agricultural country; she tries to encourage only agricultural immigrants to seek their fortunes here. A study of the census figures for any province—even Quebec, with its land-loving habitants—will reveal that during the last decade Canadian cities have grown in population much more rapidly than the countryside—grown rapidly, too, except perhaps in Saskatchewan and Alberta, at the expense of the countryside. That should be a bad symptom for an agricultural country.

And yet the cities themselves are not satisfied. There are very few Canadian cities which are not utterly dissatisfied with the published figures of the 1921 census. Here, for example, is Montreal awarded 607,000—and yet Montreal claims indignantly that it has over 900,000. Its public bodies and societies have passed resolutions asking for the census

to be taken all over again. And so on. The point that they miss is that they should be ashamed of having so many as 607,000. That is more than the entire population of some provinces.

Perhaps, of course, it is only the real estate man, the suburban developer, the jerry builder, who thinks the census was wrong. If the real estate man could have his way, there would be a constant stream of people flocking to the cities, until they were swollen to the size of London, New York or Chicago; until three-quarters of the population of Canada at least lived within its cities. But Mr. Average Citizen is not so enthusiastic. He has, naturally, a certain amount of civic pride, and likes to see his town bigger than other towns; but if he is at all thoughtful he will realize that each new inhabitant makes his own problems worse. Every newcomer means more congestion, higher rents, and overcrowded transit.

QUITE apart from the housing situation, it is obvious to anyone who has seen any of the five or six largest cities in Canada during what is called the "rush hour" that each of these cities has already a serious transportation problem on its hands. Street cars are jammed to the guards. More lines are needed, more cars are needed—but the trolley companies, whether privately or municipally owned, are not building. They claim not to have the cash; they claim most vociferously that even with the present scale of high fares they are not making money. It is very obvious that very soon some of these cities must augment existing trolley lines with fleets of motor busses, as in the Old Country; Montreal and Toronto may soon have to consider subways.

And what is true of urban transportation problems is true of other angles of city life. The telephone companies decline to accept new subscribers; material is too high, they say, and the existing exchanges are overworked. The gas and electric light companies are overcrowded. Growth! Growth! Growth! Our national toy! Bigger cities, bigger statistics, bigger movie palaces, bigger newspapers—more of everything, with the exception perhaps of more babies, which do not seem to be wanted in big cities. Here undoubtedly is the ridiculous part; we

try so hard to encourage immigrants to come here, and yet we make it difficult, financially, for a native-born person to raise a family.

And yet the big city has compensations. It is supposed to be architecturally better than a small city, the small town, or the village; to have better buildings, more inspiring prospects, more and better parks. One of the visions that enchants the small city and makes it yearn to be a large city is the thought that it will be a better place to live in. A vain dream! There is no big Canadian city which is not sloppily planned—or rather, let us say, which has not been allowed to grow without the slightest kind of a cohesive plan at all. There is none which has not its slums, its ugly jerry-built suburbs, its belching industrial district.

Or intellectually. There is nothing that the big city has which the small town has not already, except perhaps more "shows". It has become the fashion in recent novels to sneer at the small town as a very depressing and uncultured place, where one's mental development is cramped. (See "Main Street" and other books). The wide intellectual atmosphere of the city assumes the assemblage there of a sufficient number of people who like some particular thing for which there is only a small demand in a small place. For example, at the present time in New York there is a craze for Russian plays, and the craze is successful in New York because there are in New York enough people who like Russian drama to make Russian drama financially possible. In Hamilton, on the other hand, such drama would be a "flivver", because there are only a few people interested. But if the Hamiltonian who is genuinely interested in the subject goes to New York, he finds thousands of others like himself, from all the small places of the continent.

And yet, although it is easier to satisfy an unusual intellectual need in a great city than in a small town, this does not imply comradeship amongst those ministered to. The Hamiltonian who likes Russian drama can see it; but he never knows, say, the Ottawan who also likes

Continued on page 47

EXCURSIONS

EASTERN CANADA
PACIFIC COAST

EXCURSIONS

HOME-VISITORS' FARES TO CENTRAL STATES

PACIFIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

—FROM STATIONS—

WINNIPEG AND EMERSON WEST IN MANITOBA
SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA

—TO—

NEW WESTMINSTER, VANCOUVER
AND VICTORIA

FIRST-CLASS ROUND TRIP TICKETS ON SALE

DEC. 5, 7, 12, 14, 19, 21, 26, 28, 1922
JAN. 2, 4, 9, 11, 16, 18, 23, 25, 1923
FEB. 6, 8, 1923

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN UP TO APRIL 15

CHOICE OF ROUTES | STOP-OVERS

EASTERN CANADA

FROM STATIONS
WINNIPEG WEST IN MANITOBA
SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA

FIRST-CLASS TICKETS WILL BE SOLD

SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD
FOR ROUND TRIP

—FROM—

DEC. 1, 1922 TO JAN. 5, 1923 (Both days inclusive)

—TO POINTS—

EAST & SOUTH OF & INCLUDING SUDBURY & COCHRANE

GOOD TO RETURN WITHIN 3 MONTHS FROM DATE OF SALE

CHOICE OF ROUTES | STOP-OVERS ALLOWED

TICKETS VALID IN TOURIST & STANDARD SLEEPING CARS
UPON PAYMENT USUAL ADDITIONAL CHARGES

EXTENSION PRIVILEGES ON TICKETS

CENTRAL STATES

FROM STATIONS

ALBERTA AND SASKATCHEWAN

—AND BETWEEN—

HUDSON BAY JUNCTION AND THE PAS

FIRST-CLASS ROUND TRIP TICKETS ON SALE
DAILY DEC. 1 to JAN. 5, 1923

—AT—

SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD

TO POINTS IN

CENTRAL STATES

MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, DULUTH,
MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, CEDAR RAPIDS,
DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, FT. DODGE,
ST. LOUIS, SIOUX CITY, KANSAS CITY,
OMAHA, WATERTOWN, MARSHALLTOWN

TICKETS GOOD FOR THREE MONTHS

Our travel experts are at your disposal. They will assist you in arranging all details, quote lowest fares, make reservations, and give you all information on any of the foregoing points.

FOR SERVICE

Canadian National Railways

FOR COMFORT

The Romance of Winnipeg's Market Square

Continued from page 43

as anywhere else, where the naturally opposed interests of the two clash in never-ending more or less friendly and jocular arguments over what is a fair price and what is not. The wise vegetable vendor usually gives in to the

put a touch of modernity to this primitive meeting place of first producer and consuming customer. Single-horse, rickety rigs and powerful motor trucks of latest models are blended in quaint confusion of the old-fashioned and the up-to-date. The white canvas of new-type tent is replacing the blue sky of heaven as a protective roof over the gardeners' goods.



Cauliflower is popular

persistent haggling of the fair purchaser; he takes the stoical stand, that it is better to lose a penny or two than to lose a sale and, perchance, a constant thought querulous customer.

Much of the old time atmosphere is still over the life in the Square, although in recent years the irresistible onward march of motor vehicles has

Saturday mornings are especially busy times in the Square. Then is the time, not only to feast one's eyes upon the various wares spread out in tempting profusion, but also to see and to study an intensely human side of life in the heart of a city, the prosperity of which is so largely and directly dependent upon the success and prosperity of the tillers of the soil.



Discussing the price

A Little Wreck

Sam, Mr. Clark's man of all work, was delighted when his employer taught him to drive the new Ford, and one Saturday evening he asked to have the car Sunday "to go to preachin'; a mile down de road." Mr. Clark consented, telling him to bring the car back Sunday afternoon, and Sam drove off proudly. Sunday afternoon came, but no Sam. Sunday night came, and Sam and the car were still missing. On Monday morning Sam appeared with a very solemn face.

"Hello!" said Mr. Clark. "What do you mean by this? Where is the car?"

"Well, boss," said Sam, "you see, seh, I thought I'd go over to Mackleburg yesterday, and I got in a little wrack."

"A little—Oh, you got in a wreck, did you? Anything hurt?"

"Yessah. You knows dat big pane of glass you looks th'oo, up in front?"

"Yes, the wind shield."

"Well, dat's broke all to pieces."

Mr. Clark groaned. "Anything else?"

"Yessah. You knows dat thing you po's de water in?"

"The radiator? Yes."

"Well, dat's a-lyin' beside de engine."

Sam made a sweeping gesture toward the ground.

"Sam!"

"Yessah. En you knows dem rubber things round de wheels?"

"Yes, the tires. Any of them hurt?"

"Dey's all busted!"

"Sam!"

"Yessah. En you knows dem things dat sticks out over de wheels like dis?"

Sam extended his arms and curved his hands palms down in front of him.

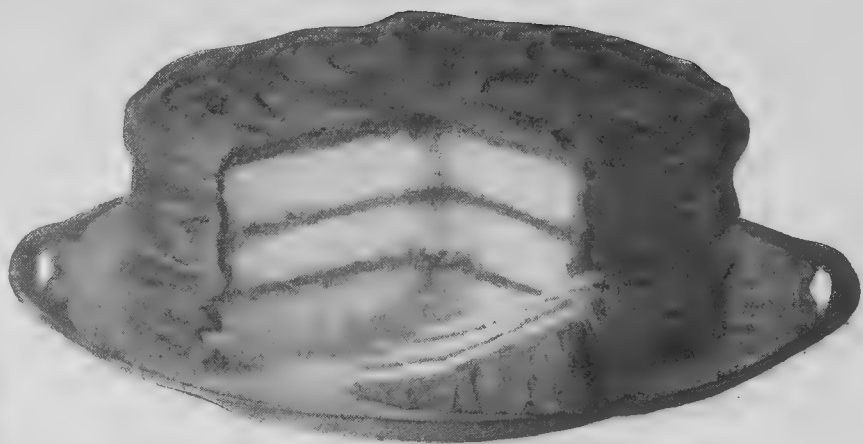
"Yes, the guards. Well?"

"Dey's a-sittin' right up like dis."

Sam bent his elbows and pointed the backs of his finger tips towards his shoulders.

"Sam," Mr. Clark cried, "Is anything left of that car?"

"Yessah, yessah; de cushions ain't hurt a mite!"



The Perfect Chocolate Cake and how to make it

DO YOU KNOW of anything more delicious than a good, home-made chocolate layer cake? Here is one that is rich, delicate in flavor and not "sickishly sweet."

The secret in securing the rich, yet delicate flavor and fine even texture of this perfect cake lies in the selection of the best materials, and above all a high-grade cream of tartar baking powder like Royal. This last item makes a big difference, because Royal contains none but wholesome ingredients. It raises the cake perfectly—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

To make this perfect chocolate cake use this recipe—cut it out and paste it in your cook book.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

1/2 cup butter or other shortening	1 cup milk
1 cup sugar	1 1/2 cups flour
1 egg	4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract	1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening well; add sugar gradually, beating well between each addition; add beaten egg, flavoring, one half the milk and mix well; add one half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour, stirring well after each addition. Bake in three greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

FILLING

2 1/2 squares (2 1/2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
3 tablespoons cream
1 egg yolk
3/4 cup powdered or confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Save egg white for icing. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler; add cream and egg yolk; mix in sugar gradually; add cornstarch which has been mixed with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick; add salt and vanilla. Spread thickly between layers of cake.

ICING

1 unbeaten egg white
1 1/2 cups confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon thin cream
1 1/2 squares (1 1/2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Melt chocolate; put egg white into shallow dish; add sugar gradually, beating with wire whip; add butter, melted chocolate and cream and beat well until of right consistency to spread.

Helpful Hints

Use level measurements for all materials. Save on the amount rather than the quality of the ingredients.

Use the very best vanilla and Royal Baking Powder; otherwise the delicate flavor and fine texture will be lost.

Cream the butter well before adding any sugar, and do all the hard beating at the beginning of the process.

Beat the egg yolks and whites together: this keeps the cake fresh longer.

Bread flour is intended; if pastry flour is used add about 1/4 cup more flour.

A few grains of salt added to the icing brings out the flavor of the chocolate.



Send for New
Royal Cook Book
— It's Free

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
8 St. Lawrence Boulevard
Montreal, Quebec

A Day of Remembrance

"**L**EST We Forget" should be inscribed over November 11 of each succeeding year. When, on November 11 four years ago, the word passed along the fighting lines of the Allies that the Germans had asked for an armistice and had signed the terms imposed, they were slow to believe it. But soon they were moving on amid the glad welcomes of the people of villages and towns in the territory vacated by the Germans, where they had wrought destruction such as the world had never known before—the welcomes of old men and women and children weeping and singing and laughing for joy that the long days of agony and of hope deferred were ended at last. In the forefront of the triumphant soldiers of freedom were the Canadians; the last three months on the Western front of the Great War have been described as Canada's Hundred Days, which they were, pre-eminently, as all the world knows—and knows, too, that the record of Canadian heroism in the Great War began early in 1915. To those who died in that struggle for humanity's welfare, and to those who came out of it battered and broken, there is owing a debt which in the case of the dead can never be repaid, and in the case of the living can at best be only partially repaid. Let us be mindful of this indebtedness, and in the case of the living let us give actual proof that we realize our indebtedness. We all have opportunity, as individuals, for doing so. Let November 11 be a special day of remembrance; but let not our remembrance be confined to that one day, but extend over all the year.

"You Cannot Change Human Nature"

A SAYING which is frequently in the mouths of those who are dubious about the possibilities of progress in human affairs is: "You cannot change human nature." When believers in the practicability of political and social reform and progress set forth their belief, coupling with it the admission that they recognize that reform and progress take time, the doubters are fond of saying: "You will have to change human nature first." But the plain truth is that human nature does not have to be changed in order to make reforms and progress possible. It is fortunate, indeed, that this is so. For if it were an essentially necessary condition of progress that human nature must be changed, the hope of progress would vanish into thin air. Human nature has not changed appreciably since the beginning of history. It is safe to say that it has not really changed since the stone age. There have been changes, however, in the conditions and environment of human life, changes due to the advances men have made in knowledge and the increased skill and power they have achieved in their mastery over the forces of nature. The civilized man of today behaves differently from his ancestors of the stone age because the environment of human life has changed; not because human nature has changed. The importance for the future of mankind of a clear understanding of this truth cannot be exaggerated. The right answer to the man who says: "You cannot change human nature" is, "Who wants to change human nature?" What is needed is the increase and diffusion of human knowledge and the improvement of the human environment; the betterment of the conditions of human life and work.

The Real Wealth of a Nation

THE future of a country depends ultimately upon the character and ability of its people. Increase of material wealth, advance of science, improvement in education, discoveries in sanitation, more just social conditions, all the achievements and hopes of the present age will be of little benefit to posterity if there is a decline in the quality of the race, a deterioration in its character and stamina. It would be like handing over a more perfect and more complicated governmental machine to inferior engineers. One-seventh of the present generation will be the parents of one-half of the succeeding generation. It is plain, therefore, that two generations of selection, whether natural or designed, could completely transform the character of a nation. This is something which deserves serious thought. Without approving of the extreme ideas advanced by some of the believers in Eugenics, without thinking of humanity as we think of the lower animals, we must see the plain facts of hereditary transmission and the improvement of human stocks. Time was when farmers planted the potatoes that were too small to sell. Now they cut up their finest potatoes to plant. If in any country the highest birth-rate is found in the districts where there is the most overcrowding, the lowest degree of education and the highest death rate from tuberculosis and infantile diseases, it must be that the result will be disadvantageous to the efficiency and virility of that country. These considerations belong to a whole range of subjects in regard to which there is more thinking being done in the world today than there has ever been at any previous time.

School and Life

FROM an old school friend in Ontario there came a few weeks ago a letter to The Philosopher, in which the writer told about the Old Home Week for which in August he had gone back to the old home town. The finest thing in the whole celebration, he wrote,

The Philosopher

was when the old boys went back to the old school-house and took their places at the desks of long ago, with the old schoolmaster at his desk. The class in reading was called, and the class in spelling, and in geography—there was fun in it, and there was more in it than that. The Philosopher has been musing over that letter. He has been thinking that nearly every boy, especially if he left school in his early teens, has promised himself that some day, when he is grown up; when he is big and muscular and famous and rich, will come back to the old schoolhouse, stride into the classroom, and have it out with the tyrant teacher. He pictures the scene: He will stride in; he will stand just inside the door, and he will glare at the oppressor of his youth. The teacher will recognize him, but not at first, and will try to beg off, but no—in full view of the whole school the former pupil will administer punishment to the tyrant. Many a boy has lived the scene o'er and o'er, and has enjoyed it very much. But, somehow or other, the vengeful pupil never went back and "licked the schoolmaster." He came to learn that there were worse things in the world than school. As he got his bumps from life, he still meant to go back to the school some day, but not to be so hard upon his old teacher. Then he began to realize that he wasn't growing up to be so large and muscular and famous and rich as he had expected. And it dawned on him at last that his old teacher was really trying to make something out of him. He looks back to his boyhood days with very different eyes from those with which he used to regard them. He has learned his lesson in the school of life.

Tradition and Progress

THE most formidable enemy of progress in all ages and in every field has been tradition. Only three centuries ago tradition ruled supreme in science. For two thousand years science had looked backward, with eyes fixed on Aristotle. The tradition of adherence to the views of Aristotle had produced an hypnotic state which made scientific progress well nigh impossible. Not that Aristotle was not one of the greatest intellects that ever grappled with scientific problems; the trouble was that the tradition that his teachings should be accepted stood in the way of progress. The astronomer Galileo broke the spell by a single crucial experiment. For centuries the world had been taught by tradition that heavier bodies fall faster than light ones. Galileo took a number of balls of different weight to the top of the leaning tower of Pisa, and by dropping them to the ground showed that they fell at the same rate. The effect of this simple experiment was startling. It established once for all the experimental method as the supreme test for truth in science. It is interesting to note in this connection the state of mind which tradition creates. The learned professors of the University of Pisa would not believe their eyes. "Does he think," they said, "that by such experiments he can shake our belief in the true philosophy that a hundred-pound ball falls one hundred times faster than a one-pound ball? Such disregard of established authority is dangerous!" In the light of three hundred years of scientific progress, those learned professors of the University of Pisa appear ridiculous to us. If we of 1922 could see ourselves in the light in which we shall appear to our descendants in 2222, after three centuries of further progress in politics and economics, we might judge those learned men of Pisa more charitably.

Royal Marriages

THE marriage of the Princess Mary with an Englishman not of the blood royal has given great satisfaction to the British people, and it may well be believed that a like sound political and national instinct will play an important part when the time comes for the Prince of Wales to marry. Not that the Princess Mary's marriage is the first case of one of the Royal Family marrying outside the circle of royalty. The marriage of the Princess Louise, sixth child and fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, to the Marquis of Lorne, who was afterwards Governor-General of Canada, is a case in point. The marriage "for reasons of state" belongs to a past time, when monarchs shaped the policies of their state and could extend the boundaries of their possessions or gain allies in war by matrimonial manoeuvres. The change made in the name of the Royal Family of Great Britain from the House of Guelph to the House of Windsor is proof of the fact that the intermarriage of British and German Royalities has been in most cases cause for acute regret. True it is that Queen Victoria's marriage was a happy one; King Edward, too, was happily married to a Continental Princess, as was his brother, the Duke of Connaught, now a

widower. But Queen Victoria's eldest daughter married the heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, and their son became Great Britain's most formidable enemy, the present ex-Kaiser. Ex-King Constantine of Greece is a first cousin of King George, and his wife is also a first cousin of King George. Both Constantine and his wife betrayed the Allies during the Great War; they were both in sympathy with the Hohenzollerns, and did everything possible to help the Germans. At the present time the British Court is in mourning for the seventh child of Queen Victoria, Leopold, Duke of Albany, who became the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and whose son, a first cousin of King George, was a venomous enemy of Great Britain in the Great War and fought with the Germans, and would not today be permitted on British soil. There is nothing in the history of the past century to show that any advantage has accrued to Great Britain from international Royal marriages.

The Little Enemies of Man

WE are learning more and more that the worst enemies of humanity are not the large creatures that primitive man found most formidable, but small, even invisible, creatures. Early in the history of the race, man learned to conquer the mastodon, and even the sabre-tooth tiger. He has yet to learn how to master the microbe. The large and powerful beasts of prey are becoming extinct—they are driven, in lessening numbers, to the outlying parts of the world; but rats and mice and flies still increase and multiply, and bacteria, smallest and most dangerous of all, find new ways of attacking us. It is only within recent years that man has learned which his most dangerous enemies are, and he has not yet found completely effective weapons against them. The explorer in tropical jungles used to fear most the lions, tigers and pythons; now he protects himself most carefully against the fever-carrying mosquitoes and the tse-tse flies whose bite will infect him with the deadly sleeping sickness. Years of study and research and experimentation will be necessary before we learn how to fight the insect foes which are present in such countless numbers in the most civilized community; but already enough has been done to make it plain that vastly more can be done. Only a couple of generations ago the present warfare against house flies would have been considered mere unnecessary fussing.

Why Do We Laugh?

MODERN psychologists are trying to penetrate the many mysteries of the human mind and its workings, conscious and subconscious. Among the problems which are engaging their attention is the problem of why we laugh. Ethnologists take the ground that the origin of laughter is plainly indicated by the part it plays in the life of primitive peoples, as a means of strengthening social life by expressing and maintaining standard ideas of the community. Ridicule of those who depart from the established ways of behaviour is a powerful corrective and method of producing uniformity of behaviour. At the same time laughter which is not of this character, but is caused by what is regarded as simply funny, is a promoter of sociability. Laughter occurs only in groups. A solitary Robinson Crusoe might mumble to himself, and might even chuckle to himself on occasion; but he would not laugh all by himself. Laughter may be described as part of the language of all peoples. Laughter and language, indeed, may be said to be very similar in origin and in function. Among civilized peoples laughter is most frequently provoked by incongruity; and sometimes when we laugh at incongruities, we do so involuntarily, and are immediately ashamed of ourselves; as when we laugh at a pompous person who slips on a banana peel, or whose hat blows off. Our enjoyment of laughter is increased immensely when it is joined in by all present; if no one of those present joins in laughing, the individual who began to laugh stops laughing, and may even feel ashamed. In this is seen a reversion to primitive group ways and manners.

Destiny

DESTINY has two accepted meanings in the popular mind. For the man of will, the man who is going to succeed, it means today; it means to him today as the nucleus of tomorrow, and so on to the logical development of each day's possibilities. To the man of weak will, it means tomorrow—the tomorrow in which he bonelessly hopes—

Tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day.

These alternative viewpoints stamp a man or a woman. There are those who walk hand in hand with the present, who recognize and greet destiny every day, seizing upon the best that every day holds. Others have a vague idea that the present is merely a makeshift, not preparatory to, but merely precedent to some fate that awaits them in a beneficent future. This fate they believe will arrive with much of the charming unexpectedness of a fairy godmother. Thus the conception of destiny in each individual person's mind becomes that person's strength or weakness. Destiny is today, this moment. It is in every act that is slipping into the past, as well as in the ultimate development of those acts. The very things that we encounter in seeking to avoid so-called destiny thus become destiny. ●

SOUND PRINCIPLES and BROKEN HEARTS

Continued from page 42

you to live as you have been living. And you still have your apartments. So you're safe. As soon as I get on my feet again I'll do what I can to help. I've thought it all out. You wouldn't care to live with a cad like me. You can go back to your apartment, live your old life and forget our sorry attempt at partnership. It will be a little harder for me but I deserve it. The fault was mine so let the sacrifice be mine. Those have always been your theories. Perhaps they are merely that—high-sounding theories but not practicable?" A certain bitterness in his tone whipped up the latent stubbornness in Laura.

"You are right. The blame is yours. Why should I suffer? It would not help matters any. The arrangements shall be as you say. Goodbye." She started toward him, then, changing her mind, left the room.

Laura and Babs were again sitting in the former's "bachelor" apartments and judging from the peaceful scene one could scarcely believe that there had ever been anything but tranquility in the lives of both. Upon closer scrutiny, there may be noticed a few slight changes that differentiate that scene from the one in which Laura first made her startling resolution.

Babs is sewing a seam in a dainty dress and the light in her eyes betokens approaching mother-hood.

Looking closely, one sees a wistful expression in Laura's eyes as she watches the blonde head of her companion intent upon her work. She brings herself together with a start and lights a cigarette.

"Laura dear—have you heard any more about Jack?" Babs inquired tremulously, fearful of the response her friendly interest might awaken in the other.

"The last I heard he was going straight to the dogs. Everybody knows that."

"Oh, Laura, he needs you so much. Why not go to him? You could put him back on his feet."

"After those lies? Never! Perhaps, if there had been any truth in that trumped-up story of his failure, I might have gone back. He thought he would put me to a test. He'd see whether my fine theories were really sound principles. Well, he'll see!"

"It must take great courage to hold to them. But sound principles may mean broken hearts. Mayn't they? It may sound trivial and foolish to you, Laura, but to me it seems that hearts count more." She almost whispered the last words as she held the little garment pressed closely to her breast, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

Even Laura could not answer, awed by the Madonna-like expression she saw there.

After Babs left Laura threw herself upon the bed and gave way to sobs—a most unusual experience for Laura who had always taken a Spartan pride in her stoicism.

IT was a bad morning after a worse night for Jack Lofton. His head felt too large for his body as he descended the stairs to his usual breakfast of black coffee.

As he came to his chair he gripped it with both hands and stared across the table.

"It's getting pretty bad—when I see things even the morning after—Oh, well—he laughed harshly—what's the use? Anyway, you know you did it." He shook his finger at the apparition in the chair opposite.

To his surprise the apparition arose, came toward him and, with trembling hands that seemed real flesh and blood, clung to him, cheek pressed to cheek; and a low breaking voice was talking to him.

"Oh, Jack, don't talk like that. You hurt me so. Forgive me and let me stay with you." The tears of the two, who had never before witnessed such weakness in each other, mingled—typifying a new and closer union.

Do We Want Big Cities

Continued from page 44

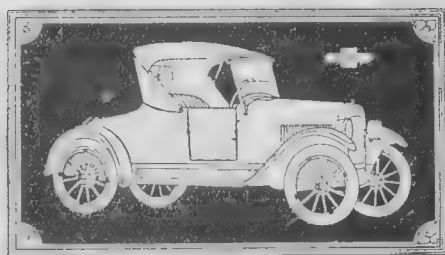
it, although both may sit side by side. The big cities are full of lonely people of refined, discriminating taste.

One of the wisest things ever written on this subject is G. K. Chesterton's es-

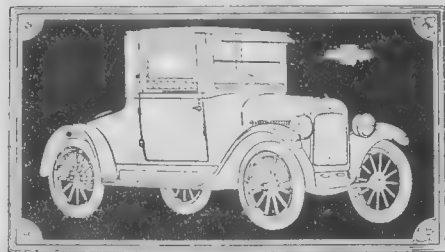
say on Loving Your Neighbor. He points out that the Divine command was to love your neighbor as yourself—not to love someone else miles away; someone to whom you might be attracted because he too liked Russian plays, or drank the same wines, or read the same books, or

collected the same things—but to love your neighbor, set down accidentally by you, of whom you previously knew nothing, or he of you. It is often, in fact, harder to love your neighbor than it is to love someone else; and that is possibly why there are no neighbors in big cities.

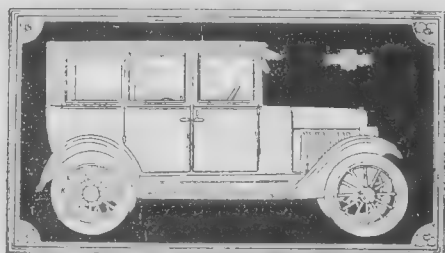
Announcing a Complete Line of The New Superior CHEVROLET FOR 1923



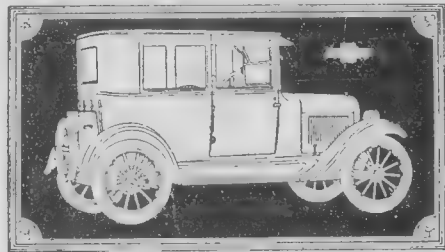
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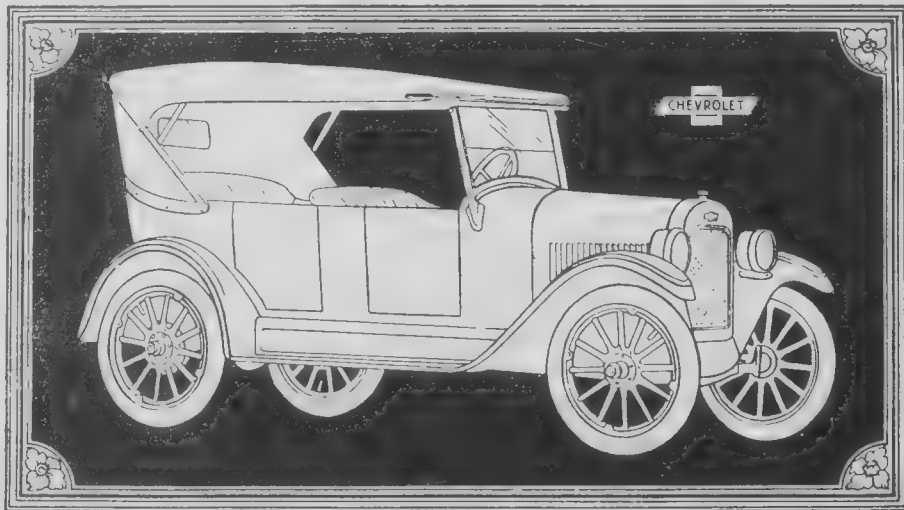
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Some Distinctive Features

Streamline body design with high hood; vacuum feed and rear gasoline tank on all models; drum type head lamps with legal lenses. Curtains open with doors of open models. Closed models have plate glass. Tarnstedt regulated windows, cord tires, sun visor, windshield wiper and dash light. Touring Coupe is equipped with auto trunk on

All closed bodies are built by Fisher.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c. per word. Minimum 75c. Cash with order.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN—We have positively the greatest household necessity on the market. A patented curtain rod. Instantly adjusted, no nails or tacks required. Samples free. George Grattan, manufacturer's agent, New Glasgow, Que. tf

A NEW INVENTION—Pyro Fire Extinguisher weighs only 3 lbs. Excels work of heavy high priced devices. Guaranteed. Puts out fire in ten seconds. A child can use it. Already selling like wildfire in organized territory. Price of only \$2 makes easy sales—100% profit. J. S. Perry, P.E.I. sold 750 last 30 days. Alvin McAulay placed 14 in two hours. Investigate today. Pyro Extinguisher Co., 805 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont. tf

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FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

BRITISH COLUMBIA—Why not write me for my Farm Catalogue? I have some attractive propositions for sale or for exchange. What have you on the Coast for some good Prairie Farms? E. G. Kingwell, Strout Farm Agency Inc., 511, B.C. Perm. Loan Bldg., Victoria, B.C. tf

WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, 14th Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 12-22

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm for sale, cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 11-22

HONEY FOR SALE

CLOVER HONEY in 80 lb. crate \$11.60. William A. Hartley, Beamsville, Ont. 2-23

CLOVER \$10.00, Amber \$9.00, Buckwheat \$7.00 for 60 lbs. Large orders at lower prices. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. tf

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STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. tf

FOR SALE

PEDIGREED SILVER BLACK FOXES—Prize-winning strain, \$600.00 per pair. Ranch bred silver black foxes \$500.00 per pair. Cross Foxes \$125.00 per pair. Also Karakul sheep that produce Persian Lamb fur; quotations for delivery. Charles Reasbeck, Vanleek Hill, Ont. 11-22

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THE CHOICEST PEDIGREED and registered, Silver black breeding foxes. Buy the best. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario, Canada. 3-23

MISCELLANEOUS

CAPTAIN COLES—Salvation Army, writes: "Your books for boys and girls should be in every Christian Home." Purity Advocate, 10c per year. Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. tf

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. tf

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SIX DIFFERENT BUSINESS PUBLICATIONS covering Accounting, Advertising, Administration, Merchandising, Salesmanship and Taxation all prepaid only 25c. Value \$1.50. Instructive, educational, practical. Walhamore Co., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. tf

STORIES, POEMS, ESSAYS, PLAYS WANTED—We teach you how to write; where and when to sell. Publication of your work guaranteed by new method. Walhamore Institute, Dept. J., Lafayette Building, Philadelphia, Pa. tf

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CALIFORNIA ROSEBEADS selling like hot cakes. Agents coining money. New stuff. Big profits. Particulars free. Mission, factory 52, 56 W. Pitt, Windsor, Ont. tf

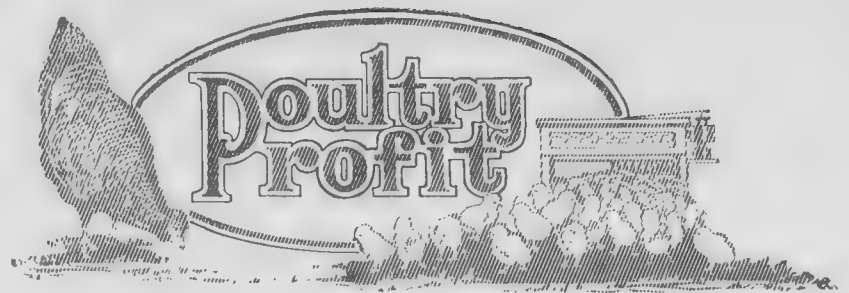
BE A DETECTIVE—Great demand, Travel, Experience unnecessary. Write Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1966 Broadway, New York. 11-22

HOME WORK—We want reliable families to operate our high speed Automatic Knitting Machines at home; whole or spare time knitting for the trade; good wages. For all particulars send stamped, addressed envelope to the Canadian Wholesale Distribution Co., Dept. M., Orillia, Ont. 4-23

300 NOVELTIES—Catalog Free. 50 Velvet pieces 65c., 200 Silk pieces 65c., 7 lbs remnants 1/2 yard to 3 yards 70c. postpaid. Allen Novelties, St. Zacharie, Que. 2-23

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WOMEN—GIRLS WANTED—Learn Dress Designing-making, \$35 week. Learn while earning. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately, Franklin Institute, Dept. K. 529, Rochester, N.Y. 11-22



Helen E. Vialoux

"Winter Laying"

OUR theme this month deals with the production of winter layers, up to golden October, with its falling leaves and glorious nights and days, when the air we breathe seems like a taste of new wine. The growing pullets have roosted outside, in many cases perching most saucily on the branches of the trees in the chicken runs, and in the daytime have roamed over lawn and meadow, or grain field, getting fat and showing vigor for the season of egg production now approaching. In fact, some of these pullets began to lay, under these ideal outdoor conditions, but now the winter layers should be separated from the cockerels, and housed at night, and all dull, rainy days. They must be made at home in their winter quarters and become used to confinement before winter sets in.

The laying house must be roomy, clean and well lighted. Aside from the value of whitewash as a disinfectant, the snowy whiteness and cheeriness of a freshly whitewashed building which reflects the light and sunshine, must be beneficial to the stock. "Red Mites" cannot live in whitewash, this. I have clearly stated many times. Coal oil and strong fresh lime wash will kill all insect life in a henhouse. Mites have been particularly bad this past season, in the West, owing to a great deal of rainy hot weather in August and September. Only eternal vigilance on the part of the poultry keeper could keep this horrid pest under control.

Clean the windows in the laying pens, arrange convenient nests, and roosts, mend cracked and draughty corners—send the kiddies out to gather dry leaves, where they are available, but the best litter is fine chaff, found only on the farm. Here again, the farmer's wife has the best chance to produce winter eggs cheaply; has she not plenty of screenings at threshing time, and grain sheaves galore, as well as chaff for litter all winter, in the hen houses. Mangels, or sugar beets, turnips and cabbages are grown in the garden, and if the grain fields are near the home, the fowls pick up half their living in the fall.

HOW the ducks and turkeys enjoy hunting around fallen leaves for acorns in the oak scrub! They come home with distended crops towards evening, full of seeds and acorns, and contentment.

The maturing pullets should have a pen to themselves, in the laying house, as the older fowls molest them, more or less. Only keep the early hatched birds in the laying pen, and build them up with good feeding. If the seed has to be purchased a mixture of bran, 100 lbs. cornmeal, 100 lbs. crushed oats, 100 lbs. shorts and 20 lbs. beef scraps make a good dry mash. If buttermilk is available, either fresh or in powdered form, the beef scraps are not important. Blood meal and bran mixed together is fed at the M. A. C. If farm grains are on hand, a fine laying mixture can be made up of crushed coarse grains and bran. Oyster shell, grit and charcoal should be in reach of the flock, at all times. The scratch feed may consist of small wheat, barley and oats. In winter cracked corn may be added, also in cold weather, as it is really an economical grain and heat producer. This autumn the grass and pastures are fresh and green up to the middle of October, and the young stock has had every chance to gather their own green food, however, in November be sure

provide them with mangels and other green stuff. Cracked cabbage can be bought very cheaply in October. A winter's supply only costs a trifle, as the gardeners are glad to get rid of the damaged heads. Suburban dwellers should get a load of straw at threshing time, from the country, it is cheap at that time and fresh straw should be put in the straw loft in the fowl houses before winter sets in, and the pens well bedded with a foot of litter.

FROM The Experimental Farms Notes "Why do we produce winter layers? Because there is an increasing demand for poultry and eggs, because Canadians are eating more eggs every year, because there is a greater export demand for Canadian eggs and poultry, to meet the demand in foreign countries, the latter having been depleted of their laying stock during the war." The laying record of the five best layers and the five poorest layers were kept and compared as follows: At the Nappan Experimental Farm, from October 1, to March 31, 1920, the best birds laid 413 eggs at a total cost of \$8.21. The total value of eggs produced was \$23.78, leaving a profit of \$15.57. The 5 poorest hens laid a total of 34 eggs in the same period, at a cost of \$8.10, with a total value of \$1.99, making a loss of \$6.11 for the six months. These figures show only the cost of the actual feed, labor and interest on the investment not considered. It can be readily seen that a flock of 100 hens, like the best layers mentioned, will give the poultryman a good return, \$312.00 in six months. Contrast this with the returns of 100 hens of the poorest layer type, that show a loss of \$122.00 in the same period.

The moulting hens should be given the best of care, and good layers may be retained up to two and three years of age, but eliminate the yearling that has turned out a poor layer. When hens are growing a new coating of feathers, they need plenty of good grain food, corn being particularly valuable, some linseed meal in a mash is beneficial and a row of sunflowers should be grown each season to feed to the moulting hens. Buttermilk is excellent, for them to drink, and a dose of Epsom salts, a couple of times during the moulting period of 8 to 10 weeks is advisable.

It is regrettable to learn of a good deal of "Blackhead" among the flocks of turkeys this fall. Some people make the mistake of closely housing the fowls at night, when, as a matter of fact, they are much more healthy when kept on the range all day and driven into an open shed or fenced run, away from skunks or wolves, at night. They have to roost high up on branches of trees, or on cross pieces nailed on posts. Turkeys kept in the fresh air do not contract blackhead as a rule, unless the infection is brought into a flock, where, of course, it may spread rapidly. Manitoba has now quite a long list of approved stocks of pure bred birds, of various breeds, which have been inspected by A. C. McCulloch, Dominion Pure Stock Branch, and found free of tuberculosis or other disease. Male birds, and eggs for hatching, in season, may be obtained from these flocks, on application to A. C. McCulloch, Steele Block, Winnipeg, where lists may be obtained of these breeders. Mr. McCulloch is at present in the west, making arrangements for co-operative shipping of poultry to suitable markets, by the farmers.

ONE SURE WAY

TO GET HIGH-GRADE SERVICE
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—Is to "TAKE NO CHANCES." In other words, deal only with a Proven Reliable House, whose years of experience have served to teach them the True Value of Careful, Individual Attention. Liberal and Prompt Advances. Absolute Safety. Courteous and Business-like Methods.

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T

HE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

THE FINGER OF FATE

Continued from page 41

Charteris looked at him queerly. "Shouldn't you mind?" he asked, "if I tell you that?"

"I shouldn't like it. To be candid, I don't care particularly for you, as you know. But I suppose she'll marry some day. I always have pictured that ever since I've been on the Coast, because, you see, she must be provided for some way."

"But, man! don't you care for her yourself?"

Care for her!—Seale gave a mirthless laugh. "If you knew what I've been doing here all these years, you wouldn't ask that. Of course I care for her."

"But how?"

"Oh, I've never defined it. Paternally, I suppose, or like a brother. That kid and I were the best of friends."

"Seale, you're a fool! Kid, you say. She's a woman. She's the loveliest—But I'm not going to talk. You must see for yourself. Only, don't you go upstairs and make any mistake. She's got no daughter's feeling for you, or sister's; and if you go and break her heart over any nonsense of that kind, I've got it in me to shoot you for your pains. I've had my life ruined for me during these last months by you being in the way, and if hers is to be spoiled too by your blundering, you can understand that I shall want to kill you very badly."

"Wait a minute," said Seale unsteadily. "This has come upon me with so much suddenness that I hardly grasp"....

"I have no more to say to you," said Charteris, and went out into the dazzling sunshine of the Marina, where the shouting negroes were carrying loads over the brick-red dust.

Seale swayed and tottered, then pulled himself together with an effort, and went up the stairs which led to his house above. Nancy knew his footstep and met him at the door, a radiant vision in tropical white. He felt himself tangled by her arms. Her lips were against his ear. "Oh Ted, my love!" she was saying to him, "I could not wait away from you any longer. Ted, darling I had to come. Oh! my own love, if you only knew how I had hungered for you, you would have come to me sooner."

Then Seal's eyes were opened. He did not make the blunder which Charteris had warned him against. He felt no inclination that way. A new feeling towards the girl surged within him like a draught of hot spirit. "Sweetheart," he whispered back to her "I never knew you would be like this. If I had known, I could never have kept myself away from you."

WAIF

Continued from page 38

chemistry of that constricting poison shot from the rattler's tusk-like fangs.

Slowly the dog's bodily resistance gave. She tumbled upon her side, her eyes glazed and dull; and so lying, jaws clenched upon the still wriggling snake, the poison swelled her, and in awful pain she died.

Thus Morton found her hours later, when waking with the setting sun. But half risen to his knees, his eyes blood-shot and bleary, he stared for a long time at her swollen and distended form, seeing in graphic mind picture why and how she had fought. And though the sun's last rays had faded long from the room, the snake's tail still faintly wriggled as he looked. Shakily Morton got to his feet. Setting his hob-nailed boot on the slimy moving thing he ground it into the boards, his heart heavy the while with the sense of his loss. And gazing down on the so loved form, he muttered dazedly. "Bread upon the waters . . . bread upon the waters. How well I've been paid back. And in your honor, little dog, may I never touch rotten booze again."

Tact is courtesy expressed in terms of intelligence.

Looking on the bright side is commendable, but the wise man looks on both sides.

He who seeks to follow two trails comes home with an empty game bag.

GOLD GETTING ON THE RAND

By J. C. Kelly

Underneath the once bare flat stretch of veldt on the Rand there runs a vein of gold—the greatest gold deposit ever known. This vein varies in depth from a few hundred feet from the surface to several thousand feet, and the length of the vein is over sixty miles. And so for this distance there is a continuous line of gold mines, in the centre of which stands Johannesburg.

The gold is in fine particles incorporated with quartz, and it is often in such fine particles as to be almost invisible. It was many years before a successful method of extracting the gold was discovered. To get about a third of an ounce of pure gold, a ton of the rock

quartz had to be blasted, brought to the surface, pulverized to powder and then treated with chemicals.

The rock which contains the gold is crushed, washed and sorted, and then passed through a mill where it is powdered down almost as fine as flour. In a fluid state this is passed over plates that have a mercurial preparation on the surface, and it is to these plates that the fine deposits of gold adhere.

But even this process does not release all the gold; at least 30 per cent. of it remains in the powdered rock—an amount that in an ordinary working month represents a value of over a million pounds sterling. Once more scientific brains set to work to discover some

method whereby this waste could be avoided.

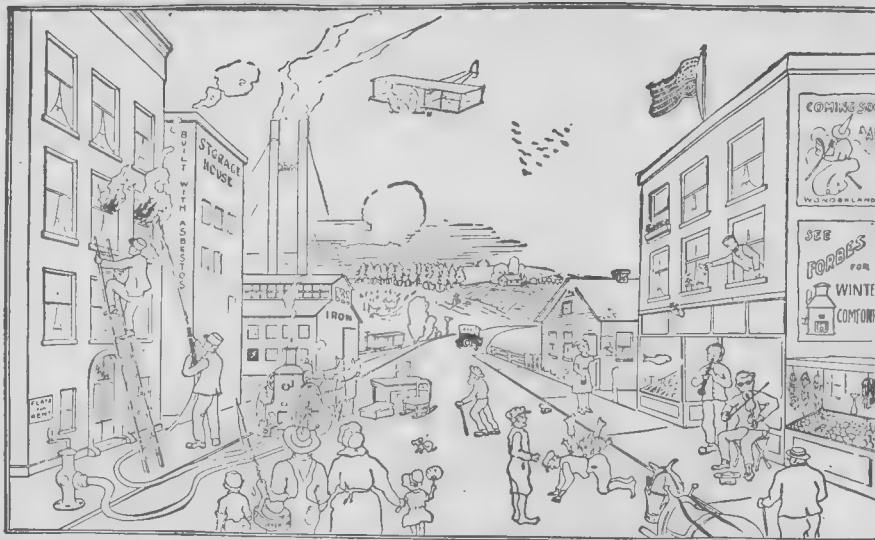
Into enormous vats, capable of holding hundreds of thousands of tons, the powdered rock is poured with a solution of cyanide. Wonderful machinery stirs up this mass. The fine gold dust is dissolved in the solution, and this is poured off on to zinc. This in turn is treated with sulphuric acid, which detaches the gold. It is then filtered and smelted and ready for export.

The world's gold output for one day in 1920 was 56,000 ounces. One day's output on the Rand in the same year was 28,000 ounces. The present strike on the Rand therefore affects the whole world.

Confusion and calamity are bred Where the Head Figure is a Figurehead.

You Win \$2000.00

Costs You Nothing to Try—So Solve This Puzzle



How Many Words Can You Find in This Picture Commencing With the Letter "F"?

For example, you will notice "Fire," "Fiddle," "Foundry," etc. Are you able to find 20 words commencing with the letter "F"? The picture is very clear: there can be no mistakes. You will find it very interesting to look for these words, and may win the big prize. Anybody can try—costs nothing. Why should you not be the winner of the \$2000.00?

YOU SHOULD WIN

real chance of winning at least one of the prizes offered—there are fifteen of them. Why not try for the big prize and win \$2000.00. Somebody will win it—your chances are as good as anybody's.

The person having the largest list of words beginning with the letter "F" will get the First Prize. You surely have a

Just think what you could do with the money. \$2000.00 could buy an automobile and leave enough balance to make a payment on a cozy home. Perhaps you have in mind just the thing you would like to do if you received a check for \$2000.00. Certainly you owe it to yourself to try to solve this puzzle. You will find the trying very easy and pleasant.

The Way to Win One of the Twenty Prizes

You do not have to spend a penny to get into this contest. It is not necessary for you to order any Yeastolax. If your list is adjudged to be one of the twenty best you will receive one of the cash prizes. Without your order for Yeastolax, if your list of words commencing with the letter "F" is the largest you receive the first prize of \$50.00. If the judges award you the second prize, without your order for Yeastolax, you will get a check for \$25.00; and so on down the line as shown in this announcement.

Win the Big Prize—\$2000.00

If you choose you can win a great deal more than the Class A prizes. All that is necessary for you to qualify your list for the BIGGER PRIZES is to send in an order for one or more packages of Yeastolax. Look over carefully the schedule of prizes as classified in this announcement. You will find that if you send in \$1.00 for one package of Yeastolax and the judges award you first prize you will get \$300.00. If you send in \$2.00 for two packages of Yeastolax and your list is awarded first prize you will get a check for \$600.00; and so on up. If you send in \$5.00 for 5 packages of Yeastolax and the judges award you the first prize, you will receive the Big Prize of \$2000.00. Should your list be judged as the second best you would receive \$1000.00, and so on down the list. Remember, there are twenty prizes offered, as shown. All the opportunity one could desire. Go in to win the best prize.

\$700.00 Extra Award for Promptness

Dec 15th, 1922 is the last day for receiving your solution to this puzzle qualifying you to win one of the prizes. But, note this: For every day before that date that your order for Yeastolax is received an extra prize of \$10.00 for each and every day will be added to any first prize won. If you send in your order today you will get a receipt for the money; then you can send in your solution any time before Dec. 15th and your list will be qualified for any of the prizes. We will award an extra \$700.00 in this manner. You should try your very best to earn this additional award. It will cost you little additional effort. In case of ties we will award duplicate amounts of \$700.00 to each contestant so tying. Don't overlook reading about our extra premium of 50,000.00 Genuine Russian Rubles, whether or not you enter this contest.

Go after the Big Prizes—don't delay—start right away—get into the contest. How many words can you find with the letter "F"? Great amusement—great opportunity. \$2000.00 is awaiting your call. Now is the time to act.

Yeastolax Co. 1253 S. Michigan Ave. DEPT. L-217 **Chicago**

RULES: 1

This puzzle is open to everybody except employees and relatives of the Yeastolax Co.

2 The First Prize will be awarded to the person giving the largest number of words beginning with the letter "F". To the next in order will be awarded the Second Prize and so on down the list of Twenty Prizes. The awards will be made on the basis of the words submitted and not from a predetermined list. Should there be any ties the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each contestant so tying.

3 Words of synonymous meaning and words of the same spelling but different meaning will count as only one. Use either the singular or plural of a word. Only words appearing in Webster's Dictionary—and not obsolete words will be considered.

4 Words must be numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., consecutively.

5

The contest will be decided by three judges, independent of and not connected with the Yeastolax Co. These judges will award the prizes. The contestants agree to abide by the decisions of these judges, and it is understood that such decisions are to be conclusive. The names of winners and winning lists of words will be published as soon as possible after the contest. A copy of this list will be furnished to anyone upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope. Two or more persons may co-operate in this contest, but only one prize will be awarded to any such co-operating group.

6 Lists of names must be received at our office (any time during regular office hours) on or before Dec. 15th, 1922. For every day before (or ahead) of this date that your order for Yeastolax is received you will get an additional award of \$10.00 per day, added to any first prize you win. In case of ties this award will be duplicated to every contestant so tying.

Yeastolax

If you suffer from "Rheumatism," Constipation, Indigestion, Eczema, Bronchitis, or any of the many ailments which affect the human system, Yeastolax is a fine clear healthy complexion, we want you to try a package of our marvelous remedy, YEASTOLAX. Among its various elements, YEASTOLAX is a highly effective remedy for this condition.

Medical authorities have long recognized that constipation is responsible for a great many bodily ailments and prevents the human system from successfully warding off disease and old age. Yeastolax is a highly effective remedy for this condition.

IMPORTANT—Special Introductory Premium

In order to quickly introduce Yeastolax into every community, we will give to an person, regardless as to whether or not he sends in a solution to this puzzle.

Absolutely FREE—50,000.00 Rubles

The Russian Ruble recently was worth 55c per ruble, giving the above a value of \$27,500.00. We give 50,000 Rubles FREE with each and every package ordered. That is to say, if you send in \$2.00 for two packages you will receive 100,000.00 Russian Rubles, and so up. Remember this offer holds good whether or not you qualify for the puzzle prizes. Save this money; many a fortune has been built up by buying foreign money after war. It is rumored that 600,000,000.00 worth of radium has been discovered in Russia, and the press is calling attention to vast American projects of oil and other industries that are being directed towards Russia. The Chicago Tribune on Sept. 12th calls attention to the new canal which has just been opened for shipping between Russia, Germany, Persia and Central Asia, affording a new source of raw materials for the Russo-German combine, especially oil, manganese and copper and opening up the rich Persian and Central Asian trade to Germany and Russia. Think what this means; surely you cannot afford to pass up the opportunity to acquire these Rubles. We will give 50,000 Rubles free with every \$1.00 order to those who enter the contest as well as those who do not.

Twenty Prizes—\$4,000.00

	Class A	Class B	Class C	Class D
	When no money is sent in	When \$1.00 is sent in for one \$1 package	When \$2.00 is sent in for two \$1 packages	When \$5.00 is sent in for five \$1 packages
1st Prize	\$50.00	\$300.00	\$600.00	\$2000.00
2nd Prize	25.00	150.00	300.00	1000.00
3rd Prize	25.00	75.00	150.00	400.00
4th Prize	20.00	45.00	85.00	250.00
5th Prize	15.00	30.00	50.00	150.00
6th to 15th Prizes each	2.00	3.00	7.00	15.00

EVERY young woman, every older woman, who met Lady Byng during her visit in Western Canada, felt the charm of a personality vitally interested in the welfare of others. In fact, "others" appeared to be the reason of her visit. She is intensely anxious that the woman on the homestead of the soldiers' settlement is contented and comfortable. Literature, art and education, all have a helpful sponsor in her. When I heard her speak of her interest in Canadian life, I wanted every young woman who reads this page to know her.

Lady Byng has an educated heart. We live in a day when all the good minds are helping women to get the best out of life for themselves and their country. Let us appreciate present benefits. Let us appreciate these women who direct their power and influence toward making our lives useful and beautiful.

Lady Byng's ambition is that the girls and women of Canada shall bring the very best out of their opportunities.

The Discouraged Girl

DID you ever watch the sun rise on one of these Canadian Autumn mornings? Last week I looked out one morning between darkness and daylight. Heavy black clouds darkened the sky, just above the horizon. Then the clouds at first slowly changed to rose, and when the sun appeared just above the sky line, the clouds above suddenly all changed to rose and gold—not a cloud was tinged with darkness. Soon all the clouds in sight were alive with golden glory. Nature's wonderful morning picture had played before me without cost. The most beautiful things in life we may enjoy without money.

How often in the morning just before rising does the young woman see above her black clouds? Her thoughts and will power may tinge the clouds with rose and gold so bright that all the clouds about her will reflect only beauty and glory. Is it not possible for every one of us to think of this sunrise and tinge our morning thoughts with love and hope and beauty and strength?

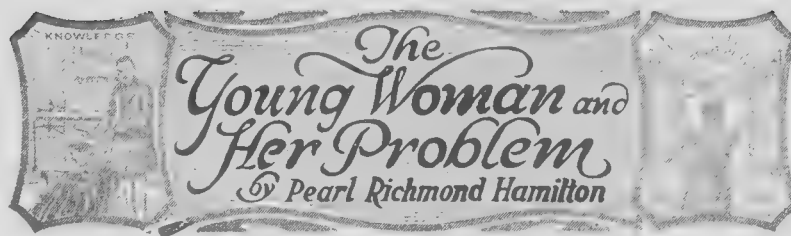
A Love Story

LAST week a group of girls invited me to a shower they were giving for one of their friends. They were a group of wards of the Children's Aid, who under the leadership of Miss Maud Williams, are about the happiest girls I know. About twenty-five gathered in a club room and provided a generous supper beautifully prepared and arranged.

Such a happy family we were, as we sat around that long table. They were like sisters—every one of them—to the bride to be. Every one was eager to please the guest of honor and she in turn loved them all. I shall never forget the atmosphere of that occasion—it is one of the loveliest pictures of girlhood affection for one another that I have ever seen. After supper every one took dishes into the kitchen. I believe the table was cleared in two minutes. Then we all gathered about the table which was loaded with presents. Our bride-to-be, flushed with excitement, unwrapped pretty dishes, dainty household linen and useful garments until she had seen a gift from every girl and one from the Board of the Children's Aid. Every one of these girls were as happy as the bride. They slapped their hands and even the little fourteen-year-old girl—really the joker of the group, made us laugh with her funny remarks, as the presents were unwrapped. That room was full of love to the very ceiling of it.

In a few days she was married in the home where she worked. The woman for whom she worked prepared a lovely little wedding, just like one she would prepare for her own sister, and her husband gave the girl away like a real father.

Then they went to their little suite furnished neatly and comfortably. A beautiful love story where you might not expect it. Oh the world is full of love after all.



Loaned Books and A Christmas Idea

THE other day a book was returned to me. When I opened it a personal card fell out on which was written "Many Thanks." That card of appreciation was unusual. I have loaned many books—some may be returned, others never. Sometimes I ask for them. I prefer buying a new copy as it humiliates me to ask a friend for my own book, even though I need it. This reminds me of a Christmas idea. If every one who can, would send a book at Christmas to the soldier settler it certainly would bring a cheerful Christmas into every house. There are several thousand and I am sure the women who work from the Soldier Settlement Boards in Edmonton, Regina or Winnipeg, would be pleased to furnish names of soldiers' wives who need them. Good reading matter—a book or a magazine provided every month in the year, would be a gift that hundreds of these women want. In fact, one of their workers recently told me that nothing do these women on homesteads need so much, as a good magazine every month. Surely our women in some way could meet this need at Christmas.

An Easy Job

THE other day I sat in the employment office for young girls at the Government Employment Bureau. As each girl approached the young woman in charge, she listened to the long list

of requests from employers and was not interested until the position sounded easy. This particular morning the girls were looking for work in domestic service. An easy job appeared to be the ambition of every applicant.

The girls were well and comfortably dressed. "An easy job" I repeated—that is the reason this particular group of girls wanted work. Then I thought of an applicant a few years ago. The girl was out of work through a complication of conditions she could not help. She applied for another position. The employers said the work was hard—that most girls could not stand it. She replied: "Let me try, I am sure I can do that work. Just give me a trial." Today she is private secretary to the manager of a large business plant.

Getting Even

SOME one has said that the noblest revenge is to forget. It is a waste of energy to think hatred of another. It poisons the mind and makes it sour and stale. It destroys beauty. This is a day when beauty specialists demon-

strate their lotions from counters and platforms. They apply their lotions to the surface. Real beauty lotions come from spiritual chemicals. To be beautiful one must live normally. One cannot dissipate and get away with it. A girl's habits must go along with nature's plans and nature will one day hand her a bill that may take the rest of her life to pay.

Intelligent energy mixed with sincerity of purpose will create beauty. A mind that is a prison of prejudice makes the eyes dull, the muscles lifeless and the expression repulsive, therefore a girl cannot afford to hate, another to envy, or to be jealous. Hate is the worst waste that can enter the human soul. It is while doing one's duty that the great blessings of life come to us. It is my good fortune to meet splendid young women who are giving their lives for others—women who really make history in Canada. Yesterday I talked with a young woman from Alberta who refused this week, a position of ease and comfort, to continue in her present work because she believes the women and children need her more. Do we worry? Then we are thinking too much of self concentration of the mind upon a wholesome subject—faith in the Higher Power, interest in one's work, honest ambition will cure the most chronic case of worry. Worry warps one's sense of values. There are people who stick pins in others as they go through life, lemon squeezers of society.



Winning Team Boys and Girls Club—Flour demonstration, Pilot Mound Team

We might just as well make up our minds that we cannot get through life without meeting people who will try to injure us through jealousy. There are those who snub us, who betray us, who envy us, who are spiteful, malicious, weak and revengeful. But we cannot afford the time to chase them for punishment. There is too much to do; life's opportunities are too rich to waste time to get even with them. They who throw mud soil their own fingers. There is somehow a self-acting equalizing efficiency in the spiritual world that we do not realize, and they who spiritually arrive have not wasted their time on revenge. Anyway our greatest moments are the periods of great faith when we realize that superiority in anything has the right of way everywhere.

I often hear girls say "Oh, that is good enough." This expression has spoiled many a career. Work is a question of character, not remuneration. It demoralizes a girl's character when she does her work carelessly. There is something at stake besides salary.

It is not when we learn to spend less than we are paid, but when we learn

to spend less than we produce that we shall solve the economic problem.

Character and womanhood are at stake when we work, our work reflects us. "A girl who puts her soul into her work puts her work into her soul."

Work carries fate—"their works do follow them."

Fill your position as it never was filled before, in action, not in words, teach the lesson of competency and you shall see open before you the wide door of opportunity. Just bloom where you are placed my girl.

Character Analysis

THE following is taken from a letter recently sent me by a successful business woman:

"I have taken up a rather interesting hobby just recently—character analysis. Reading peoples faces over the counter was forced upon me in my work—a case of wits pitted against wits.

Along with the character work goes the study of color. The effect of color and music on people is most influential. From a rather noted analyst I learned the idea of always looking for something beautiful about a person—eyes—nose hair—expression—very often the hands.

She claims if we look for this likeable or pleasant note about the person very soon they get vibration. I have tried it repeatedly on disgruntled customers with very marked success. The study is deeply interesting and absorbing."

Will other young women who read this page write us experiences that help them in their work? We welcome all contributions from readers.

Who Are They?

WHO are the twelve greatest Canadian women? Senorita Graciaia Mandujano of Chile, asked the National League of Women Voters for a list of the twelve greatest American women. She wanted them to write a series of articles for the Chilean press to help the women of her country.

Several newspapers called for names, and the composite list reveals names that at first may surprise us, because they represent women whose success is due to individual efforts. They are not women who are popular as leaders of organizations, or of office politically won, nor are they women whose wealth or social position won them fame. On the other hand, they are there because they themselves have made a contribution to the life of the nation. Their individual work has added to the welfare of the country. The list is as follows:

Jane Addams, settlement worker; Carrie Chapman Catt, lecturer and suffragist; M. Carey Thomas, college president; Edith Wharton, novelist; Cecilia Beaux, artist; Ida M. Tarbell, editor and writer; Geraldine Farrar, grand opera singer; Julia C. Lathrop, humanitarian; Anne Morgan, philanthropist; Mary Roberts Rinehart, author and playwright; Katherine Bennett Davis, sociologist; and Evangeline Booth, commander of the Salvation Army.

It would be interesting if our readers would send us a list of names of the twelve greatest Canadian women.

The T. Eaton Co. Club of Girls

A CONSTRUCTIVE organization for girls employed in The T. Eaton Co. store of Winnipeg, provides the most complete programme of opportunity for girls that it has been my pleasure to know. No girl in the employ of the company need say she has no chance for either educational advancement or social recreation. The vision of the management sees clearly the complexities in the life of the girl of today and ably copes with the problems.

Two outstanding facts impressed me when I visited this splendid girls' club. First—the sincere desire for the managers with their wives and the leaders of the committees to provide opportunity for the girls to have every possible advantage mentally, physically and socially—a vital interest in the welfare of the girls. Recognizing the value of a healthy mind and a strong body as important essentials necessary for a girl to advance in her life work, they have outlined a programme that will give

Continued on page 53



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Bloomers

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STANFIELD'S Ladies UNDERWEAR

is so completely satisfactory that the woman who takes pride in her appearance will invariably choose Stanfield's for winter wear after she has once experienced the perfect fit, luxurious comfort and warmth of this famous underwear.

Stanfield's Ladies' Underwear is made in Combinations and Two-piece Suits, in full length, knee-and-elbow length and sleeveless.

It is made in many styles and trimmings, in all textures.

And—of equal importance—is the fact that Stanfield's Underwear is made in Canada for wear in Canada, in weaves and weights to give health protection in every section of Canada from coast to coast.

Also made in all styles and weights for men. Stanfield's ADJUSTABLE COMBINATIONS and SLEEPERS for growing children (patented).

Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you, write us for the name of a dealer in your neighborhood who can.



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Adjustable Combinations
and Sleepers



STANFIELD'S LIMITED—TRURO, N.S.

Better Cookery

GERTRUDE DUTTON
Supt. of Home Economics Man. Extension Dept.

YOUR THANKSGIVING DINNER

Thanksgiving dinner brings to us thoughts of turkey with delicious stuffing and gravy, cranberries, onions, squash, sweet potatoes, celery, nuts and pumpkin pies.

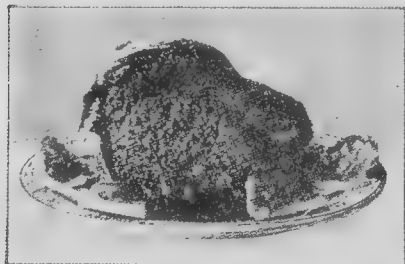
The prohibitive price of turkeys makes it seem desirable to serve some less expensive meat, which is just as good. It may be chicken cooked in any one of a dozen delicious ways—or roast pork, pork tenderloin, crown roast of lamb, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding.

Maryland Chicken

Dress, clean, and cut up the chicken. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dip in flour—place in a greased dripping pan, or large casserole, and bake half an hour, basting with melted butter if necessary. Add 2 cups of milk, and continue cooking till tender.

Stuffed Pork Tenderloin

Wipe and split the tenderloin, stuff, fasten together with tooth picks or thread, bake 45 minutes, basting frequently.



Rib Roast with Yorkshire Pudding

Roast Leg of Pork

Wipe and stuff the pork, and bake 3 or 4 hours according to the size, basting frequently. Serve with brown gravy and apple sauce.

Turkey Stuffing

To 3 cups cracker crumbs add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 4 teaspoons poultry seasoning and ½ cup melted butter. Mix thoroughly.

Oyster Stuffing

3 cups stale crumbs
½ cup melted butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
A few drops onion juice
1 pint oysters.
Mix the ingredients in the order given—draining the liquid from the oysters and picking them over.

Swedish Turkey Stuffing

2 cups stale crumbs
½ cup melted butter
½ cup seeded raisins cut in pieces
½ cup broken walnut meats
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
Sage to taste
Mix in the order given.

Turkey Giblet Gravy

Pour the liquid from the pan in which the turkey was roasted. From the top take six tablespoons fat. Return to the pan, and brown with 6 tablespoons flour—pour on gradually 3 cups of the stock in which the giblets were cooked. Season with salt and

pepper and add the cooked giblets cut in fine pieces.

Stuffed Onions

Boil the required number of onions for an hour. Remove from the water, and from the centre scoop the pulp, forming cups. Chop the pulp which has been removed, mix with a little cooked chopped ham, one cup of soft bread crumbs, ½ cup melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Season the inside of the cups with salt and pepper. Pack with the stuffing and bake slowly, basting with melted butter occasionally. Use to garnish the turkey.

Onions in Cream

Remove the skins from the onions—put them in a sauce pan, cover with boiling salted water and cook 5 minutes. Drain, and again cover with boiling water. If very strong, drain again after boiling ten minutes. Boil till tender but not broken. After placing in the serving dish, cover with a rich white sauce.

Hubbard Squash Baked with Molasses

A Hubbard Squash should be heavy with a hard shell. Split in pieces the size desired for each serving. Remove the seeds and stringy portion, place each piece shell side down in a dripping pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and in each one put a half teaspoon of molasses and a half teaspoon melted butter. Keep covered for half an hour, then finish cooking until soft, with the cover removed. Serve in the shell.

Baked Sweet Potatoes

Wash the potatoes and bake as you would white potatoes.



Some Homely Thanksgiving Vegetables

Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style

Bake the desired number of sweet potatoes, and cut in halves, lengthwise, and scoop out the inside, taking care not to break the shells. Mash, season with butter, salt and pepper, and return to the oven long enough to heat thoroughly.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Wash and pare medium sized sweet potatoes, and cook in boiling salted water till soft. Drain, and cut in halves lengthwise, and place on a butter dripping pan. Baste with a syrup made of one half a cup of sugar, four tablespoons of water and 1 tablespoon of butter, using one-third of the syrup. Bake till the potatoes are brown, basting twice more, during the baking, till the syrup is used up.

Stuffed Celery

Wash the celery, and separate the stalks. Cut them in 3-inch pieces. Place in cold water to become crisp; just before serving remove them from the water, wipe and fill the cavity with soft cream cheese in which has been mixed a little chopped olive and pimento—arrange on a flat dish with whole olives.

Cranberry Frappe

1 quart cranberries
2 cups water
2 cups sugar
Juice of 2 lemons

Cook the cranberries and water till the berries burst. Rub through a sieve, add the sugar and lemon juice, and freeze to a mush, using equal parts of ice and coarse salt.

Cranberry Sauce

Pick over and wash 3 cups of cranberries, add 1¼ cups sugar and 1 cup boiling water. Boil 10 minutes. Skim and cool.

Cranberry Jelly

Pick over and wash 4 cups cranberries. Boil for 20 minutes with 2 cups boiling water. Add 2¼ cups sugar, and boil 5 minutes. Mould. The cranberries may be rubbed through a sieve before adding the sugar.

Pumpkin Fanchonettes

Mix 1½ cups steamed and sifted pumpkin, or canned pumpkin, ¼ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons molasses, 1 teaspoon (or more) of ginger, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1

Recipes used by the Champion Macaroni Team of Elgin, Manitoba, who won Medals at the Contest held in Winnipeg during the Garden Show

Tomatoes Stuffed with Macaroni

½ cup macaroni
6 medium tomatoes
3 tablespoons butter
Vegetable stock
½ cup cream or milk
¼ cup grated cheese
1 mold mashed potatoes
Seasonings
2 hard cooked eggs

Cut a thin slice from the top of each tomato, remove the pulp, and drain them on a sieve. Break the macaroni or spaghetti in pieces and cook in vegetable stock till tender. Blend 2 tbs. butter with the flour, over the fire, add the cream or milk and cook till thick. Remove from the fire, and add the macaroni, cheese and seasonings and fill each tomato with the mixture. Cover the top with bread crumbs, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven till the tomatoes are cooked. Mash some boiled potatoes, season with salt, pepper, butter and cream, and beat till light. Form in a large mold, in the centre of a hot platter, and decorate with parsley—arrange the tomatoes around the potato mold. Macaroni or spaghetti may be used instead of the potatoes.

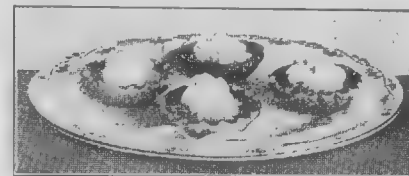
Macaroni and Cheese

One-third package macaroni
1½ cups thin white sauce
½ cup stale bread crumbs
1 cup grated cheese
1 tb. butter.

Break the macaroni in 2 inch pieces or use the cut macaroni and cook in boiling salted water till soft, about 20 minutes. Put in a colander and run cold water through it. Put in a pudding dish and thoroughly stir in teaspoon mustard which has been mixed with water. Add the sauce with half the cheese in it. Add the crumbs to the melted butter, with the remaining cheese. Spread over the mixture and brown in the oven. Serve hot.

Manor Cutlets

1 cup milk
3 tablespoons butter
One-third cup flour
One-third package macaroni or spaghetti
1 cup cheese
1 cup cold boiled ham
Salt, cayenne, crumbs and egg
Utensils:—Saucepan, spoon, cup, deep frying kettle, basket, brown paper.
(Make a white sauce of the milk, flour,



Pumpkin Fanchonettes

butter. Add the macaroni, cheese and ham, cut in small pieces, and salt and cayenne. Cool, shape in cutlets or croquettes, and roll in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Place in centre

Continued on page 54

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM

Continued from page 50

every ambitious girl a chance to rise in her position. The second fact that impressed me was the evidence of co-operation between the girls and their leaders—an atmosphere of interest and enthusiasm. The club meets every Tuesday evening at 5:30 in their club rooms. These rooms are very attractively furnished by the management, but the club itself is self sustaining. The supper is prepared by the leader of the domestic science section—she herself is a graduate in domestic science and is a most efficient director for all members of the club who take domestic science. Every Tuesday evening someone gives a short address on a subject that interests girls.

The programme of the year outlines the following committees, each committee is directed by one well fitted for her particular work: Domestic science, dressmaking, millinery, dramatic, first aid in nursing, sports including skating, snow-shoeing, dancing and gymnastic exercises.

A little incident that occurred this summer might be of interest here to emphasize the high moral atmosphere of the social club. One evening while watching the dances at a very select summer pavilion a young couple dancing attracted the attention of the woman who sat next me. She said: "That couple would not be allowed to dance in that position on the floor of the T. Eaton club room."

Miss King—who was the leader of the girls last year and to whom much credit is due for the success of the club, is one of Eaton's nurses. She is 100% leader and 100% girl—these are the necessary qualities for good leadership among girls. This year Mrs Fletcher has been appointed leader and she is likewise qualified. Mrs Fletcher, herself, a capable business woman in the store radiates a personality of strength, enthusiasm, sympathy and efficiency.

The progress of girlhood is of such infinite value to Canada today that a foresighted organization of this kind is needed in every business institution. The only girl who is finding her true self, who perhaps is gifted with latent powers is the girl who takes advantage of opportunities offered in a club of this kind. In the formative period of a girl's life lie those faculties and characteristics which will make the foundation good or bad of the woman of tomorrow.

The outline of this club of girls—so complete in suggestions for activity in the lives of The T. Eaton Co. girls—and the influence of the management in their interest in this club prompt me to prophesy a possible club numbering many hundred girls, all striving for an efficiency that may make The Eaton girls known as the most energetic and the happiest in Canadian Industry.

Sure Of It

Foreign-made articles are in great demand among the natives of Africa, so when young Matumbo, son of a native Christian, found an almost new jack-knife one day, he fairly radiated joy as he came home to show his possession to his mother.

"See what I have found!" he exclaimed.

But his mother had imbibed Christian ideas which made her inquisitive as to the origin of the find.

"Where was it?" she asked.

"It was lost on the trail," her son replied.

"But are you sure it was lost?" the mother insisted.

"Indeed, I am sure that it was lost," said Matumbo. "I know it was, for I saw the missionary and his bearer looking all over the place for it."

Other Uses

Aimee. "When Harold proposed to you did he get down on his knees?"

Hazel. "I should say not."

Aimee. "Why didn't he?"

Hazel. "Well—er—probably because they were occupied at the time."

The Charm of Manners

By Jacqueline Brennan

GOOD manners form the keynote of one's personality. Without them, the essential part of social charm is lacking. A person of noble and gentle lineage has always this outstanding feature of indication.

Almost every hour of our daily life we meet people who are well educated, live in good surroundings, etc., and yet there is that missing link—The charm of good manners. There seems to be a rough edge, as it were, on their personality, but with a little care this could be overcome.

Then again, there are individuals with whom we associate daily, who make a marked and lasting impression upon us. When with them, we seem to be in a state of tranquility. They are gentle, kind, and considerate, and possess tact, which is an intuitive feeling of what is fit and proper. There is a great distinguishing power between people who possess a charming manner and those who are devoid of such.

Now comes the question of how to attain it. First of all, we must know and understand the people with whom we come in contact. Next, we should treat them as we ourselves would like to be treated. Try to meet them half way on a basis of friendship and understanding. Kindness is the cornerstone on which to build happiness. If, during the day we give a pleasant smile here, and a kind remark there, we will be making life brighter and happier for those upon whom we bestow these little favors. Then too, we are sometimes asked to do little things that seem disagreeable to us. Well, then, instead of answering in a gruff way, try to frame a polite, unoffending reply. But I think it would be better still to make an effort to comply with the request.

The more we do to make others happy, the less we think of ourselves and our petty annoyances. And the more we try to be obliging, kind, and thoughtful, the better we will succeed. Therefore, try to form these sterling qualities that go to the making of a winsome character, and in the end, you will reap as you have sown.

The Antiseptic Baby

We can sterilize his bottles, we can boil his little mug;
We can bake his flannel bandages and disinfect the rug
That envelops him when he partakes of medicated air,
But there's one impossibility that leaves us in despair—
And a not unjustifiable alarm, you will allow—
To wit: We fear 'twould never do to sterilize the cow!

So we feed the baby Medicus's hygienic dope,
And we wash his face with germicidal antiseptic soap;
And we brush his little toofums—or the place where they will be—
With diluted glycothymoline, most sanitarily;
Then despair to see a milky effervescence supervene
On a countenance which theretofore was surgically clean.

Thus, although we strive to conquer every septic circumstance,
Yet we greatly fear a ghastly alimentary mischance;
For albeit we bake and boil his things, and scrub and soak and souse—
As if in his anatomy forever cleaning house—
The recklessness with which he sucks his vagrant tiny thumb
Imperils much his precious antiseptic little "tum."

We are careful of his hours, we are thoughtful of his toys;
We are mindful of his sorrows, and judicious of his joys;
We are prayerfully considerate of needful discipline,
Of my little "Mother's Handbook" and the precepts writ therein;
And we strive to render sterile all designed for mouth or "tum,"
But one frightful danger menaces—we cannot boil his thumb!



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Every operation superintended, every chocolate examined by a keen-eyed overseer.

All this care to assure you of the same high quality you have always found so delightful in Moir's Chocolates.

Take home a box to-day!

MOIRS, LIMITED,
HALIFAX

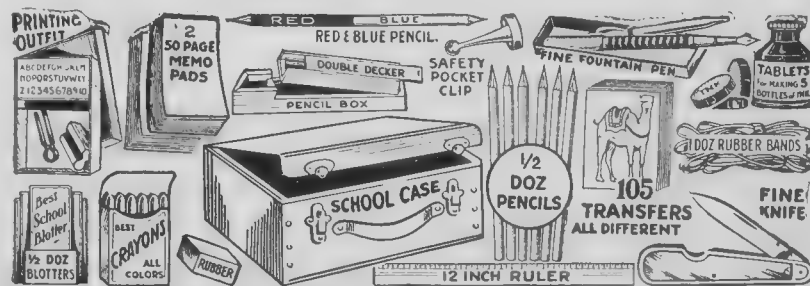
The wrong temperature will ruin candy. In the Moir factory expensive machinery keeps the air cool and dry every day in the year, no matter what it is like outside.



Moir's Chocolates

PURITY AND QUALITY ASSURED

34

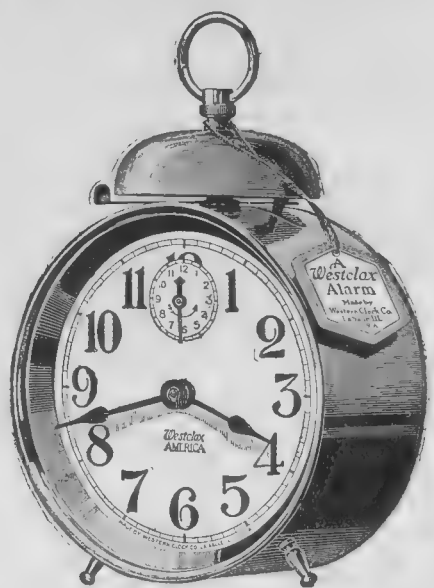


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trimmings. You can't beat that for a complete outfit and IT'S ALL YOURS! Just your name and address on a post card will bring you FREE a 25c bottle of "Floralyn Bouquet," the delightfully fragrant new perfume we are introducing, and with it just 20 bottles to sell among your friends at only 25c each. Open your sample and let everybody take a whiff of "Floralyn." They'll like it so much that everyone will buy a bottle or two at once. It's no trouble at all to sell. When sold return our money, only \$5.00, and we will promptly send you, all charges prepaid, the whole outfit, every piece as shown and described above. You take no risk as we take back all unsold goods and handsomely reward you for what you do sell. Write today to: **SK The Floralyn Perfume Co., Dept. S, 39, Toronto, Ont.**

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Peterborough, Canada

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\$4.50	\$4.50	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$2.00	\$3.50

BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 52

Spaghetti Salad

Two-third package spaghetti
1 cup chopped celery
1 tablespoon chopped celery
Salad dressing
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped boiled ham
Salt and pepper to taste.
Lettuce

Break the spaghetti into small pieces and boil. Place in a dish to cool. When cold mix with the other ingredients and serve with dressing on lettuce leaves.

Vermicelli Soup

Put a quart of clear broth into a stew pan on the stove. When boiling add 2 oz. of Vermicelli and boil gently ten minutes, and serve.

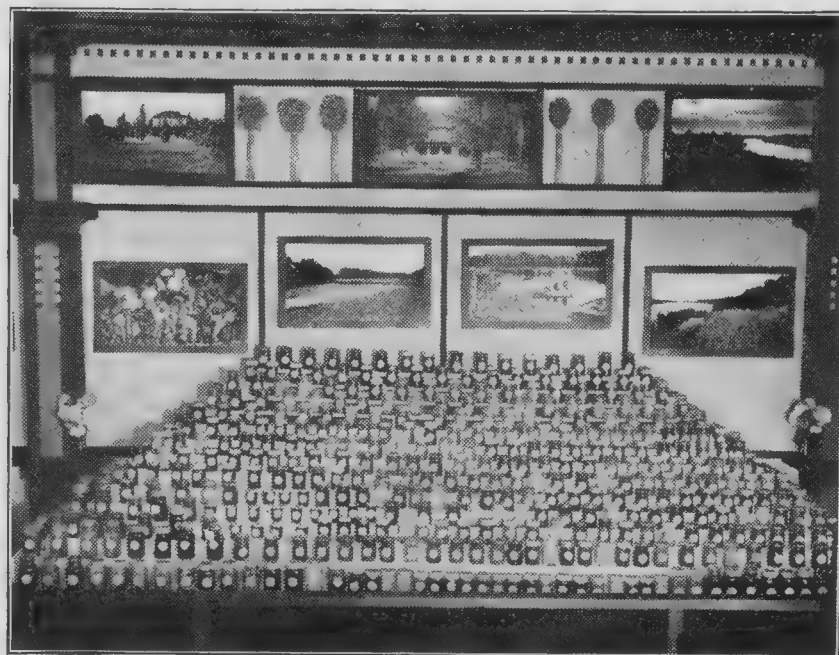
Baked Spaghetti Pudding

1 pint milk
2 oz. macaroni, or spaghetti, or ready cuts
1 egg
2 lbs. sugar
Nutmeg
1 tablespoon butter
Salt to taste

Break macaroni into half inch lengths. Boil the milk, add the macaroni and salt, and boil till tender, stirring very frequently. Butter a pudding dish and beat the egg, add the butter and sugar to the macaroni, cool a little, put in egg, mix. Grate a little nutmeg over top, and bake in a slow oven till top is browned.

coat of the above-mentioned paste and allowed to dry in the sun. The explanation given is that the dried paste absorbs the moisture from the injured grapes and continues during the night to absorb moisture, as a coating of blotting paper would. In addition to this important office as an absorbing stratum, it is claimed that the fumes of ammonia which are given off by it have the effect of giving the berries the desired dark-blue color which is demanded by the trade. Whatever may be said in favor of this method of curing it cannot fail to strike the unacquainted as an exceedingly curious and objectionable one. A visit to the drying fields does not conduce to a removal of one's objection to such a method. Some improved substratum ought to take the place of this old one, even though it ruin the large manufacturers of manure paste."

Less than ten years ago the California Associated Raisin Co., organized, and in 1914, 6,500 growers contracted to sell their crops through the Company while this year the number has grown to 14,000 and nearly all this crop comes from the San Joaquin Valley which incidentally has an area of 11,500 square miles. Of course, all grapes do not make good raisins and so it is that any fruit that does not come up to the requirements of the board is not used for that purpose. The Company has a service department whose efforts are de-



Fruits and Vegetables Canned by Manitoba Boys' and Girls' Clubs
Shown at Winnipeg Garden Show

Concerning Raisins

We have recently been reading a most interesting pamphlet issued by the California Associated Raisin Co., Fresno, California, which tells much about the inner workings of this mighty co-operative enterprise. Thanks to the untiring efforts of the organizers, the Californian raisin has entirely supplanted his European brother and this has been accomplished, not only on account of the superiority of the fruit in its natural state, but also because the up-to-date hygienic methods employed in preparing the raisins for market have made an impression on the buying public which in these days of dietetics is very discriminating. A raisin is a species of dried grape and the drying process, as practised in Europe, while effective, is not appetizing. An authority who had studied their methods writes:

"The drying of the fruit is an important process, and there is one common substratum upon which all the Corinths of commerce are dried. It is a sun-baked paste of cow manure. Whether a drying floor is prepared on open spots of ground scattered through the vineyards or consists of a large number of light wooden trays to be carried by the hand, makes no difference, both must be first painted with a thick

voted solely to helping growers produce better quality fruit and needless to say their advice is very eagerly sought.

Cooking with the Sun

THE time may yet arrive when on clear days, even in winter, the housewife will forsake her range and, stepping out into an attached "sunshine kitchen," roofed with glass, do her cooking by the heat of the sun. It is no mere dream. Indeed, the idea promises literal fulfilment in the near future, a number of inventions having already gone far toward proving it practicable.

Cooking by sun's rays has several obvious advantages. It means no dirt, no ashes and no cost for fuel. Thus, in Egypt and the African Karroo, solar cookers of a simple pattern are even now in common use, the device employing an insulated box of teakwood blackened inside and fitted with a glass top for the purpose. It makes a highly efficient oven for baking, and may be utilized in the preparation of soups and stews, the temperature inside the box running up to 275 degrees Fahrenheit in the middle of the day. With the help of a mirror it can be raised much higher than that.

We all know what a glass cover will do to hold the sun's heat—as illustrated by so familiar a thing as the "cold frame" used for raising early vegetables. The solar rays pass through the glass, con-



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Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

"Surprise Them" on Thanksgiving

HERE is a new way of serving cranberries for Thanksgiving. It is so luscious and fluffy that I am sure, whenever served, it will be a most pleasing surprise. It is easily made and a delightful accompaniment to turkey or chicken. I am giving the recipe below, and suggest you clip it out so it will not be forgotten.

CRANBERRY FRAPPE

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
3 cups boiling water 1 quart cranberries
4 tablespoons lemon juice
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Cook cranberries in boiling water until soft; then force through a puree strainer. Add soaked gelatine, sugar and lemon juice, and freeze.

Here, too, is a recipe for a delicious Thanksgiving Dessert:—

MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water 1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup sugar Macaroons or chopped nuts
Whites of three eggs Pinch of salt
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar and as soon as dissolved set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water; then add whites of eggs (well beaten and flavored; beat all together until mixture thickens. Turn into shallow pan, first dipped in cold water, and let stand until thoroughly chilled. Remove from pan and cut in pieces the size and shape of marshmallows: roll in macaroons, which have been dried and rolled, or in chopped nuts. Serve with plain or whipped cream. Mixture may be divided, flavoring half with lemon and whipping two squares melted chocolate into the other.

Other suggestions for Thanksgiving Desserts and Salads are—Nut Frappe, Marshmallow Cream, Angel Parfait, Pineapple Mousse, Chocolate Sponge, Royal Pudding, Orange Trifle, Perfection Salad, Luncheon Salad, Jewel Salad, Fruit Salad Supreme.

THESE and many other recipes are found in my books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Sent free for 4 cents postage and your grocer's name.

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Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Same Sparkling Gelatine with lemon flavouring in separate envelope

tributing to the air beneath a warmth which does not easily escape even in the winter time.

Upon this principle most of the "sun ovens" are based. One of them is the invention of a Chicago man, Ebenezer Sperry, and may be described as a large box covered with glass and lined with metal painted black to absorb heat. When it is exposed to the sun enough heat is generated to boil water and make steam, the latter passing into a cooking chamber above.

An apparatus of this kind is a real fireless cooker, requiring no fuel to furnish heat to start with. You can make one for yourself, of more simple pattern, very easily. Take a wooden box, paint it black inside, and cover it with two sheets of glass separated by an inch of air space. The inch of dead air is a capital insulator. Put the box in the sun and soon the temperature of its interior will rise above boiling. You can cook eggs or meat in it. If you will make the box double—putting one box, that is to say, inside of a box slightly larger—and fill the space between with sawdust or other insulating material, you can get a tremendous heat.

How, it may be asked, shall you place in your sun oven the things you want to cook? That can be managed in various ways; but a very practical suggestion on this point is offered by another inventor, who proposes to rest the box on one of its edges—the upper two of its four sides covered with double glass, and the lower two sides lined with black felt for insulating. Shelves inside are arranged so as always to adjust themselves horizontally, no matter how the box is tilted, to receive the solar rays, and upon them, pans of bread or other food receptacles are put.

A British army officer in India, some years ago, devised what he called a "cooking box," a most ingenious affair of wood lined with mirror glass, conical in shape and eight sided. At the bottom was a small copper boiler, with a cover of plain glass to retain the heat concentrated by the mirror upon the boiler. By this means steam was generated when the box was exposed to the sun. If the steam was retained the result was a stew or boil; if allowed to escape, the food placed in the receptacle was baked. In an apparatus of this kind rations for seven men, including meats, were prepared in two hours. It was obvious that by increasing the diameter of the box the heat could be augmented indefinitely.

In Egypt, the Sudan and Algeria, where water fit for drinking is apt to be scarce, there is today in common use a portable solar distilling outfit which is the invention of a Frenchman named Mouchon. It is a simple arrangement of boiler and concave mirror, the latter serving to focus the sun's rays upon the former, while a coil of tubing in a water jacket does duty as a condenser. The machine, which a man can carry on his back, will boil a quart of water and keep it boiling, the ordinary output being two gallons of pure drink per day.

Baby Joan

Your charming little face with dimples twain,
In absence comes with memories that remain;
Days when we romped together you and I,
And all my grown up griefs were wont to fly.

Hints of your mother child, beyond compare,
Your baby voice so sweet and kisses rare;
With vows of love within an angel's reach,
I want you dear, beyond all thought or speech.

S. J. Looker.

The Connecting Link

Teacher. "Thomas, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one?"

Thomas (after reflection). "A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.' 'Halter' is a conjunction, because it connects the horse and the fence."

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GENERAL HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL GIRL

ONE of our modern poets, William Canton says; "God first made man, then found a better way for women, but his third way was best; of all created things the loveliest and most divine are children."

The necessity of plenty of fresh air in the sleeping apartment of the growing girl, cannot be overestimated. Have the bed so arranged as to be out of a direct draught and there will be no danger of colds.

In the morning while dressing before the open window have the child take deep breaths of air, with the shoulders well back and the abdomen in, holding the breath while she counts ten and then gradually exhaling. Repeat this about ten or twelve times and it will tend to fortify the child against colds and also to develop the lungs and air passages. Mothers should take great care of their growing daughters, have their meals regular, their dress comfortable and above all a congenial environment, as otherwise the nerves of the child are affected.

Regarding the diet, if the girl is undernourished and anemic she should be taught the importance of fresh air, plenty of sleep and particularly deep breathing. The thin person should eat frequently, instead of three times a day, take four or five, choosing nourishing and fat producing foods. The secret of health, as laid down by Dr. Copeland, commissioner of health of New York City, is simplicity of diet, drink plenty of water, free escape of the food wastes, frequent baths and exercise that results in free perspiration.

Regarding baths, see that the water is the right temperature. For the regular bath tepid water is sufficient; even for a cleansing bath tepid water and a good soap give the desired results. The continual hot bath results in a drying up of the natural oils of the body and the skin becomes dry and glazed, as the skin of the aged.

Now if the child is inclined to be overweight, the diet should consist of foods that are low in calories. Do not give cream, sauces, butter, candy or starchy things; but give plenty of fresh fruit. Children should be allowed plenty of time for their meals. They should be taught to eat slowly and to masticate their food thoroughly. Fast eating soon becomes a habit and once formed is hard to overcome. Above all arrange the child's diet to regulate the bowels without resorting to patent pills, laxatives of any kind or purgatives. At a clinic held sometime ago in Chicago a large percentage of men and women between the ages of twenty-eight and forty were found to have the lower bowel completely paralyzed from the habitual use of cathartics, when the proper diet and the right amount of exercise would have prevented this condition.

The schoolgirl should wear comfortable flat heeled shoes, never high heels as they throw the body out of its natural poise with very bad results.

Girls should be taught early in life the bad effects of wearing corsets, that they restrict the development of the lungs, heart and liver, also the abdominal organs, and prevent their proper functioning. The corset, when worn tight enough to ensure the form that some consider very correct so narrows the lung capacity that they can but half inflate them and so a double duty is thrown on the heart. One physician said; woman by her injurious style of dress is doing as much to destroy the race as is man by alcoholism.

Dr. Ellice says the practice of tight lacing has done more within the last century towards the physical deterioration of the human race than have war, pestilence and famine combined.

The undergarments worn by growing girls should hang from the shoulders as much as possible, as too much weight on the hips is injurious. The well made boneless corded waist with shoulder straps has of late years supplanted the injurious corset.

Before closing this paper I would like to say a word regarding individuality.

One of the biggest things we can do for our children and ourselves is to teach them the value of individuality—the importance of being one's self all the time—and not an integral part of a crowd.

Growing children have an inborn longing to have what their playmates have in food, clothes and amusements. They fear to stand alone, to think alone, or to work alone, and they drift unconsciously into the crowd which suffocates individuality. Let us teach our children to be natural and have a definite individuality of their own which never imitates.

Beauty By Housework

A WRITER whose useful mission is to tell women how they can make the most of themselves physically has been counting up the development exercises that one does, or might, take while busy with her housework. For example, she enlarges her chest and arms by using the carpet-sweeper, strengthens her back and broadens her shoulders by making beds, and improves the shape of her wrists and hands by kneading dough.

She might round her hips and perfect her waist line by using her feet instead of her hands as opportunity offers, as when shutting the oven door. Ironing tends to make her arms round and firm; but that end would be more surely attained if occasionally, while she waited for the iron to cool, she would straighten her back and hold the iron at arm's length, using it as a dumb-bell. A proper carriage of the body is desirable, anyway, and few kinds of work really necessitate postures that invite cramped lungs and rounded shoulders.

The hardest work, "that which makes one breathe heavily," brings its special benefit, provided one breathes deeply and breathes pure air. But to supplement all such physical means of grace, says our adviser, a woman should rest, absolutely rest, for fifteen minutes a day, loosen her garments and stretch herself at full length. "That is the treatment that fends off wrinkles."

What of the occasions when a woman must wield a broom or bend over a wash-tub or over a frying-pan upon the kitchen range? These are toils that tax her strength and seem to make little direct return or physical good, yet they may be carried on under hygienic conditions.

The comforting fact remains that most of the work a housekeeper does involves just such exercises as a teacher of physical culture or a "beauty doctor" would prescribe for her. There is no reason why she should not be more beautiful, as well as more useful, than the idlers of her sex. She generally is.

Spirit of the Lights

Beyond the fiery shooting star
The Northern Lights are dancing far.
In spots of green and purple flame
They write upon the sky their name,
Like restless spirits from the grave
Who died, their Canada to save.
They have come back, a watch to keep
O'er Canada, while others sleep.

Awake! awake! O souls at ease,
And give yourselves, as nobly, these
Who, at the call of Truth and Right
Went out from Canada to fight—
And some came back, but suffer pain
And some will never come again.
O soul that slumbers, wake!
Up! Up! thy burden take.

They gave their all for Freedom
They kept the old flag high,
'Tis ours to keep the faith, at home
That Freedom may not die.

Emily Kathleen McLaren.

Both Ends Missing

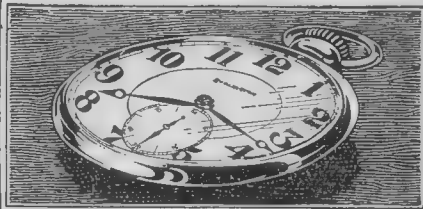
An absent-minded man went into a store to buy a jar. He saw one that was turned upside down and cried:

"How absurd! The jar has no mouth."

Turning it over, he was once more astonished.

"Why, the bottom's gone, too!" he exclaimed.

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The Empire's Most Primitive Village

By Mark Meredith

THE latest reports from Australia show the diggers for opal, the Australian national gem, are at present experiencing very hard times. Opal in fact seems to have lost the popularity that a few years ago made it a principal feature of the jewellers' windows in London, Paris and New York.

Coober Pedy, the home of the famous South Australia black opal, is 100 miles from anywhere, and probably the most primitive village in the British Empire. The Australian blacks christened it Coober Pedy, or "white man living in a hole," and it well deserves the name.

Of all the rough outback jobs in Australia, digging for opal is about the worst. Coober Pedy lives in the heart of the Stewart Range, 170 miles from the nearest station on the East-West Railway and its whole population of between 70 and 80 diggers lives underground in burrows scratched out of the hill-side. A tiny shanty in which the diggers keep their tools, is the only sign of life showing above ground. Every morning the diggers come out of their burrows and set out for the opal fields, to cut patiently through the rock with the hope of finding the beautiful black diamonds lying beneath. Between them they have dug many thousands of pounds' worth of opal in the last four years, though they have worked only a small area of a field said to be 40 miles long. In normal times opal is worth £30 an ounce, but now that there is practically no demand for the gems the diggers have opal, but no money.

Coober Pedy has a dug-out post office, of which it is very proud and a mail once a week, but neither food nor water is to be found within a day's journey. At present water is carted from a water-hole fourteen miles distant, but as it is some time since the last shower occurred the diggers will soon have to go to a creek which is still further away for their water. As much as £3 per 100 gallons has at times been paid for the precious fluid.

One enterprising digger has improvised a shower bath out of a 4lb. jam jar and baths himself beneath it every morning, but to prevent waste, the water has to be poured back into the tin, for further use as soon as he has finished.

Beef and bread are brought by mail-cart from Kingoonya, the nearest station, but the people of Coober Pedy insure themselves against sudden scarcity by taming the rabbits that abound the neighborhood. One man alone has fifty of these pets, and it is a curious sight to see them every evening trooping to their master for food.

At present the diggers have only primitive boring tools and improvised windlasses, and there is small prospect of the field being properly developed until the opal trade revives, but most of them are determined to put up with the hardships of life in Coober Pedy until they have found fortune.

Old Comfort

THE young seek novelty. With their abounding strength and vigor they are always hunting for new experiences, adventures physical and spiritual, strange starts, surprises, keen emotions, even if at times they are painful ones. The cry is more, more, and even more; and no matter how much more the ardent spirit gets, it is not satisfied.

But there is a corner in life, there is a summit. It comes to some earlier, to others later. But when you turn it or surmount it, you begin to distrust novelty and to think with the old Romans that a stranger is an enemy. The strange, the surprising, means disturbance, means dislocation; and older joints dislocate more easily, at any rate feel the jar more and suffer from it longer.

Then we begin to find old places lovely, just because they are old and familiar and full of the past. We love them because once we were happy in them, or because we thought we were, or because memory now makes us think we were. A quiet turn of an old road may bring tears to our eyes.

We like old clothes, too. Let the young frisk in fashionable fancies. We find them stiff and unwieldy, always wrinkling in awkward folds, pinching us and galling us. We want to wear things we can forget, and we understand perfectly the feeling of Mr. Pepys' mother, when she called her old dressing gown her kingdom because she had taken such comfort in it.

And old books, too. The new have difficult thoughts, puzzling theories, strange inventions of eager wits bent on upsetting the world. They may be well enough for the young, who like to be upset and to upset others. But we prefer to turn familiar pages drowsily before the fire, coming at expected places upon well-remembered scenes, which apparently do not stir the young at all, but which stirred us when we were young and stir

us now with a renewed and double charm.

And old friends. A wicked French lady said that she was always ready to make new acquaintances, because she knew they could not be worse than the old. But we like the old, because at least they do not disconcert us. We know their charm. We know their faults also and how to meet them and allow for them, and they know ours.

In the mad hurry and turmoil of change that we see about us today surely a taste for the old is to be cultivated and preached. People are too eager for the new simply because it is new, without regard to its real value or profit. One of the oldest things in the world and one of the most comfortable is contentment.

Or Sharpening His Appetite

When the train stopped at a little station in the South a tourist from the North emerged from the Pullman car and gazed curiously at a lean animal rubbing itself vigorously against a scrub oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked a native.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"What's he rubbing himself against the tree for?"

"He's jes' nat'ally stroppin' hisself, suh."

An Empty Joke

Snickson. "Why is an empty purse always the same, my boy?"

Snackson. "'Fraid I can't tell you."

Snickson. Why because you never see any change in it!"



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MOTHER'S SECTION

"The Home Spirit"

By Rose Paynter

ONE of the most important responsibilities of life is the care of our children, physically and morally. The forming of a character is so much disputed that it sounds perhaps presumption in me to state my own convictions, but my excuse is—they are come by first hand.

We sometimes try to think that we are in no way responsible when we turn out what the world calls "a wrong 'un." Everyone knows and can prove, we always fed and clothed that child sensibly and well. We saw he attended school regularly, and sent him to Sunday school also. We looked to his progress at school maybe, and did not over-indulge him with cheap candy, ice cream, or over-much pocket money. He never saw his Dad in a gambling den, and his Mother did not smoke cigarettes. Well then, how else could that child be helped?

"Well," I say, "what is the spirit in your home?" You know what I mean, how does the home atmosphere strike? Is it loving, gentle, pure, yet broad. What are your own most ordinary thoughts? Do you go about envying your friends there, over the way, because they have a beautiful front room and a gramophone—maybe an auto? Do you catch yourself scornfully criticising Mrs. S. because she washes on Fridays, or goes to town twice a week instead of minding her house and family? Do you make scathing allusions sometimes to the way Jenny does her golden curls, or Edith powders her little nose? All these little tiny things influence the Home Spirit. If a child continually hears this sort of thing, and sees his parents' attitude toward each other, everything, and everybody, he naturally takes it to be the usual thing. He quickly starts his own line of ideas, and they will run on under the same lines. However pure and dear a child's mind may be at the start it is very quickly contaminated. A child naturally, I believe, wishes for purity and tenderness. If allowed to, he loves to think of his mother as the kindest, "rightest," and most unsuspecting person in the world. Is it not a well-worth-while struggle with our lower natures to hear a boy or girl speak of Home and Dad and Mother in that quiet loving wonderful way one sometimes does? We begin by being the greatest and most splendid creatures on earth to our toddlers—how sad if they find their confidence misplaced.

I was told by a nurse a dreadfully sad little incident of the late war. One day a young fellow not more than twenty years old was brought in. They had sent him over from France to this Old Country hospital to die. He was a hopeless mass of wounds from the first, and all the nurses could do was to alleviate the pain as much as possible and await the end. He was a wonderfully uncomplaining patient, not irritable, only so terribly weary. His gratitude for every little kindness was quite piteous. He never asked for anyone to be sent for—they thought perhaps he had no people. On the second day he became much worse, and through that night he died. The nurse in charge felt dreadfully upset, somehow if a soul meets death so bravely one cannot help being doubly affected. Upon going over this poor boy's possessions the nurse discovered his Mother's address, right near this London Hospital. In much regret she sent for her, wondering what sort of a person she could be. A great number of obscene French postcards on really terrible subjects, mostly feminine, were conspicuous amongst No. 307's effects. These the nurse, with more pity than prudence, burnt on her own responsibility. This she ought never to have done. When the mother arrived and was informed of her boy's death she appeared absolutely indifferent. His kit and possessions, these were what she eagerly sought. "Why had he not brought

more?" "Surely the nurses had cheated her of her rights." Yes, of course. Greed and disappointment, these seemed the mother's chief sentiments.

Now I contend, there was a soul who'd had a terribly poor chance in this world. What did that boy know about Home, and Mother love? How could you expect such a one to reverence women? What must they have represented to that boy from first to last? My sorrow, when I was told this story, lay in the fact that by those same postcards that awful woman might have been brought to repent and realize what kind of an ideal she had planted in her little boy's white soul.

Oh, Mothers, think! God gives us such a nice clean sheet, don't let us be the first to smudge it. No matter what kind of girls a boy may meet outside, he will judge them all from the standard given him by his mother. He may often be deceived and disgusted with the world, but let him keep that picture bright and beautiful. The girls, no less, let them set their model by the home influence. Let father always stand for right and strength and courage, and above all, for love and faithfulness.

After all, this atmosphere should not be so difficult to cultivate as at first it sounds. Just put a little of the love you will feel into your daily conversation. Suppress a few of the "Don'ts" that rise often to our lips. Think of the pleasant things to repeat about our neighbors. Praise any little generous impulse you perceive in your family. Be firmly against a mean little act or speech, but do not harp on such a discord. Forget it at once and dismiss anything unworthy as though you could not dwell on such an affair a minute. If you shun wrong, and evil, and slander, it will very quickly become the rule of the home to do so, and friends and neighbors will find it a rest and a relief to come to your table, and will feel happy in their families being there.

Above all, welcome your kiddies' friends. If possible, make them want to come again. Upon this will depend your future happy gatherings. Don't drive your kiddies out to find happiness. Let them know you will help them make it at home. The best candy in our youth was, I felt, the toffee mother made, next to it the dreadful sugar and water concoctions we made by ourselves over the stove,—far, far better than those wonderful goodies in the candy store.

That's the way it should be at home.

The Fortunate Isles

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow-birds' song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay, not to the left, nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow birds sing,
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?

Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.

Lo! these are the isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Lo, Duty and Love, and a true man's Trust:

Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust;

Lo, Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's smiles,

And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

—Joaquin Miller.

Worse Still

"See here," cried an angry subscriber, "you've been telling lies about me in your paper."

"I know it," replied the editor; "but what would you do if we told the truth about you?"

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Rainy Day Suggestions

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

MOST children are difficult to manage on a rainy day. We cannot send them in the garden and tell them to play outside. The weather influences them, just as it influences us. They cannot help the feeling of depression, any more than we can.

When the sky is blue and the sun is shining, we all feel better. A bright morning gives promise of a new and better day, so we wake up prepared for anything—ready to undertake that hard task we have, perhaps, postponed. The children too, are lively and not hard to manage. How easy life would be if the sun were always shining! But this cannot be! As the poet has said:-

"Some rain must fall
Some days must be dark and dreary."

When all is gloomy outside, we mothers should do our best to keep the sun shining inside our houses. I have a few ways of changing these rainy days into days of delight. I shall tell you some of them.

I have a large wooden box which I call my "Reserve Box." Into it, I put my "Rainy Day Gifts." These consist of pictures to cut out, pictures to paste or to color, especial silks for embroidery, pieces of wood which can be used in making toys, etc. When it rains, I go to this box and give something out of it to each child. This is a gift. It is not taken away again when the sun shines. In this box, I often have candy and chocolate bars. The children do not know what the box contains. They may have a general idea, but nothing definite. This box is quite distinct from a small cupboard where they keep their "Rainy Day Toys."

These toys they know by heart. They put them back at the end of a rainy day, and keep them until the next time that they are bound to remain in the house. They like their "Rainy Day Toys" because they are not allowed to play with them when the sun is shining; but, I think they prefer the "Rainy Day Gifts" because they contain an element of surprise, and all children love surprises.

When I go to the store and have a little small change over, I often manage to get some trifling thing to put in the surprise box. I am careful not to let the children see what I get. As these things cost but a few cents, no one should mind getting them.

Sometimes the farmer's wife gets groceries for her eggs and butter, and the storekeeper remarks: "There are ten cents left." Couldn't the mother buy a surprise for her children, out of these ten cents? She will never miss them. When the next rainy day comes, she will be glad to find a way in which she can make rainy days less dull.

We need rain for our gardens and our crops. As the rain comes pouring down we grown ups can console ourselves that it was needed. Children, however, feel that their day is spoiled. This is especially so when it happens to rain on a holiday. No future pleasure can compensate for the dreariness of the present day. Children live, essentially, in the present. They have practically, no past nor future. Therefore, when the rain falls and spoils their day, isn't it nice to think that we have the "Rainy Day Toys" and the "Rainy Day Gifts?"

Children do not value gifts from a monetary point of view. Sometimes they like cheaper things better than the more expensive ones. The main thing is to keep them occupied, because when they are busy they are happy. This should be the object of all mothers—to keep their children happy, in sunshine or in stormy weather.

Pal o' Mine
Marion Belden Cook

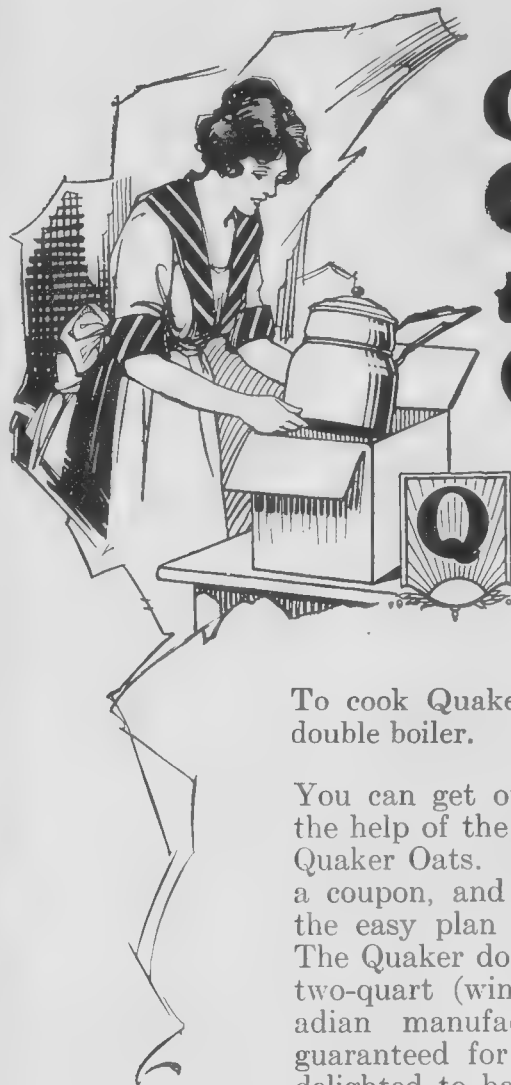
Do you ever dream of the olden trails
Where the clouds beneath us curled,
Do you remember the strange tales

We heard on the rim of the world,
Pal o' Mine?

Do you ever see our leaping fires
With their shadows flickering
Upon the pines which rose like spires
Beyond the firelight ring,

Pal o' Mine?
Do you ever think of the nights we spent
Where the mountain mists hung low,
Our only home a patch of tent?

It was very long ago,
Pal o' Mine.



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Stir slowly one part of Quaker Oats into two parts of freshly boiled water. Remember to salt the water to taste before adding the oats. Cook in a double boiler for half an hour. No further stirring is necessary as the double boiler prevents burning.

Our five minute plan is a convenient way of having Quaker Oats always ready for breakfast. Cook Quaker Oats at any time during the day according to the above recipe and when cooked leave in the double boiler, but set aside until the next morning. Five minutes is then sufficient to heat it for breakfast.

The Last Sieur d' Etchegoyen

Continued from page 6

he was exposed, and finally she broke down and cried hysterically.

It was a dull overcast morning when Raoul, with four of his companions, reached the safety of United States territory, for the rain which had been almost continuous throughout the night still kept up. The lofty trees of the forest, through which the trail they followed made its way, were shrouded in low-hanging clouds, while the wooded slopes of valley and ravine were banded in different shades of color where the somber pines and hemlocks contrasted with the wet, glistening foliage of oak trees and maples. As the day proceeded, they fell in with various other groups of fugitives, and nightfall found them travelling with a party which numbered some fifty or sixty men, among whom Raoul noticed many who had been with Nelson at St. Dennis the day previously. That night they spent at a village, where the inhabitants treated them with the utmost kindness. Here they found "General" Brown, their erstwhile commander, safely ensconced in the village tavern, where he insisted that Raoul and some half-dozen others should accept his hospitality, and where, after a good meal and a change into warm, dry clothing, they slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

FOR almost twelve months Raoul lived and worked under the protection of the friendly villagers. A good Samaritan, in the person of a trader whose business necessitated frequent journeys across the border to Montreal, had made it possible for him to occasionally communicate with Teresa; and by the same route he had received back the assurance that all was well at the Chateau. He had become a member of one of the secret societies called "Hunters' Lodges," which, as an aftermath of the rebellion, had been formed all along the border. Their sworn purpose was to spread republican institutions over the whole continent, and by means of raids by armed parties on Canadian border settlements, were endeavoring to create such a condition of affairs, that war between the two countries would result. A great raid, in which Raoul was to participate, was being planned to take place during the following summer; their objective being a large store of government supplies accumulated at a military post which, since the rebellion, had been located a few miles back from the border.

A few days before the date set for the raid, Raoul, with much secrecy, crossed the border and succeeded in making his way to the Chateau. This visit was the occasion of much rejoicing by the two women, and Teresa poured out upon him all the pent-up emotion of which her passionate nature was capable. He was again in high spirits, and told Teresa that, should the forthcoming raid prove successful, he would clear enough to enable them to be married at once and seek safety in the distant west. And so they sat together during the long summer day that he remained hidden, and again made happy plans for the future until the security of darkness made it possible for him to return to his sanctuary across the border.

The meeting of the "Hunters" who were to participate in the raid was to take place two days later at Jean Andre's Inn, their famous rendezvous, a lonely spot on the forest road, a few miles from the border. When Raoul arrived at the Inn he found the common drinking room still empty, so, feeling very tired, he lay down on one of the long benches that followed the tables around the room, and went to sleep. One by one the raiders came in and deposited their packs along the walls of the room; nearly all called for bread, meat and wine, and ate rapidly, mostly in silence. Their meal finished, each lighted a cigarette or small clay pipe, and, in subdued voices, gossiped of the events of the borderland, or of the various details that had attended their journeys to reach the inn. Altogether there were about eighty men in the room, some, like Raoul, mere boys, while a few had white hair and moustaches; but all wore

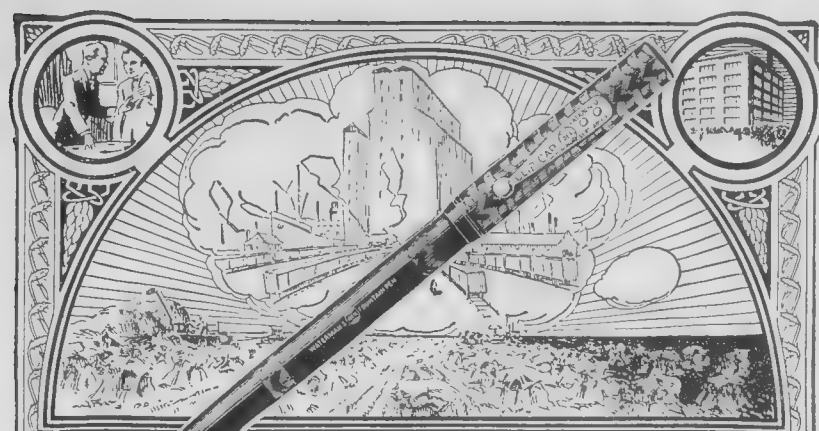
the rough garb of the woodsman, and each had an ugly looking knife and an uglier looking pistol stuck in a rawhide belt, fastened tightly around his waist.

The hum of conversation ceased suddenly as old Andre, the innkeeper, came forward and placed an earthen dish between the flickering tallow dips in the middle of the long center table. Immediately some of the older men gathered around him, while the rest left their seats and crowded down to one end of the room. When he saw that they were all ready, he shook the dice-box which he held in his hand and threw—seven. That was the fighting number for that night.

The raiders passed before him in single file, and each threw the dice in turn, then walked over to the right side of the table, or, if he had thrown a seven, remained standing by the fireplace, behind the innkeeper. Meanwhile Raoul was still asleep on his bench. When his turn came they woke him, and he came forward, rubbing his eyes sleepily. He threw and the dice rolled up—two, five. "What was the number to-night?" he asked as he put them back in the box. "Seven," answered Andre; "you have it. Has everyone thrown?" he added, raising his voice; then, receiving no answer, he turned to the men standing behind him and said: "Boys, it is time to get ready."

There were nine besides Raoul; so ten muskets and ten packs, filled with ammunition and food, were brought in from their hiding place in the rear of the inn, while the appointed men placed their own packs on the table to be divided up among the rest. Their duty was to go ahead first, and, if possible, to concentrate the line of Border Patrols in one spot; while they were fighting, the rest could spread out rapidly and pass across to the safer country beyond; gathering together again at a pre-arranged rendezvous to deliver their attack upon the unsuspecting troops at the military post. The things belonging to the men of the forlorn hope were deposited in some safe place, where, if they returned they could claim them; if they did not return, and it was ascertained that they had been killed, their property was sold by their comrades, and the proceeds, together with a generous contribution from the funds of the "Hunters' Lodges," sent to the victim's family. Sometimes not a shot was fired until all had passed the line safely; but, again, at others, desperate encounters took place between the soldiers patrolling the border and the raiders advance party, and then never more than half, seldom more than a third, and sometimes none, contrived to escape. It was extremely rare that a raider was made prisoner; he never surrendered, because he knew that if he did a hangman's rope awaited him; so when any was taken it was because he was too severely wounded to resist any longer. In this border warfare the womenfolk of the raiders played a prominent part, spying upon the movements of the soldiers and dispatching their information to one or other of the various rendezvous of "Hunters' Lodges" along the border.

SINCE the day of Raoul's visit to the Chateau, Teresa had felt increasingly anxious about him. His disastrous support of the rebellion the year previously, and the dangers to which he had since impetuously exposed himself for her sake, had made him even dearer to her than she dared to admit to herself. As the night on which the raid was to take place approached, her anxiety grew deeper and deeper. She trembled with fear at the thought of what might happen to him, and long before sunset she had persuaded herself that something had already happened, and the light of her life seemed to have gone out. The slightest noise made her start; and although she knew that the raiders did not leave their rendezvous before midnight, the slamming of a door or of a loose window-shutter, which she magnified into the report of a gunshot, made her clasp her hands in an agony of terror. At



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last she could bear it no longer, and after embracing her unsuspecting mother, she went out, called her dog, and made her way hurriedly towards the pass in the hills near which Raoul had told her that they would probably cross the line. When she had reached the place, she crouched down under a bush, holding her dog by the collar and waited. In her anxiety it was a great consolation to feel the warm breathing thing near her, and when her distress became unbearable, to press its shaggy head against her breast and kiss it. At times even, forgetting where she was, she spoke to it as if it were Raoul, and it soothed her to bury her face in its soft coat, and fancy that she was in her lover's arms: or she would raise her eyes to the dark sky overhead, and mutely pray for him.

IN the meantime the sky had clouded over, and greenish flashes of lightning behind the wooded hill-tops announced a storm. A few heavy drops fell, and ceased again as the thunder began to roll with a muffled sound in the distance. At every rumble Teresa started forward and listened intently for a moment, half dreading and yet at the same time hoping that it might be a gunshot. Her suspense was becoming intolerable, and it seemed to her that even the worst news would be preferable to this uncertainty. The cold drops that fell from the overhanging branches on to her neck and trickled down her back made her shiver, and for a moment the sensation distracted her. Then she listened again more eagerly than before, fearful that during the momentary distraction some important noise had escaped her attention; and when she could perceive nothing but the myriads of infinitesimal sounds that make the silence of the night, she took the dog's head in her hands and cried in a passionate, pathetic voice: "Raoul! oh, Raoul!" while the fond animal licked her face as if he understood and pitied her.

Meanwhile the minutes were slowly passing away, and with every moment the lightning became more vivid, the flashes more frequent, and the roll of the thunder sharper. Suddenly the dog stiffened itself on its legs with a low growl, and, tearing itself from her grasp, bounded away in the darkness. Teresa rose to her feet, straining her eyes to pierce the inky blackness of the night, her heart throbbing violently. A yellow light, followed by a sharp report, flared among the bushes before her, and she sprang forward. Then came more shots, and in the silence between them she heard the angry baying of her dog. A man spoke a few quick words, and immediately a bright fire of twigs, saturated with resin, sprang up in the clearing, where Raoul with two of his raider comrades, taken by surprise, were brilliantly illuminated, while the soldiers, scattered among the bushes which lined the approach to the pass, remained in comparative darkness. A few steps from where the fire flared up, as if scorning the protection of darkness which he had given to his men, the officer of the patrol stood by himself, holding his sword loosely in his left hand, and with a pistol in his right, taking a slow aim at the nearest raider. With a wild, unearthly cry that startled the men the girl bounded past them, her dog leaping and snarling a few paces ahead of her. She seized the officer's sword and struck him with all her remaining strength—but too late; for Raoul had fallen.

When Teresa regained her senses, a number of the soldiers had gathered around the fallen raider; she pushed them rudely aside, and kneeling down she gently lifted him in her arms and rested his drooping head against her breast. Without looking at his wound, she instinctively felt that it was fatal and that her lover was dead. She could neither speak nor weep, and it seemed to her as if some vital cord had suddenly given way in her brain; she hesitated a moment, then, kissing his lips mechanically, as if obeying the last impulse of her departed will, she let him fall back heavily, passed her hands over her eyes as if she had been asleep, and walked away without molestation into the darkness of the night.

For several months nothing was seen of her in the surrounding country. Dur-

ing this time the story was circulated that a ferocious werewolf was roaming the hills and woods which skirted the valley. Soldiers and woodsmen reported having seen the animal, and so set the seal of eye-witnesses on the story. The officer, whose bullet had killed Raoul, while making his usual nightly rounds of the outposts, was attacked and killed, apparently by some wild animal. His escort of two soldiers, seized with a panic, had run away when they heard the cry of the animal, which they compared to the howl of a she-wolf, as it launched itself from out of the darkness on to the back of the young man. They had quickly recovered from their fright, and returned to the scene of the struggle, only to find their officer dying from terrible wounds and to catch a glimpse of his slayer disappearing into the surrounding darkness. The subsequent investigation could throw but little light upon the matter, and it was generally thought to be a new and ghastly form of terrorism, perpetrated by the raiders of the "Hunters' Lodges."

Shortly after these events had transpired, and while the mystery of the fatal attack on the young officer was still the subject of investigation, a party of roving woodsmen, entering the old courtyard of the Chateau—seeking the hospitality which heretofore had never been denied them—had been startled to find good Madame Barre crouched in a corner, mumbling incoherently to herself, in a state of hopeless imbecility. Search of the upper rooms of the Chateau had disclosed the poor, emaciated body of Teresa, a long, thin dagger plunged to its hilt in her bosom. She had been dead for some days, but the poor body still knelt rigidly before the window, where in life she had often so eagerly watched for the coming of the merry Raoul, the face pressed against the grimy glass, and the sightless eyes still staring out over the broad expanse of the beautiful valley below. Who shall say but that, perhaps, as her eyes glazed in death, she had watched the spirit of her matchless lover come swinging up the valley road to claim his own.

The old Chateau is today a pile of crumbling ruins, with only the great outer walls left standing, enclosing a heap of mouldering debris within; not very imposing, very suggestive, or even picturesque; but the dwellers of the valley will not touch a single stone of the old pile. They will tell you that, when a storm sweeps over the valley, and the lightning flashes over the hill-tops, you can, if you care to listen, hear amid the rumble of the thunder, the long, mournful howl of the spirit of the she-wolf which, they insist, still haunts the old pile; and your informer, devoutly crossing himself, will invoke the protection of his saints as he hurries homewards.

Knockers

There are knockers, yes, and knockers—
There are knockers bad and good;
And there is no harm in knocking
If you knock as knockers should.
But when one gets out his hammer.
And just knocks, and knocks and
knocks
Every wholesome deed and effort;
Things are headed for the rocks.
So, then, knock the things which need it;
But keep boosting where you should;
That the evil may be routed;
And far better be the good.

—Fred Scott Shepard.

A Contented Wife

Love in mine own abode hath built its
nest.
And sings his sweetest lay to charm
mine ear;
Affections at the hearth, a willing guest,
Bindeth with silken cord, my spirit
here.
A cherub boy, beside his father's knee,
Lips the dear name of "Mother" and
I turn
From all the cold world's heartless vanity
Unto an altar where pure fires may
burn;
And clasp anew the cherished idols there,
Deeming no other shrine of earth so
fair.

—Frederick H. Russell.



For Children Comfort Is Happiness

If a child's underclothing irritates him don't be surprised if he is cross.

Mothers are asked to be critical of Mercury Undergarments for Children. Every care that a thoughtful mother would exercise in choosing materials, in shaping the garments, in stitching and felling seams, is shown in Mercury Underwear.

Dealers everywhere can supply you.

214

Mercury



Underwear

Mercury Mills Limited—Hamilton—Canada
MAKERS OF HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

RADIO

If you are interested in this fascinating discovery and want to hear the concerts, market reports, news items etc. that are being broadcasted daily, send in your name to:

THE CIRCULATION MANAGER
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg.



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The average life of a Bissell is easily that long—based on millions used. See if any other sweeper can equal that record, or come near it. Then decide on your sweeper.

The ready-to-use, light and smooth-running Bissell has been the best friend of three generations of housewives, the world's most efficient and most widely used carpet sweeper.

It alone has the famous "Cyco" principle, which automatically takes up the wear of the brush and other parts, making it always do good work.

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Really sweeps and teaches little girls tidy habit. Three models, at 35 cents and up—a few cent more in some sections—at dealers.

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Niagara Falls Ontario (Factory), and 270 Erie Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers



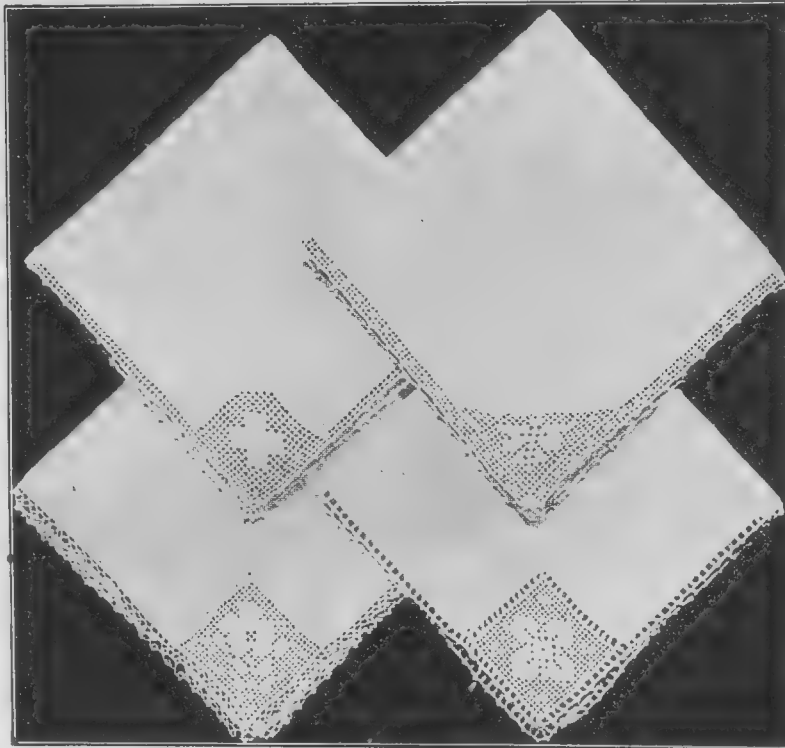
Sold by
Leading
Watch Shops
in
67 Countries
"AT YOUR JEWELLERS"

Break the Grip of that Cold!

Rub the chest and throat with



Christmas Gift Suggestions



Handkerchiefs with crocheted corners make dainty gifts

Conventional Corner

MATERIALS — Mercer-Crochet, No. 100. 4th Row—4 s st in each sp, with a p every 4th sp.

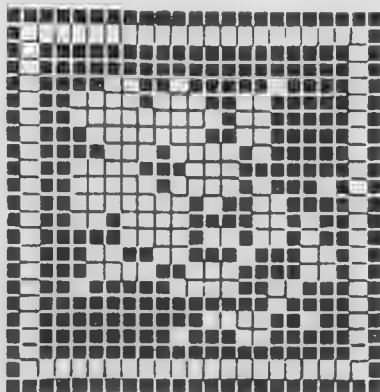
Ch 68.

1st Row—21 sp.

2nd Row—21 sp, then follow design, 1 row s st around corner.

Roll hem in handkerchief and cover hem with s st, crochet around 2 sides of inset as follows: Fasten cotton in 1st s st at corner, ch 3, * 1 tr in next s st, ch 3, 1 tr in 4th s st. Repeat from *, sew inset in corner, work all round handkerchief the same as around the two sides of inset.

Next Row—* 6 s st in sp, 3 s st in next sp, 1 p, 3 s st in same sp. Repeat from *.



Working pattern for Rose corner

Rose Corner

MATERIALS — Mercer-Crochet, No. 100.

Ch 68.

1st and 2nd Rows—21 sp, then follow design.

Roll hem and s st around linen and corner.

Edge—Ch 6, s st in 4 s st, repeat.

2nd Row—* Ch 5, dc in centre of next loop, ch 3, 1 p, ch 3, dc in same loop, ch 5, s st in next loop. Repeat from *.

Directions for Red Cross Corner

MATERIALS — Mercer-Crochet, No. 100.

Ch 59

1st Row—1 bl, 16 sp.

2nd and 3rd Rows—Like 1st row.

Then follow design. Make 2 rows sp all around linen and corner.

Butterfly Corner

MATERIALS — Mercer-Crochet, No. 100.

Ch 69.

1st Row—22 sp.

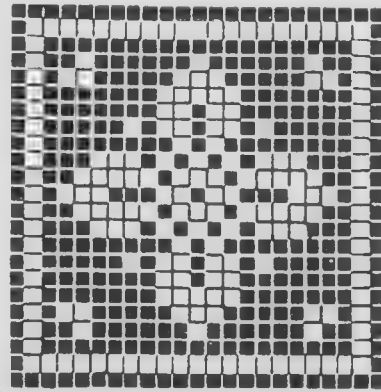
Decrease 1 sp on each row and follow design.

Roll hem in linen and cover with s st. 1st Row—Sp all around linen and corner.

2nd Row—3 sp, 1 bl, repeat all around.

3rd Row—Sp all around.

4th Row—3 s st in each sp, with a p every 4th sp.



Working pattern for Conventional corner

To Mend Gloves

A GUEST of mine once mended a pair of brown silk gloves with a fine needle and a hair! The performance was so unusual and the results so satisfactory that I have never forgotten the circumstance and have done the same thing many times since. It works well on wool goods, too, though it is hardly satisfactory for cotton.

The Cause

A Philadelphia woman has long purchased fish from a certain market dealer of that city. One day, when the prices seemed much too high, the housewife complained, and her complaint was met by the following:

"Yessum, fish is high—yessum! Ain't no doubt 'bout that! Fish is awful high! Yo' see, mum, fish is gittin' scarce on account of all these here aquariums!"

Why eat Tasteless Food?

The ordinary hash or stew has lost its savour in its first cooking. Put a little Bovril in. Bovril is the most tasty food in the world. Its rich savouriness is the gourmet's delight. Have a better dinner—it's so easy with Bovril.

Put a little

BOVRIL

in



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Let the world's largest one-price tailors make your new suit or overcoat to measure—guaranteed to fit and satisfy or your money back.

Choose from a wonderful assortment of new, all-wool fabrics; all \$27, to measure.

Fill in, tear out and mail today

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256 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

Send me, by return mail, Tip Top samples of cloth, new style book and patented self-measurement form.

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COMBINGS!

Lovely switches made from your combings. New hair added if desired. \$3.00 for making. With new hair, add from \$2.00 upwards.

Elite Hair Store

283 Smith Street,
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HORLICK'S Malted Milk for Invalids

A nourishing and digestible diet. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract. A powder soluble in water.

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly

Boudoir Cap with Medallion

MATERIALS — Mercer - Crochet No. 30; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard net.

Ch 12, join.

Row 1—32 dc.

Row 2—32 sc.

Row 3—Ch 4, 1 h tr in 3 sc, repeat around with 4 ch between h tr.

Row 4—2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc, under 4 ch loop. Continue around with 2 ch. between shells.

Row 5—3 dc, 3 ch, 3 dc, repeat, with 3 ch between.

Row 6—3 dc, 3 ch, 3 dc, repeat, with 4 ch between.

Row 7—3 dc, 3 ch, 3 dc, 4 ch, fastening in centre of 2 previous loops, 4 ch; repeat around.

Row 8 — 12 ch, fastening in top of shell, repeated around.

Row 9—20 dc under each 12 ch.

loop and work one sc st on it. Repeat once. Skip 5 sts of the previous row, if not knot st, and work 1 sc. If the previous row be knot st, make 1 sc each side of the sc between the long loops of last row.

Girl's Tam

Illustration on page 67.

1st Row—Ch. 3, join, 7 s.c. in ring.

2nd Row—2 s.c. in each set.

3rd Row—1 s.c. in first st., 2 s.c. in next st., repeat around (21 sts. in row). Work next 19 rows same way, increasing seven times on each row. Always keep increase in same place.

23rd Row—* 5 s.c. in next five st., ch. 10, sk. 10, 5 s.c. in next five st., 2 s.c. in next st., repeat from * six times more.

Popcorn—Pull through next st., make 5 ch., pull through last ch. made and through st. left on needle at same time. This forms popcorn.



Boudoir Cap with Medallion

Row 10—1 h tr in 4 dc. with 4 ch between and having 5 h tr on each 20 dc.

Row 11—Ch 4, fastening in top of each h tr with dc.

Row 12 — Ch 5, fastening in top of each dc.

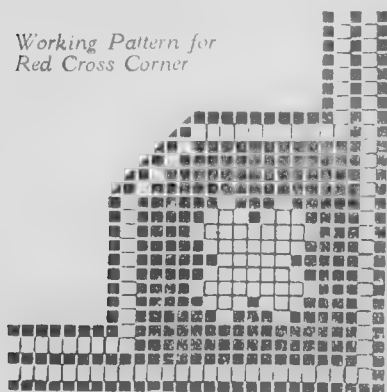
Row 13—1 h tr of 4 st in each ch of 5, with 4 ch between.

24th Row—* 1 popcorn in first st., 1 s.c. in each of next six st., repeat from * six times more.

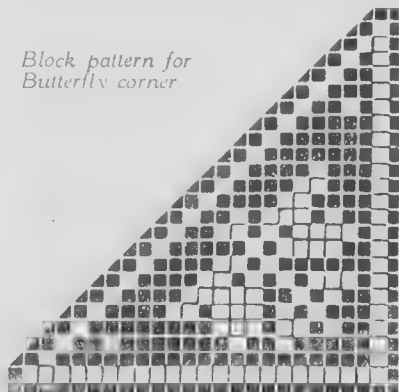
25th Row—* 1 popcorn in first st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 popcorn in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next 20 st., repeat from * six times more.

26th Row—* 1 popcorn in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next two st., 2 s.c. in next

Working Pattern for Red Cross Corner



Block pattern for Butterfly corner



Rows 14-28 — Made of knot-stitches. Row 29—Ch 6, repeat around, fastening in each knot-stitch with sc.

Row 30—2 h tr of 4 stitches each, with 4 ch between, under each 6 ch, repeat around.

Rows 31-36—Knot-stitch.

Row 37 — Ch 5, fastening in each knot-stitch with tr c.

Row 38—1 h tr of 4 stitches, 5 ch between, over ch 5, repeat.

Row 39—2 sc, p, 2 sc, p, 2 sc, in each ch 5, around.

Line with net and finish with ribbon as illustrated.

Knot Stitch: Having a st on the needle, draw the loop out to the length of 3 ch, draw the thread through for ch st. Take up the single thread of this

st., 1 s.c. in next st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 18 st., repeat from * six times more, always keep increase in same place.

27th Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next four st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next 2 st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 16 st., repeat from * six times more.

28th Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next six st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next three st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 14 st., repeat from * six times more.

29th Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next eight st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next 4 st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 12 st., repeat from * six times more.

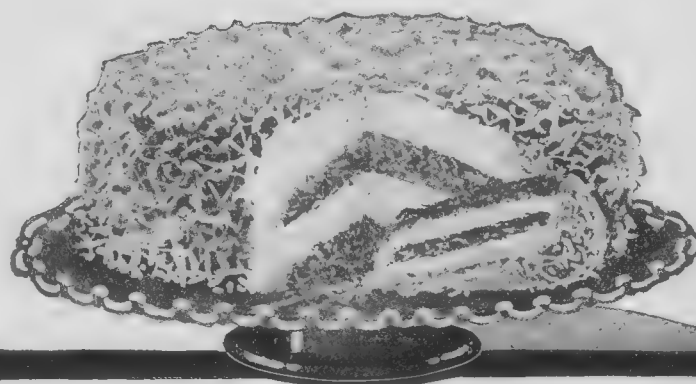
Continued on page 67

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

BEST BY EVERY TEST



Magic Baking Powder is scientifically made and has never failed to give the maximum leavening efficiency. Because of this, and the uniformly satisfactory results obtained by its use, we recommend it as Canada's perfect baking powder.



E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL

A black and white illustration of a woman in a one-piece swimsuit standing inside a large, stylized letter 'D'. The woman has short, wavy hair and is looking towards the viewer. She is wearing a swimsuit with a decorative bow at the bust and a ruffled hem. The background within the 'D' is dark, and the woman's figure is highlighted. The letter 'D' itself has a decorative, patterned border at its base.

BIAS FILLED CORSETS

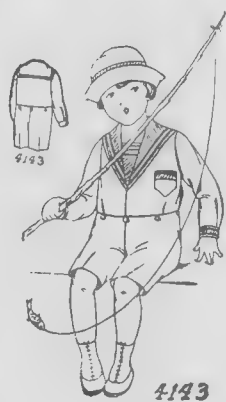
3862

4153

4165

4153

4165



OUR HOME MONTHLY
FASHIONS PATTERNS

Serge will be the "old reliable", serviceable, fabric for suits and day dresses.

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL & WINTER 1922-1923 BOOK OF FASHIONS.

A Popular Day Dress, 4158.—A frock of this kind is neat and chic, and simplifies the work of the woman who makes it. The model is in "slip on" style. The bell shaped sleeve is comfortable and up-to-date. Plaits at the side seams, give added fullness to the skirt portions.

This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is about 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Suit for the "Little Man," 4143.—Real sportsmanlike is this model, with its sailor collar and straight trousers. Khaki, linen, drill, serge or tweed, as well as corduroy, seersucker or galatea are serviceable materials for this design.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires 2 yards of 44 inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated will require 5/8 yard of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Model for General Wear, 4100.—Here is a roomy, comfortable top garment, good for travelling, motoring or street wear. It may be made of caracul or other pile fabrics, as well as of tweed, mixtures, velours and similar cloakings.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

For Porch or Kitchen Wear, 4161.—Trim and neat is the style here portrayed. The development and adjustment are equally simple. Figured percale was used in this instance, combined with white linene.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 40 inch material. To make vest, collar and cuffs of contrasting material requires 1 1/4 yards. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular One Piece Dress, 3895.—Here is a splendid style for remodelling or for combining two materials. The lines are good and youthful, and new style features are seen in collar and sleeve. Satin or taffeta would be attractive for this design with soutache braid or embroidery for trimming. It would also be nice in black velvet with braiding, or in taupe moire with a touch of coral.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 4 1/4 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Harlequin Suit, 3778.—Here is an ever popular masquerade design—one that is sure to please and to be very comfortable. It can readily be developed and is suitable for many kinds of materials. Calico, cretonne, chintz, muslin, cambric, satin, and crepe are good for this model.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6-8, and 10-12 years for Children, 14-16 years for Misses, and 38-40; 42-44 inches bust measure for Adults. A 10-12 year size requires 5 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the suit, and 3/4 yard for the cap. A 38-40 inch size requires 8 3/4 yards of 27 inch material for the suit and 3/4 yard for the cap.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish One Piece Model, 4152.—Serge and plaid suiting are here combined. The fronts meet over a panel. The sleeve is in bell style. This model makes a splendid school dress.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 44 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 1 yard of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dressy Costume, 4135-4113.—Canton crepe in a new shade of brown, and lace bands dyed to match, was used to develop this pleasing design. One could use kasha cloth or gabardine, with embroidery or braid for trimming.

The waist pattern 4135 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 4113 is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. To make this costume for a medium size requires 6 3/4 yards of 32 inch material.

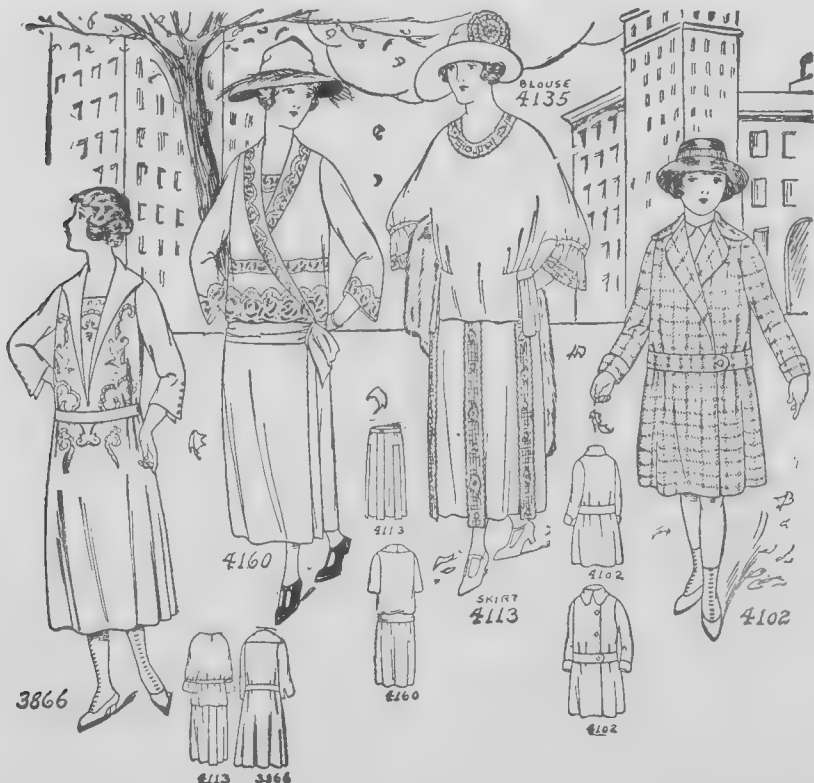
Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Dance or Party, 4153.—Soft fabrics such as Canton crepe, or crepe de chine are best for a dress of this kind, but it is also nice for voile and organdy. The drapery may be omitted on the skirt as well as on the waist, as shown in a smaller illustration and the sleeve finished in short or wrist length. Picot or hemstitching is simple and effective for decoration.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 4 1/2 yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Continued on page 67



Gossard Type Corsetry is the very foundation of that lovely picture every real woman wants to make of herself—and can, if she knows the secret

PERHAPS you have been buying your corsets by waist measure and leaving the rest to chance. That's fatal! Gossard artists haven't thought of you in such a vague way. You have been thought of as belonging to one of the nine figure groups and special models have been created with just the support you need at your age and weight to give you the proper proportions of the type to which you belong.

A Gossard Corset designed for your very own self is going to feel more comfortable than you thought a corset could. It's going to meet you everywhere, with a steady, uniform muscular support, but it isn't going to constrict or pinch you anywhere. The gracefully curved skirt of it, the slim front and back lines, the beautifully cut Gossard Brassieres you'll buy with it—these things are going to give your figure a delicate, moulded roundness.

The whole idea of Gossard Type Corsetry is to bring you to graceful proportions, one curve growing out of another with no part unduly emphasized. When this is done you will have an appearance of slimmness that the woman with a four-inch smaller waist and your own hip measurements can never have. A faithful following of this simple rule alone will take pounds and pounds away from a woman's apparent silhouette and years away from her apparent age.

Gossard Corsets, with their front-lacing comfort, their light scientific boning, their graceful, natural lines, are worth more to the woman who really cares about her

health and appearance than can be put into dollars and cents. And yet, they are among the most reasonably priced articles of clothing to be had today.

Go to the best store you know; there you will be correctly fitted to a Gossard by a trained corsetiere who will know just how to idealize your figure. Or if you feel you have a very special corset problem and you'd like a bit of personal advice, write to Miss Jane Hill, the Gossard corset specialist and authority on becoming dress, whose years of experience and proven ability are at your service. Miss Hill has just completed a tiny gem of a book, "YOU." It talks of personalities and becoming clothes in a way that any woman who would make the most of her natural beauty, will treasure. A copy is yours for the asking, if you will write your request to

**The CANADIAN
H. W. GOSSARD CO., Limited**
369 W. Adelaide St. Toronto, Canada
Chicago New York London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires

Gossard Brassieres

Gossard Brassieres, like Gossard Corsets, are unerringly designed for types and are moderately priced within the reach of every woman. Be sure you see the new Longeryne models; they are differently shaped to meet the need of those many women who require special support at the diaphragm as well as added length to prevent their brassieres from slipping up over the low tops of the modern corsets.

Use This Coupon

No. 3

MISS JANE HILL, c/o The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
369 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada.

Please send me your free book, "You," and tell me what style corset to buy. I am _____ in height, weigh _____ pounds, waist _____ inches, bust _____ inches, hips _____ inches.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ Province _____

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is a Food for the Seven Ages of Man



From early infancy to old age, Virol is a "building up food." It rescues babies from wasting; protects at the critical school age of growth; makes the weak man strong; fortifies expectant mothers; prolongs youth and vitality into later years.

And Virol does all these things because it contains just those essential food elements which are often lacking in the ordinary diet. They are presented, too, in an easily digestible form, so that Virol is particularly valuable to infants and old people.

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., 2725, Park Avenue, Montreal.

The Smouldering Fire

Continued from page 4

to you, Mrs. Tollings, is to think of what I have told you this morning, and if you fail to reach a definite solution, then return to me within a week, and I shall be glad to advise you to the best of my ability, after you have given me the cause of your fear or worry."

When Amy returned to her car, she was pre-occupied. What should she tell Edwin when he returned. She would never let him know what Dr. Binnan thought of her case—the worry, the fear of ten years. Yes, it was like a smouldering fire. The doctor was right. It was the first of June ten years ago when she had found that crumpled bit of paper in Edwin's coat pocket. How well she remembered every detail: the bright glorious morning, how Edwin had looked at the breakfast table when he said, "Amy, I forgot to lay out my blue serge suit for the tailor who is to send for it today."

How gladly she had said that she would attend to that. Then, after breakfast, they had walked in the garden and watched Thompson planting some flowers and had stopped to play with Ralph who was in his perambulator on the lawn with the nurse.

How fondly Edwin had kissed her as he was leaving. Then, after he had gotten into the car and was going down the road, they had thrown kisses to each other. They had been like two happy, care-free children, living in a world of unalloyed joy. She had then gone directly to attend to the blue serge suit, going through the pockets for loose matches or change, as she had seen Edwin do when he was getting a suit ready to send away. Then the crumpled bit of paper—at first, she thought she would throw it in the waste basket. Then something, she never quite knew what, prompted her to open the paper. How well she remembered every word. It was burned on her brain; she would never forget.

Chicago, 1910
May 15th.

"Dearest Edwin:

"I will be in New York for a few days, and you must arrange to spend the evenings with me. Your wife need never know. Make some excuse to leave you free for me.

I am wild to see you. You are all I have to love and cherish. Do not fail me. I will call you up at the bank when I arrive. With love and kisses.

Lois"

She remembered how the whole world had suddenly changed. The flowers in the garden which had been so beautiful, looked bizarre and strange. The sunshine was harsh and glaring. She felt that everything was changed and would never be quite the same again. She remembered that Edwin had spent two evenings in succession in New York the last week in May. He had said that he would not return for dinner, but would be detained and it might be very late before he returned. He had been very solicitous of her, however, and she thought, of course, that it was some affair at the club. He had rarely spent an evening from home without her. The note explained the two whole evenings in succession. Her brain reeled. She had become stunned and had fallen to the floor, where the maid found her when she came to announce lunch. How shocked and troubled Edwin had been when he returned and found her in bed with a terrible headache. For weeks, she had been in bed in a darkened room. She remembered how puzzled the doctors had been over her case.

In time, she had managed to gradually resume the normal routine, and later had forced herself to accept more and more social engagements, until she and Edwin had been drawn into a round of social activities. She knew that he preferred more home life with his family. He had sacrificed many evenings to make her happy, she was sure of that.

When Amy returned to her home, she found a telegram from Edwin saying that he would return that evening at eleven o'clock. A strange, happy feeling came over her as she read the message. He was glad to return—he had never made the trip before so that he would reach home late at night. Edwin

never planned that way, unless he was very anxious. How glad she would be to see him. Two whole weeks of suspense! It seemed like a month. Whatever it was that called him away, somehow she felt it was all over now. Why this strange assurance? She felt as if a load had been lifted from her suddenly, after reading the message. That evening at dinner, Amy was radiant.

"Edwin will be overjoyed when he sees you," commented Aunt Sarah.

"I hope so. I shall be glad to see him," said Amy.

"Can I wait until daddy comes, Mother? asked Ralph.

"No, son, it will be very late, you will be sleepy and Father will be tired. You can see him in the morning before breakfast if you like."

"Dr. Binnan must be a wonder. You certainly look and act more like yourself than any time during the six weeks I have been here," declared Aunt Sarah.

"Oh, it is nothing that the doctor has accomplished. There must be some psychological reason. I cannot explain it."

"I hope the good feeling continues and increases," said her aunt.

"It is the pretty dress that Mother is wearing that makes her look so pretty and feel so good," observed Ralph.

That evening, as Amy sat by the window waiting for her husband's return, she watched the moonlit road and at ten minutes after eleven the car swung into the drive. Amy hurried to the veranda and met Edwin at the foot of the steps. She was beautiful in a soft, clinging gown of white chiffon, with a corsage of red rosebuds. Edwin embraced and kissed her as if he had just returned from a long and perilous journey.

"You look wonderful tonight," he said as he held her in his arms. "How do you feel?"

"Splendid! I am so happy to have you home again."

Amy noticed that he looked pale and tired and said. "Edwin, have you been ill?"

"No, Sweetheart, I have not been ill, but have been under a rather severe strain."

"Tell me about it," she urged.

"I am released at last from a promise I made twenty years ago, when I left Chicago."

"You had better wait, Edwin, until you have had lunch and are refreshed. I have a nice lunch waiting for you. I prepared it myself, and—"

"No Amy, Love, I am really anxious. to tell you about it. Then we will have lunch afterward. When Father died, he left two children, Lois, a daughter by his first wife, and I. Lois was seven years older than I. She was beautiful, clever and wayward. She hated the social conventionalities and lived as she pleased. Her mode of living broke my father's heart. He was a proud man. Lois made me promise her that I would never reveal to anyone that I had a sister, above all my wife and family must not know, at least, not until after her death. She died four days ago. She was stricken with a fatal disease the first of April."

"My poor, dear, brave sweetheart!" interrupted Amy.

"Lois was very anxious to have me with her constantly, when she realized she could not live. I begged her to let me tell you, but she clung to her resolve."

Amy's eyes filled with tears as she repeated, "My poor, dear, brave sweetheart."

"I am relieved, Amy, that it is all over. I feel like a free man."

"If I had only known, I would not have been so selfish. How different life would have been—"

"Your faith and trust, Amy, were a great help to me."

"Yes,—but sometimes," confessed Amy "Grave fears came into my heart and I often wondered why you were so cryptic about those trips. If I had only known, I could have helped you so much."

"Never mind, little girl," said Edwin, as he took her in his arms and kissed her. "I don't blame you. It was a hard test but you came out true blue. You have been brave and loyal."

The Ideal Tonic

Why cough and be wretched with a miserable cold? Why be humiliated by having Pimples and Boils to disfigure your skin? Why be pale and thin because you can't digest a decent meal? Get a bottle of

Why suffer with Head-aches; or Nervous Attacks; or spells of Indigestion or Biliousness? Why be miserable when you can be well? PE-RU-NA will stop those health-troubles and help you to get well quickly. PE-RU-NA is no un-tried, unknown preparation—but the famous old reliable tonic and blood purifier that has been used from coast to coast for half a century and more.

Get a Bottle of PE-RU-NA and get well quickly. Sold Everywhere.

PE-RU-NA COMPANY, 344 St. Paul St., Montreal

Set in 14kt Gold

Five Days' Free Trial

Send Us Your Name and We'll Send You a Gophir Gem

DON'T send a penny. Just say: "Send me a Gophir Gem mounted in a solid 14kt gold ring on 5 days trial." We will mail it prepaid to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$3.75 with the postman and wear the ring for 5 full days. If you, or any of your friends, can tell it from a diamond send it back, and we'll return your deposit. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$3 a month until \$15.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of these 14kt gold rings you wish (lady's or man's). Be sure to send your finger size.

GOPHIR DIAMOND CO. LIMITED, 140 YONGE, Dept., 40 TORONTO

Work for Busy Fingers

Continued from page 63

30th Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 10 st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next five st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 10 st., repeat from * six times more.

31st Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 12 st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next six st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next eight st., repeat from * six times more.

32nd Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 14 st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next seven st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next six st., repeat from * six times more.

33rd Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 16 st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next eight st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next four st., repeat from * six times more.

34th Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 18 st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next nine st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next two st., repeat from * six times more.

35th Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 20 st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next ten st., 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in next st., repeat from * six times more.



36th Row—* 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 32 st., repeat from * six times more. This forms seven points.

37th Row—* 1 s.c. in each of next 26 st., ch. 10, sk 10 st. of previous row. Repeat from * six times more. This forms space for ribbon at each point. Keep space even with one above.

38th Row—Start diamond design, 1 popcorn, 1 s.c. in each of next 16 st., 2 s.c. worked off together, 1 s.c. in each of next 16 st., repeat six times more. Decrease on next 17 rows always in same place, 7 times on each row. To form diamond always work 2 popcorn, one on each side of popcorn in previous row until there are nine popcorns. Then work toward inside of diamonds one on each side until one popcorn is left. Work four rows 1 s.c. in each st., next row 1 popcorn, 16 s.c., repeat six times more. 1 popcorn, 13 s.c., 1 s.c., 1 popcorn, repeat six times more. Next row, 3 s.c. between popcorn and last row, 1 popcorn, which will close design. Three more rows of s.c., 1 s.c. in each st. Next row, 1 s.c., ch. 3, 1 s.c. in same st. (which forms picot), sk. 1 st. and repeat around cap.

Button

Ch. 3, join, 6 s.c. worked in ring. Next row, 2 s.c. in each st. Next row 2 s.c. in first st., 1 s.c. in next st., repeat around row. Two rows 1 s.c. in each st., then decrease until button is enclosed.

Trim with embroidery and ribbon as shown in cut.

Each section of star has a few stitches of pink, forming a long dot. There are two stitches of blue at either end. There is a solid dot of pink in centre of button, with four groups of three single stitches in blue.

A Fish Story

"Where do the jellyfish get their jelly?"

"From the ocean currents, of course."
—Widow.

Fashions—Patterns

Continued from page 65

A Comfortable Coat, 4102.—A good feature of this style is the convertible collar. It may be rolled high with the coat buttoned close to the neck, or rolled low with the coat fronts open. This is a very popular model, good for all cloakings.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 4 yards of 44 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Afternoon Dress, 4160.—This is a splendid model for mature figures. It features the low waistline and surplice closing now so popular. The sleeve may be finished in $\frac{3}{4}$ or in elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Rompers Style, 3862.—The way to be comfortable at play is to be attired in a garment of this kind. It may be fashioned from gingham or percale. This interesting model has outstanding pockets that will hold attractions for any "youngster."

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2 year size requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 27 inch material. For very young children, the inner seam edges on the bloomers portions may be finished to close with buttons and buttonholes.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style, 3930.—Here is ease and convenience for a "little" person and quite the latest fashion whim—to "wrap" your dress about you and go about it without "mussing up your hair." The basket pockets will be attractive, and are useful too. This style is good for repp, linen or gingham. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Youthful One Piece Model, 3866.—Another attractive version of an ever popular style is portrayed here. The lines are smart and youthful. Any of this season's dress materials may be used to develop the dress, which will be becoming to slender as well as to mature figures.

Braided or embroidered serge or jersey cloth is good for this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 38 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Play Dress, 4140.—Here is a smart romper fashion with added "dress sections." The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The rompers are finished with a drop back, which is buttoned to a long waist portion.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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There's nothing like a beautiful, richly colored rug for making a room attractive. The popular Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs do this at amazingly small cost. In Congoleum patterns you'll find colors and designs suitable for every room in the house.

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You run no risk when you buy genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum.

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9 x 3 ft.	\$4.50	9 x 7½ ft.	\$11.25
9 x 4½ ft.	6.75	9 x 9 ft.	13.50
9 x 6 ft.	9.00	9 x 10½ ft.	15.75
		9 x 12 ft.	\$18.00

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CONGOLEUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

1270 St. Patrick St., Montreal, Quebec

About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

Getting Shipshape for the Winter

As there is no set date on which freeze up occurs, or on which the first heavy fall of snow covers our fields, gardens and yards, for several months, it is a good policy to be prepared well ahead of the approximate time of these occurrences if the pressure of work will in any way allow for a day's work, of a general "clearing of decks."

During the rush of fall work, there are many articles that are just dumped down in odd corners of the field or yard while hope runs high that time will yet be found to have them in place before winter sets in. Machinery is apt to be very much scattered by the end of fall and to be assured of a good start in the farming operations during the coming spring it is necessary to have all implements and tools gathered in one common centre. Shears are better for being greased before the ploughs are put away and all axles of the wheel-vehicles should be greased also, to have them in a state of readiness when the busy work of spring starts.

It is not always possible for a farmer to have an implement shed capable of accommodating every one of his implements, but there is a next best way of protecting them and that is to range all such implements that cannot find room in the shed, in a good sheltered position close up to a building where there will not be a mud hole when the thaw comes. Repairs are better done while the implements are out, for while they are packed away they are much harder to get at and also it is much better to get such repairs done in the fall as repair parts are not always obtainable at the moment and by ordering at once in the fall when the implements come in for winter lay-up one can afford to wait for the necessary parts for a month or so while a delay in the spring for a single day is often exasperating.

One of the most heart-breaking tasks for the man in charge of the winter feeding of the stock is that of badly snowed-up straw stacks. A few hours spent on a fine day in the fall at trimming up the sides of the stacks is a long way better than struggling with scoop shovel and fork with the temperature below zero and a cutting wind blowing a mixture of straw and snow over man and beast.

When threshing on a windy day the straw is caught by the wind as soon as it leaves the blower and it is carried a considerable distance across the stubble; the result is a very extended stack. When the snow comes in earnest and is accompanied by wind, such a stack is extremely hard to load up from on the best of days, for it is almost useless to try and start at the extreme edge, and therefore one has to drive up the side of the stack before being able to get in touch with the real side of it. A procedure of this kind means that there will be several loads of straw wasted by being trampled under foot, there will be a bad mess in the spring where the outer edges of this stack have been, and the work of loading in the winter will have been made much harder by the unhandy shape of the stack.

If circumstances will permit, as much threshing as possible should be done around the barnyard to save the transportation of straw in winter. However, if the position of the fields in crop make the above practice too wasteful of valuable time, of course the better plan is to thresh in the most centrally located spot among the stooks. After threshing, time should be found to take out a rack and team and pay a visit to each stack in turn and load up the straw from the shallow edges, leaving as straight a wall as possible all around. If there is no straw stack in the barnyard when threshing is over, it is certainly advisable to make one as large as possible while time permits and this

should be kept as a reserve supply rather than to use it too freely when the weather is fine, for when the sleighing is good and the weather mild, a good opportunity is offered for getting in straw from the outlying stacks.

At the close of fall ploughing when it freezes up, a good cleaning up of miscellaneous pieces of lumber and junk in general will greatly improve the appearance of the farm when spring thaw reveals the soil again. The establishing of a "time expired camp" at the back of some bluff of scrubby screen is a good plan to get rid of the worn out or too badly broken down implements. They can be drawn to this place of retirement instead of being left at the back of the barn or in a corner of the barnyard where they become an eyesore and a nuisance, as they are often in the way and are not worth the room they occupy. Then again, there may be times when a certain part of machinery may be wanted and a visit to this bluff may supply the necessary part.

Odd straw piles are cleaned up easier in the fall than in the spring when they are sodden with melted snow. Pieces of lumber should be gathered in and placed in a general pile where they may be had for repairs or for fuel.

Now is the time to pull off the shoes of the horses that are to be idle through the winter. Any windows in the barns are more satisfactorily repaired just now than in winter, and this is a good time for the fixing up of fences, for in the spring the time is generally too limited and in the winter the snow is too much of a hindrance as a rule.

If the pump is in any way on the road to a breakdown and there are visible signs of it doing so, the winter is not a very good time for any work around a well, and it is as well to get such fitting work done before the snow and ice make a task of this kind a torture or at least a great annoyance, when other matters are pressing.

Fresh Rhubarb for Winter

The growing of rhubarb during the winter months is interesting, while the fruits of this undertaking will be greatly relished in the house when the tender shoots are periodically served up in the form of stewed rhubarb or rhubarb pie.

A fairly large root should be selected from out of the rhubarb patch and carried down to the basement, placed in a box and some loose soil shaken over it, the whole being kept damp. A sack may be thrown over the box in lieu of a kind of a lid and the box placed in a dark corner of the basement. Keep adding water from time to time and when the shoots are coming on in a determined manner, bring the box out into the full light of the basement, then the shoots will begin to turn from white to yellow. Keep the root as warm as possible and pull off the shoots when there is sufficient rhubarb to make a dish for the table. After a few days there will be another collection of shoots coming on and these in turn will furnish a palatable change of dessert in due course. Of course the root will be greatly weakened by this forced growth, but if it is thrown away in the spring, it will have served a good purpose in providing fresh rhubarb during the months when all fresh fruits and vegetables are at a premium.

A Home Threat

A fine-looking and fashionably dressed woman had just alighted from her limousine at the hotel entrance, when she was suddenly approached by a shabbily dressed man who requested a dime.

"No, I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging." "I s'pose, ma'am," replied the tramp, "it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house."



Hurt?

WHAT if it does? Just reach up on the shelf and get that bottle of good old Gombault's Balsam. Rub just a little on the sore spot gently. It immediately relieves! One more application and every bit of the ache disappears. IT IS equally effective for bruises, cuts, burns, sprains, sores, rheumatism, stiffness of all kind, sore throat, and chest colds. In addition to its remarkable healing qualities it is absolutely safe and a perfect antiseptic. IN thousands of homes it is the one remedy that cannot be spared. You'll feel the same way yourself after you've tried it. GET a bottle of Gombault's Balsam today! Keep it always on hand for any emergency. It's so effective one bottle lasts a long while.

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AS A VETERINARY REMEDY Gombault's Caustic Balsam has no equal. It supercedes all cautery and firing; and never leaves a scar or discolors the hair.

The LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO.
TORONTO, ONT.

**GOMBAULT'S
BALSAM**
The Imported Liniment
HEALING and ANTISEPTIC

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No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

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Please send free trial of your method to:

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TRADE MARK M.C.U.S. PAT. OFF.

will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Boils, Poll Evil, Quittor, Fistula and infected sores quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove the hair, and you can work the horse, \$2.50 per bottle, delivered. Book 7 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Wens, Strains, Bruises, stops pain and inflammation. Price \$1.25 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write, Liberal Trial Bottle for 10c in stamps.
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Absorbine and Absorbine Jr. are made in Canada.



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is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness of the skin, irritation and eczema disappear, and the skin is left soft, smooth and velvety. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample free if you mention this paper.

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Ointment**

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

The inventor, T. B. Johnson, 579 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.



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To you, your children and their children, your linen will be a never-ending source of pride if it is the genuine Irish article, made by

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BY APPOINTMENT

Will not scratch or tear



Made with polished glass or metal surface without screws or sockets, the

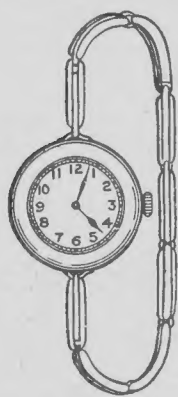
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Ladies' Wrist Watch -- FREE



This beautiful gold-finished Extension Bracelet Wrist Watch is a beauty. Everyone is delighted with it. It looks better than the picture. Annie Bunich, of Transcona, Man., writes: "I am very pleased with the Wrist Watch you sent me. I received a BETTER WRIST WATCH than I expected." Now, girls, your friends and neighbors all want Christmas and other seasonable cards, and you can easily earn this Wrist Watch in a few hours. It is given for selling only \$8.00 worth at 10 cents a package. Send now.

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

The Vowels

We are airy little creatures All of different voice and features; One of us in glass is set, One of us you'll find in jet. 'Tother you may see in tin And the fourth a box within, If the fifth you should pursue It can never fly from you.

Jonathan Swift.

This Sling Shoots an Arrow Whittled from a Shingle

A sling and arrow that will give any boy vast amusement can be made with a jack-knife. Whittle a strip of wood about 16 in. long—a shingle will be just the thing—to the shape of an arrow and somewhat like a blue-jays tail. The arrow should be approximately square in section toward the point and taper gradually to where the tail begins.

At about the middle cut an angular notch. An ordinary string a little shorter than the arrow with a small twig about 1 in. long tied to one end, is fastened to a stick or small branch.

To shoot the sling, catch the string in the notch, hold the arrow lightly by the tail and grasp the stick in the other hand. Give the arms and the toy a swinging motion back and forth in an upward direction several times. Then let fly. If properly made, the arrow will ascend as high as 200 feet and come down point first, sticking into the ground.

It may require several attempts to cut a properly balanced arrow. If it whirls around in the air only a few feet up, the notch may need to be placed farther above or below the notch. When proficiency is attained, one arrow may be used until the point becomes blunt by constant impact with the ground.—A. E. Zipprich.

the gold button for forming words from a single word, and I am proud of that too. Both came as a surprise to me, as I did not think that my motto would be the one chosen, and then to receive a special prize certainly was fine. I feel greatly favored by the readers who voted for my motto.

One reason I did not write sooner was because of school work and exams, but now I have my holidays and there are certainly lots of places to spend them in B. C.

Wishing the Cosy Corner every success and the Editor a good holiday (if his duties will allow him one.)

I remain yours,
Eugene F. Cameron.

Cochin, Sask.,
Canada.

Dear Bobby Burke:

I read your page through with interest every month, and I am going to try to get a gold button for ending the limerick. I guess another will succeed, but here's wishing good luck to all of them.

Marguerite Bayford, (14.)

Do you always read all through our corner?

If not, well it's you are the mourner. So read! it's as good as going to college, For "in reading, there is knowledge."

SOMETHING TO DO FOR DECEMBER

Write the Cosy Corner a letter telling of some Christmas present that can be made easily and without much expense by either a girl or a boy. We want suggestions that will help us all to make gifts that will be acceptable to our friends and our family. There will be gold buttons for the writers of all the letters that contain good suggestions, well and neatly written. Have your letters in before November 8.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

3621—31st. Ave. W.,
Vancouver, B. C.,
July 6, 1922.

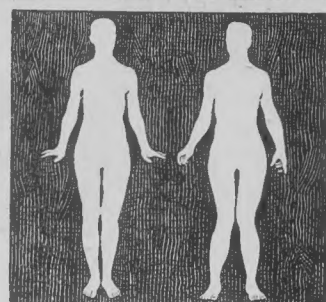
Dear Editor:

I am such a lazy writer that I am afraid you will think I am not grateful for the fine Eversharp I received; but really I am very proud of it, and wish to thank you very much. I also received

SOMETHING YOU HAVE DONE

Summer Competitions

Such a fine collection of stories on "Birds of Our Neighborhood," and several on "Insects" have come in. The one which wins the prize is so very much better than any of the others that I want to congratulate Orlin Hagaman on the splendid story he has written, and



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly, and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Strainer," Model 13, U.S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100%.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs, without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

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Containing the following useful articles:
One Vamping Chart. (With this Chart you can learn to play the piano or organ in two hours); One Combination Game Sheet; One Box Crayons; One Package Ink Powder; One Pencil Sharpener; One Compass; One Bird Warbler; Three Blotters; Four Lead Pencils; One Eraser; One Memo Pad (40 pages); One Ruler; One Movie Glasses; One Pocket Book; One Pencil Box; One Pen Holder; and Two Pen Nibs.

This School Set is given absolutely free for selling just \$3.00 worth of our beautiful, fast selling Christmas, New Year and other seasonable cards and folders. They go like hot cakes in an hour. The School Set is packed in a strong box and mailed to your door all charges prepaid. Start Now to win this Prize. WE TRUST YOU.

THE BEST PREMIUM CO.
DEPT. T. 6. TORONTO

It isn't the rooster's early rising that makes him unpopular; it's his talking about it.

That frog leaps farthest who thought about leaping when he was a tadpole.

THE "DOIN'S" OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg.

WELL FOLKS, THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL SEE ME IN THIS SUIT - I'M GETTING OUT TO-DAY.

HERE'S A GOOD SUIT FOR YE, PUG, AND I HOPE YE GIT ALONG ALRIGHT

OH BOY! IT DOES FEEL GOOD TO GET BACK INTO REAL COMFORT-ABLE CLOTHES

GOOD-BYE PUG - I HOPE WE WON'T SEE YOU IN HERE AGAIN

NOW FOR A JOB

HELLO PUG - WHEN DID JA GIT OUT?
JUST TO-DAY

SUPPOSE YE A'INT WORKING YET
NO - WHAT ARE YOU DOING

I'M A NIGHT WATCHMAN AT THE DOMINO FACTORY
YOU ARE EH?

YEA - AN' SAY, I WANT TO SELL MY NIGHTSHIRT
WHY SELL IT?

WELL - TH' WIFE FIGURES I WON'T NEED IT NOW THAT I'M WORKING NIGHTS
OOF!

ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

NOW READY!

FASHIONS
FALL & WINTER
1922-1923

PRICE OF PATTERNS AS ADVERTISED IN 15 cents
ADDRESS ALL ORDERS FOR PATTERNS DIRECT TO
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

EVERY WOMAN should have our Fall and Winter Fashion Book. Its 48 pages depict in an understandable way, the correct fashions for the coming seasons. Aside from its complete arrangement of styles of interest to women, this book also illustrates needful and attractive wearing apparel for every other member of the family. Furthermore, it offers many helpful suggestions of interest to the busy needlewoman—it is a complete family fashion book of practical suggestions arranged by the publishers of The Western Home Monthly for the women of Western Canada.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
STOVEL BUILDING - - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

the really wonderful set of bird pictures (22 in all), very naturally colored with crayons, which accompanied his story. There were other good stories which, however, I am afraid were not the unaided work of the writers. They sounded very technical, and they dealt with birds with which no Western Canadian could possibly be familiar. Just here I want to tell a few of you, just a very few, that the editor isn't asleep, and that when the Cosy Corner asks for your own observations, that is what we want, and expect to get.

Well, then, one fortunate prize winner is Orlin Hagaman, of Mervin, Sask., and the other, with a story on "Insects," is Evelyn Gaetz of Red Deer, Alta. Both these contributors get a gold button as well.

In addition to these, gold buttons go to:

Freda Gaetz of Red Deer, Alta. "Birds of My District."

Millie Halstien of Sylvan Lake, Alta. "Insects Useful and Otherwise."

O. Adams, Box 506, Indian Head, Sask. "Bird Story."

Lily L. Thompson of Westward Ho, Alta. "Bird Story."

Grace Clark, Crowtherview, Sask. "Birds."

The prize composition will be printed in the next issue, as we have no space this month.

September Competitions.

A gold button to A. Edna Waddington, of North Portal, Sask., for a story of "The Prettiest Spot I know," and to Willie C. Toews, Greenland, Man., Rags' Rescue."

Greenland, Manitoba
September 10th, 1922

Dear Bobby Burke:

I would like to be a member of the Children's Cosy Corner. I read the letters every month and like them very much. I read in the Cosy Corner that we should send in a story so I will try my best.

Rags' Rescue

"We're to have a dog, Polly Next-door" cried the Butler Twins in glad chorus.

"How nice," beamed the dear old lady.

"Once I had a dog all my own, too!"

"Tell us about him," begged the children.

"He's worth telling about, my dog Rags," said Polly softly, "for once I'm quite sure he saved three lives, mine amongst them."

"When I was about your age, two cousins came to visit me at Auntie Prue's shabby white farm house. I was wild with delight, and showed them every nook and cranny of the dear old place, following close at every step. Finally only one field remained to be explored, and here a young bull was at pasture. He seemed to be grazing peacefully in a far corner, and so without a thought of danger I boosted my cousins over and climbed the fence myself. We were making for a creek at the lower end of the field when the bull lowered his head and made for us, ripping open the earth and snorting at every step. We were frozen stiff in horror, and I am quite sure all three would have been trampled and gored to death in short order had not Rags advanced gallantly to the attack and without a sign of fear seized Mr. bull by one of the hind legs, near the ankle. How he hung there, thumped now into the earth and now flung into the air, shaken and bruised, but game to the core, I'll never be able to understand. But that's what he did while we naughty children climbed tremblingly over the fence to safety.

The battle continued until the bull and the dog sank together exhausted from loss of blood, upon the grass.

We decided that there had been a strain of bull in Rags, for the farmhands had literally to tear his jaws loose from the bull's leg where he had taken his grip. He was buried with almost military honors, I can tell you."

"He certainly deserved them," said the children soberly. "Of course," said Polly, "dogs are among the bravest liv-

ing things when those they love are in danger. And so the man, woman or child who wins a treasure that they should prize highly. You children must always remember that."

Wishing the club success,
Willie C. Toews,
Box 18, Greenland, Man.
(Age 14)

The Prettiest Spot I Know

One of the prettiest spots I have seen, is by a little grade on the way going to school.

You cannot see it till you get right up to it, as it is in a little hollow and a bend in the road hides it from your view.

The first thing that takes your attention, is a little row of willow trees in the ditch, and in between them and at the back are rose-bushes, which have bright red flowers.

As you stand and gaze at it you think that it is the prettiest spot you have seen for a long time. But look a little farther on in the background and you will see a pond that almost reaches the rose-bushes and is surrounded by wolf willows.

Some days it is prettier than others, especially when there are a few cows grazing by or standing knee deep in the water, and very often there is a flock of ducks swimming and diving in the water.

I am very sorry that I haven't been able to go by that pretty spot this summer, as I have been sick since early spring.

I hope this story is worthy of a button.

Wishing the editor and club success,
A. Edna Waddington,
North Portal, Sask.
(Age 13.)

July 17, 1922.

Dear Bobby Burke,

As I have a little spare time I thought I would write to your wondrous club. I am a Canadian school-girl and I am 13 years old. We live on a farm of about 110 acres out in "Sunny Alberta." The crops need rain very badly now. We have a nice garden though. How many like to ride horse-back? I do, I have three saddle-horses of my own. Rastus is a little white one, and Lady is a white-spotted sorrel and Netty is a buckskin. They are all very nice. We have about 25 head of horses all together and about a dozen cattle. I have three calves of my own and a little pig too.

Our holidays began on July 1st and stop on September 1st. I tried during the last week of June to pass out of grade eight. It is the first time I have ever tried departmental exams. I will not know until the middle of August whether I have passed or not, I hope so. Well, I guess I will close now, hoping to see my letter in print and with kindest wishes to everyone I remain,

Daisy Taylor.

P.S.—Please send me a C. C. C. button.

To get a C. C. C. button, Daisy, you must try some of our competitions and earn one, I'm sure you can.

The Child and the Bird

"Oh, where are you going my dear little bird?"

And why do you hurry away?

Not a leaf on the pretty red maple has stirred,

In the sweet golden sunshine to-day."

"I know, little maiden, the sunshine is bright,

And the leaves are asleep on the tree, But three times the dream of a cold winter's night

Has come to my children and me.

"So, good-bye to you, darling, for off we must go,

To the land where the oranges bloom, For we birdies would freeze in the storms and the snow,

And forget how to sing in the gloom."

"Will you ever come back to your own little nest?"

"Ah, yes, when the blossoms are here, We'll return to the orchard we all love the best

And then we will sing to you, dear."

—Margaret Sangster.—



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CORRESPONDENCE

Horses vs Machinery

Dear Editor and Readers,

I enjoy reading the Correspondence Page and thought I would chime in and do my bit.

I readily agree with Holster Pete in his views on Horses vs. Machinery and I too would rather go for a good gallop on a speedy horse than a car ride. I have driven cars and tractors, but it seems to me that they make one feel alone when they ramble on with a steady roar, they seem so unconcerned. I have often driven four horses on a binder or plough and they would whinny so softly when dinner time came that they made me feel as though I had the dearest pals possible.

You perhaps will think me rather mannish to be talking in this manner, but I love my work as a farmerette and I am consequently not ashamed of it.

I see in the letters that Percival caused a lot of disturbances by his views on country vs. city; and, Percival, I do not mean to be sarcastic but I do think that if you read "Rose of the Sunset Trail," the wonderful story that was issued last month in this Magazine, it will change your mind considerably, for it describes most beautifully our country sunset. I think that when the sun goes down between the mountains or over the tree tops, it would charm anyone.

My letter will be taking up too much space so I will bid adieu. Would be glad to hear from any of the members. I will promise to answer all letters as I am an enthusiastic correspondent.

Wildfire.

Will "Wildfire" kindly send in her name and address to the editor of this page?

A Music Student

Dear Editor and Readers,

Although being a reader of your splendid paper for over seven years, I have not had courage to write before. My dad and I are farming up here in Western Alberta and we certainly find batching pretty tough at times. Like all others I like horseback riding, skating, dancing and all other out-door sports. Can many of you readers play the violin. I can play fairly well now. Just finished a year's course at the American School of Music and it certainly was first rate.

If any of you readers care to correspond with me you are perfectly welcome to do so. I will answer all letters promptly, especially from girls in their teens.

Fiddler.

Poppies and a Canary

Dear Editor and Readers,

I must say I thoroughly enjoy the Correspondence Page of The Western Home Monthly. I do not take this paper but my cousin does and he hands it on, so I hope I will be allowed to become a member.

I took special interest in Mrs. A. W.'s letter about Poppies. Two years ago I planted poppy seeds. There were a great many varieties including a number of beautiful red ones. This year they came up from last year's seed. I had two cousins killed in the war and one died, from being gassed, on his way home. His body was sent home and given a military funeral. The ladies of our Willing Workers gave my aunt a wax wreath. They got my cousin's picture, put it in the centre and had it framed. I kept poppies in front of his picture when they were in bloom. I had two brothers overseas and one at Ottawa.

Threshing is more than half finished in this district and farmers report a good yield.

I learned to skate a little last winter and am looking forward to it again this winter. I had the present of a canary bird last fall and it is a great little singer and good company.

Hoping to gain correspondence.

Whispering.

Likes W.H.M. and Wants Company

Dear Editor and Readers,

Although I have taken the W. H. M. for a period of twelve years, I have never ventured to write to the Correspondence Page before, but now it is a case of necessity in trying to find a partner to share the joys and sorrows of this earthly life.

I would also like to express my opinions on your valuable magazine. I must say that I have enjoyed reading the contents which I consider pure, wholesome literature. I consider that the Young Man and His Problem and The Young Woman and Her Problem and the page conducted by the Philosopher are penned by master hands on literature. I also think that your advertising is very good. I have always had good satisfaction and courtesy from your advertisers.

I must not make this epistle too long. I hope some lady between the ages of 30 or 35 will correspond with me. I am a widower and a farmer in good circumstances.

My address is with the editor, and thanking you, Mr. Editor, for all the pleasant reading I have had from your magazine, I am,

Fairplay 2nd.

Will Flirt Please Oblige

Dear Sir,

I am a happy bachelor on the prairie. I have been trying to get the words of the song "Bachelor's Hall." I noticed in the July issue the song was mentioned by a person signing his name as "The Flirt." Anyone knowing the above song would they kindly send it to the editor or to Box 118, Ponteix, Sask.

Roy L.

He Picked Up a Live Wire

The small son of a well-known electrical engineer one day picked up a hornet. When his father hurried out to discover the cause of the commotion, says the Philadelphia Ledger, the little lad was ruefully sucking his thumb, while tears streamed down his face.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the father.

"It was that bug," explained the boy between sobs. "I think his wirin' is defective. I touched him, and he wasn't insulated at all!"

A SUBURBAN FRAUD

Continued from page 14

Mary's innate, though long-suppressed, truthfulness struggled to the surface. "It wasn't for their sakes—that is, not at first. It was for myself. I was so lonely!" The words fell brokenly, but she gained confidence and went on with a sort of breathless defiance: "I'm glad I did it even if I have been a fraud. It has all been like a fairy tale and even if the enchantment is broken, it was beautiful while it lasted."

"The enchantment isn't broken, Mary, only mayn't I become a part of it? I'm a battered old fellow for the part of Prince Charming, but you know it isn't always summer time even in fairy tales. You'll need someone to help you bring up Don and to take care of you—and Mary, I love you—"

The last three words are common, over-worked words, but Mary had never heard them before. Even if she had, they would have seemed new and thrilling when spoken by the man she loved. His arms were about her again and this time she did not wrench herself away but, closing her eyes, yielded to the magic of the moment.

The casement window behind them was open, but neither of them noticed the approach of a little pyjama-clad figure. It was Don. His head just reached to the window sill. What he saw made his eyes round with wonder, while each sandy hair seemed to bristle with surprise.

"Oh, Uncle Jack!" he murmured reproachfully, but when Uncle Jack wheeled about, he caught only a fleeting glimpse of the funny little freckled face. Don had retired discreetly to the nursery.



The Kidneys

The office man and the outdoor worker suffer alike from derangements of the kidneys.

Backaches and headaches are among the symptoms. In some cases Bright's disease soon develops, others suffer from high blood pressure until hardening of the arteries sets in.

In order to forestall painful and fatal diseases prompt action should be taken at the first sign of trouble.

Mr. A. D. MacKinnon, Kirkwood, Inverness county, N.S., writes:

"I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to all suffering from weak kidneys. I suffered from kidney disease for a long time. I may also say that for three years I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and no treatment seemed to do more than afford temporary relief. I was finally told of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using a few boxes was completely relieved. I have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment with the best results, and never fail to recommend these wonderful remedies."

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Western Canada's Wheat

The volume of Western Canada's wheat this year is once more breaking all preceding records.—Canadian Finance.

The German Attitude

As we understand the German attitude, it is that Germany cannot pay indemnity because she lost the war.—Calgary Herald.

A Payment on Account

It is said that Germany will pay something on account. That is to say—on account of pressure.—Duluth Herald.

The Four R's

The four R's of youth on this continent now are: readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic and radio.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Who Sighs Now for the Songs of 1872?

It is difficult to believe that people 50 years from now will sigh for the old songs that were popular in 1922.—St. John Globe.

More Oil Flotations

Large oil wells have been discovered in the Gulf of Mexico, which will ruin a lot more poor fish.—Montreal Standard.

Remembering the Past

How long before the old timer will be telling that he can remember when horses used to get scared of autos?—Kincardine Review.

A Prediction, and a Question

A forecaster predicts that the world will be run by women before 1977. Hope they do a better job than the men are doing.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

A World Benefactor

Such is fame! Countless millions use the telephone who do not know that a man named Alexander Graham Bell was its inventor.—Edmonton Bulletin.

An Incautious Investigator

A Waterloo man is sporting one bald eyelid because he went around with a torch to see whether the gas was leaking. It was.—Kitchener Record.

Quite So

Sun Yat Sen is now reported to have the support of Wu Pei-Fu, but China is not the only country where the political game is hard to understand.—Guelph Herald.

An English Joke

A Glasgow schoolmaster has reminded a London audience that Scotsmen are not always playing the bagpipes. This supports our contention that they only use them in self-defense.—London Punch.

They are Unmentionable Again

The recovery of pre-war psychology has gone so far that it is no longer polite to make jokes about cooties, or to mention them at all.—New York Tribune.

A Revival of Sidewalkers

London dandies are reviving a cautious sidewalker. If we get the old songs again, even the old lambrequins might come back.—Saskatoon Star.

No Chance of It.

Motorless aeroplanes are attracting a lot of attention in Europe. Taxless governments might attract even more on this side of the ocean.—Springfield Republican.

An Editorial Reproof.

A newspaper publishes a marriage report as follows: "Average ages of females marrying, 25. Average age of mules, 28." Don't get so personal, brother.—Little Rock Arkansas Democrat.

A German Professor's Theory

The German professor has a theory that the continents are drifting about, showing to what extent men can be driven when they see so many of the old landmarks vanishing.—Kansas City Star.

A World of Troubles

A German geologist says that the continent of North America is drifting westward away from Europe. But if we move away from the troubles of Europe, it will only be to get closer to those of Asia.—New York World.

Suspenders

We are told that fashion has decreed for men that suspenders are to come in again. We never knew they were out. Indeed, if suspenders went out, a good many men wouldn't.—Kingston Whig.

A Characteristic of Human Nature

The French are a people remarkably incurious about what is going on in other countries. They devote little or no thought or attention to what the people of other countries are doing or thinking. In which respect they are very like the people of other countries.—Calcutta Englishman.

An Ancient Unknown Adventurer

France has celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the man who first ate asparagus. But for real heroism the original asparagus-eater was a timid fellow compared with the man who first swallowed an oyster.—Stratford Beacon.

The Ownership of Farms

It is probably true, although figures are not available, that in respect to ownership of land by farmers who are tilling the soil Canada occupies a higher place than any other country.—Calgary Albertan.

Antiquity of Bobbed Hair

The discovery that an Egyptian mummy which arrived in Philadelphia museum has bobbed hair, simply accentuates the old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun."—Windsor Border Cities Star.

As to Bank Training

Almost with one accord Canadian-trained or Canadian-born bankers now among the higher-ups of American bankers consider the training that a young man receives in a Canadian bank preferable to that of an American bank.—Montreal Gazette.

The Duty of Citizens

It might be suggested to those who think there are so many things wrong with the way the country is being run to get out and do something to have the people elect the men who would run it in the desired way.—Galt Reporter.

The Value of Grading

Canadian cheese and bacon have been displaced in the British market by New Zealand cheese and Danish bacon through government "grading." The moral is that similar "grading" would be a good thing for Canada.—Brantford Expositor.

If Germany had Won

Had Germany won the war and any allied nation been slow in paying up indemnity instalments Germany would have put in a receiver long before this. And one armed with a rattling sabre and an iron boot at that.—Lethbridge Herald.

A U. S. Senator's Complaint

Senator Swanson complains that the newspapers devote two pages to sport and half a column to Congress. If Congress would attend to business with the single-mindedness of a good baseball team, it could get more space in the newspapers.—Detroit Free Press.

Raisins

California raisin growers are convinced that advertising is the most effective method of raising money and promoting trade. One Fresno firm has appropriated the sum of \$2,520,000 for that purpose this season, an increase of over a million dollars over last year's publicity fund.—Vancouver Province.

The One-hand Gun

The National Conference of Police Officers, which has just closed its deliberations in New York, has adopted a recommendation that the manufacture of small arms be prohibited, except for military and police purposes. The plain, undeniable fact is that the "one-hand gun" is primarily a weapon for the killing of human beings. Gradually the country is coming to a realization of the fact.—Chicago Tribune.

Japanese Policy

From Tokio the last few weeks have brought news of a highly reassuring character. The trend is definite towards a foreign policy in loyal execution of the decisions at the Washington Conference and in fulfilment of ideals on which the conference did not feel ready to make formal decision.—New York Evening Post.

Lest We Forget

Here in Canada we have made only a beginning in the erection of war memorials. Even the guns taken from the Germans by Canadian gallantry have been dumped down in out-of-the-way places and are sinking into the mire like unsightly encumbrances. Yet they are the outward indications of victories bought at the cost of many Canadian lives. The growing generation should learn from them to appreciate the sacrifices which preserved their liberties and saved them from the thralldom of militarism.—Toronto Telegram.

Dancing and Prancing

Dancing masters in convention in New York declare that more dignity and less agility will characterize the dances of the future. It recalls the story of the little boy who was asked the difference between dance and prance, and who said: "Well, dancing is the way people used to dance, and prancing is the way they dance now."—Ottawa Citizen.

Provincial Legislators' Indemnities

Alberta now leads in the indemnity paid to members of the legislature. According to the Calgary Albertan the figures are: Alberta, \$2,000; British Columbia, \$1,800; Manitoba, \$1,800; Saskatchewan, \$1,800; Quebec, \$1,500; Ontario, \$1,400; Nova Scotia, \$700; New Brunswick, \$500; Prince Edward Island, \$200. Either the Westerners are very lavish or the Maritime people very frugal.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Women and Legislation

The women of every country are wielding greater influence over national affairs than may be apparent on the surface. The extension of the franchise in the English-speaking countries has considerably changed the course of election campaigning. While there are as yet but few women legislators, legislation on both sides of the Atlantic will be found responding more and more to the influence of women.—Victoria Colonist.

Women Candidates in the U. S.

The attractiveness of politics to women, or at any rate to many women, seems to be fully proved. Already they aim for the highest places. Nineteen women are now listed as candidates for election to the next Congress. Five of these aspire to seats in the Senate, and fourteen to the House.—Boston Transcript.

A Vital Need of all Communities

A survey conducted by the American Medical Association shows that 1695 out of every 3027 counties in the country have no hospitals and that about 300 additional counties have hospitals with a very limited accommodation. Good hospitals in small towns and farm centres should be sought by rural communities just as good schools and better marketing possibilities.—Medical Record.

The Unrest of the Present Time

For the great majority, physical life today is actually more nearly normal than it seems. It is the minds of men that are disturbed more than their bodies. This of itself is a sign of progress. Every one who reads and thinks lives not only in the present but in the future; lives not only in the spot he calls his home but in all parts of the world. If the world seems restless in these days, it is because it knows more than it ever knew before.—London Observer.

The International Language

The language of diplomacy is likely to be in future the English language. This is not by any means a reflection on the French tongue. When French became the language of the courts there was no British Empire, and the English language had not spread over the face of the globe. The United States then, too, was not a powerful economic factor in the world as it is today.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

The Mohammedan Idea

The ladies wish to have the right to a voice (vote: the word is the same in Arabic). Has the rough sex ever deprived them of this right? They enjoy this right since the creation of the world—in funerals, disputes and in all that excites the feelings of the inmates of the harem. A woman or a girl is not made to make us hear her sweet voice in elections, but within the walls of her house in fondling her children, in consoling her husband, in singing.—Cairo Al-Ahram.

Spokane Eight Years Dry

Spokane's experience in eight years of prohibition shows that wife beating has practically ceased. A father arrested for neglect of children would be a curiosity now. There is neither a slum district nor a red light district. An unusually cold winter, which blocked public work and swelled unemployment, has seen little suffering from either cold or hunger. Ragged women or children are a rarity. Bank deposits, which were reported under \$32,500,000 in 1913, now exceed \$48,000,000. More than 11,000 automobiles are in use in this city, most of them owned by working men. Sheriff Clarence Long was asked: "Is drunkenness as common at the present time as it was under the open saloon and the free liquor traffic?" His answer was: "No! No! There's no comparison at all."—Spokane Chronicle.